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WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D.

Whewell

C. KEGAN PAUL & Co. LONDON

THE LIFE

AND

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D.

LATE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE

CAMBRIDGE

BY

MRS. STAIR DOUGLAS

WITH PORTRAIT AFTER A PAINTING BY SAMUEL LAURENCE

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LONDON
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1881

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INTRODUCTORY.

SHORTLY after the death of Dr. Whewell, fourteen years ago, his then surviving sister, Mrs. Newton, and some other of his friends expressed a strong wish that such a selection should be made from his intimate and familiar correspondence as could without impropriety be made public, and were of opinion that it would be found interesting by general readers as well as by personal friends. To the former class these letters will probably show a side of the character of which they were previously unaware; while to his friends it can scarcely fail to be interesting to see those qualities of mind and heart, those habits of thought and expression, which were characteristic of him to the last, manifested throughout the letters of fifty-five years under every variation of subject and of mood. The responsibility of making this selection was pressed upon me by Mrs. Newton in a manner which made me feel it impossible to refuse. The editing of the scientific correspondence was undertaken by Mr. Todhunter, and when his volumes were published, three years ago, it was announced that they would shortly be followed by others, containing Dr. Whewell's domestic and academic correspondence, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright and myself.

In consequence of the pressure of other engagements Mr. Wright has unfortunately found himself unable to fulfil this promise, and I have been deprived, I regret to say, of his co-operation. In the expectation that the materials collected for the Academic Life would form the basis of a separate portion of the work, Mr. Todhunter has left them untouched. They were beyond the limits of my own task, which indeed was completed when Mr. Aldis Wright announced his decision. It seemed impossible, however, to allow a memoir of Dr. Whewell to appear in which none but incidental mention should be made of Trinity, and no account whatever be given of his relation to the University and the College where fifty years of his life were passed, and which were at once the principal field of his life-long labours and the objects of his life-long affection. Therefore, though painfully conscious of my inadequacy for such a task, I felt it my duty to endeavour to interweave with my own portion of the work some notice of these materials. I have been aided in this difficult task by the late Mr. J. L. Hammond of Trinity College, the last surviving executor of Dr. Whewell. Personal reasons, among which no doubt were his failing health and the heavy pressure of official work, made him resolutely decline to undertake the task himself, but he gave me his help whenever it was possible.

It would be impossible adequately to describe my obligations to him. I can only here briefly acknowledge them. To him it is mainly owing that the work is completed at all. I could not have undertaken this last portion of it without his help, and his sudden and untimely

death is the greatest of all the many misfortunes which have attended the preparation of the work, and caused delays, much to be regretted on all accounts, and especially as the recent death of Mrs. Newton has removed the person most deeply interested in its appearance. Those portions for which Mr. Hammond had made himself especially responsible were left in a measure incomplete. This is particularly the case with the account of Dr. Whewell's Bequest to Trinity College and the associated foundations of the Professorship and Scholarships of International Law. With this subject he was personally most familiar, having as executor been directly concerned in the elaboration and development of Dr. Whewell's scheme. Of this account only a rough sketch existed at his death. To the completion of these portions, to the final revision of the whole work, and to a last exhaustive examination of all the remaining materials, he and I were intending to devote this year the weeks of his official leisure. What was to have been a joint labour I have now endeavoured, as far as possible, to accomplish alone, believing that most imperfect as must necessarily be the result, it was better to follow this course than to defer the publication of the work by renewed attempts to secure the advantage of more competent aid, all such attempts having previously led but to delay and disappointment.

It has been difficult to apply any uniform principle of selection to the large mass of correspondence with which I have had to deal in the execution of my original task. As a man of science and literature, Dr. Whewell's published works and his correspondence with men of science and letters reveal him to the world. My

hope has been to represent him as he was in early life to the relations he left behind him when he went up to Cambridge; and in later life as he was by his own fireside and in his correspondence with those who knew him chiefly or only there. It is obvious that such a sketch must depend for its truth upon minute touches. What is most characteristic is often found in unguarded revelations of feeling and of opinion, whether upon matters of domestic detail, of passing interest in persons, books, or events, or still more in the frank expressions of emotion caused by those vicissitudes of life which try the very heart. Not less characteristic and interesting are other very different letters, such as those to Mr. Spedding and to Mr. Myers, in which subjects wholly literary and closely connected with his published writings are discussed. The choice of materials in the present collection may therefore, it is feared, often appear fragmentary and inconsistent, often trivial, sometimes perhaps even painful; so passionate and overwhelming was the grief, the expression of which he poured into the ears of those who knew whom he had loved and whom he had lost.

The same ardour which distinguished his intellectual temperament belonged in an even greater degree to his affections. They bound him with filial fondness to his remote Lancashire home, to his family, to the picturesque town of Lancaster itself, to his old schoolmaster Joseph Rowley. They bound him with great tenacity and appreciative esteem to persons from whom he differed in opinion on almost every point. They bound him with the most indulgent tenderness to younger relations who could contribute nothing but love and

gratitude to the unequal friendship. And they bound him also with a loyalty and fidelity which no shock of disagreement, no strain of separation, could permanently impair, to the 'friends of a lifetime,' as he delighted to call Herschel, Jones, Sedgwick, Worsley, Peacock, Kenelm Digby, Airy, Henslow, Forbes, and others, whose friendship he reckoned amongst the greatest blessings of his life.

To such a man his letters were second only to his home and fireside. After his married life had confirmed in him habits of great unreserve and communicativeness, they became a positive necessity. One of the trials of the loneliness which ultimately fell upon him was that, as he used to say, 'There is no one now to whom I can say whatever occurs to my mind at once, as the way of giving reality and meaning to all that passes before me.' He endeavoured to mitigate the privation thus felt by correspondence, and to this circumstance many of the letters in the latter part of this collection owe their character.

The letters selected have, as far as possible, been left just as they were written. No changes have been made, save such as were necessary in order to avoid repetition, or any allusion which might be painful to those who survive. So uniformly kindly, candid, and tolerant, however, was the spirit in which all criticisms were made in his home circle, that very few omissions have been necessary on this latter ground. It is hoped that the letters may be found to tell their own story with sufficient distinctness, supplemented by the slightest possible links of narrative or words of explanation. To assume the position of critic or even of biographer would

be impossible to a near relative belonging to another generation; and the portrait of William Whewell, if contained at all in these pages, is one drawn by his own hand, and must be 'read

> In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
> The noble letters of the dead.'

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LIFE OF DR. WHEWELL.

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1794—1818.

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WILLIAM WHEWELL, the eldest of the seven children of John and Elizabeth Whewell, was born on May 24, 1794, in Brock Street, Lancaster. His father was a master-carpenter, possessed of some house-property in the town. His mother was one of the Lancaster family of Bennisons, and appears to have been a woman of powerful mind and of considerable culture. She died in 1807.

John Whewell, who was a man of probity and intelligence, lived till 1816; long enough to see his son take his degree, but not long enough to see him provided for by a fellowship.

Of William's three brothers two died in infancy; the third, John, was born in 1803, and died in September 1812. He was a child of great promise, and, in his brother's opinion, 'uncommon abilities.' Of his three sisters, the eldest, Elizabeth, died after a lingering ill-

ness in 1821. The second, Martha, married the Rev. J. Staller, and died in 1863. She had from childhood the habit of expressing her thoughts and feelings in verse. After her death her brother had some of the pieces printed for private circulation, and wrote a short introductory notice to the collection. Ann, the youngest sister, married to William Newton, Esq., survived until 1879.

William Whewell was sent at an early age to the Blue School in Lancaster, and subsequently to the Grammar School, of which the Rev. Joseph Rowley was then the master. Mr. Rowley was a man of considerable attainments, and to his discernment was due the discovery of the abilities of his pupil, which resulted in his being given the opportunity of preparing for a university career, instead of being put to a trade. Forty years afterwards William Whewell said of him, 'He was one main cause of my being sent to college, and of all my subsequent success.' Dr. Whewell retained to the last an affectionate and grateful sense of the obligation, and kept up intercourse with him as long as Mr. Rowley lived.

In another direction Mr. Rowley's influence was less successful. He strongly recommended his pupil to study for the bar, and his father took the same view, but the boy could never be induced to entertain the idea.

If his remembrance of Mr. Rowley was pleasant and cordial, of the school, as he knew it, William Whewell never had a very high opinion. The kindness of Professor Owen, the only surviving friend, I believe, of those school days, enables me to give his recollections of the Lancaster Grammar School, and they in a measure explain this.

Professor Owen writes to me as follows:—

After the death of my father, who had sold the estate at Fulmer, Bucks, my mother continued to reside in the house in Dalton Square, Lancaster, a corner house, and next to it, in the street leading from the square, lived the Rev. Joseph Rowley, M.A., curate of the parish and head master of the grammar school. He was my godfather, and prevailed upon my mother to let me go, at the unusually early age of six years, to this school, a somewhat notable one, supplying to this day men who make a name at Cambridge. In the class with my elder brother was Higgin,[1] who became an Irish bishop.

In a court lower down Brock Street, Whewell the carpenter dwelt and had his workshop. I remember both the father and grandfather of Dr. Whewell. The grandfather was a most venerable-looking old man, who used to be brought out to sit in the sun in the square. He could tell of the passage through the town of the 'Scotch rebels' in 1745. The gardens of Mr. Rowley and my mother 'marched,' as the Scotch say; and it happened that Whewell, the father, was employed in some repairs of the dividing rail fence. Between noon and two P.M. we left school for dinner, and Mr. Rowley found Whewell's son in the garden, his father having gone to his dinner. He entered into conversation with the boy, who then was at the 'Blue School,' and about to be apprenticed to his father, and was struck with his replies to questions as to what he had learnt, and especially in regard to his arithmetic. The father returning, Mr. Rowley expressing his opinion of the superior abilities of the youth, proposed that he should go to the grammar school. The carpenter was a man of sound sense and much esteemed, and stated obvious objections: 'He knows more about parts of my business now than I do, and has a special turn for it.' However, out of deference to the clergyman and head master, he asked for a week to think it over. Mr. Rowley said he would find him in books, and there would be no expense for the teaching. So Whewell went.

He was a tall, ungainly youth, and his struggles and troubles may be imagined. An early one, which I think he felt more than all the rest, was being sent to me, the smallest boy, to be told the meaning, in Murray's English Grammar (not one of

[1] Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards of Derry.

the 'Blue School' books), of the abbreviation 'viz.' which precedes, if you remember, 'Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody.' In his repetition he had given it literally and phonetically, and no wonder; he knew not its meaning, if, indeed, he had ever met with it before. This was the beginning of our personal acquaintance, and he never forgot it. . . .

The rate, however, at which Whewell mastered both English grammar and Latin accidence was a marvel, and before the year was out he had moved upward into the class including my elder brother, Higgin, and a dozen boys of the same age. Then it was that the head master, noting to them the ease with which Whewell mastered the exercises and lessons, raised the tale and standard. Out of school I remember remonstrances on this fashion: 'Now, Whewell, if you say more than twenty lines of Virgil to-day, we'll wallop you.' But that was easier said than done. I have seen him, with his back to the churchyard wall, flooring first one, then another, of the 'walloppers,' and at last public opinion in the school interposed. 'Any two of you may take Whewell in a fair stand-up fight, but we won't have more at him at once.' After the fate of the first pair, a second was not found willing. My mother thought 'it was extremely ungrateful in *that boy Whewell*' to have discoloured both eyes of her eldest so shockingly. But Mr. Rowley said, 'Boys will be boys, and he always let them fight it fairly out.'

I have only one other recollection worth telling, for after he went to Trinity his career was an uninterrupted rise.

One day after the noontide meal my godfather came in, as usual when he had any topic to impart to his neighbour (and he had a great respect for my mother's judgment): 'I've sad news for you, Mrs. Owen, to-day. I've just had a letter from Cambridge; that boy Whewell has ruined himself, he'll never get his Wranglership now!' 'Why, good gracious, Mr. Rowley, what *has* Whewell been doing?' 'Why, he has gone and got the Chancellor's gold medal for some trumpery poem, "Boadicea," or something of that kind, when he ought to have been sticking to his mathematics. I give him up now. Taking after his poor mother, I suppose.' (In our weekly 'Lancaster Gazette' there was a Poets' Corner, and some sweet and simple stanzas were occasionally admitted from the pen of Mrs. Whewell.) The

relief to my mother's mind was immense, for we all had the greatest interest in the career of our neighbour-prodigy, and she pacified the worthy curate by urging that 'young men must have some amusement, and this seemed to be a very innocent one.'

I remember the intense interest with which 'Boadicea' was read in the family circle when copies found their way to Dalton Square.

In 1810 William Whewell was removed from Lancaster, and placed under Mr. Strickland at the Grammar School of Heversham in Westmoreland, in order to compete for an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge, given by the neighbouring family of Wilson of Dalham Tower. This exhibition, worth then about 50*l.* a year, he obtained in 1811, and went up to Cambridge in the October of that year with Mr. Hudson, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity (afterwards Vicar of Kendal), to be entered at Trinity.

The journey, long and tedious indeed in those days, was commenced at eight o'clock one Friday morning, and after incessant travelling was brought to an end at Cambridge on the Sunday morning following at one o'clock. 'The journey hither,' he tells his father, writing after his arrival in Cambridge, 'has cost me above six guineas. I may perhaps go back for less, as I shall go by Leeds.' On this occasion he only stayed in Cambridge a few days.

In August 1809, before the removal to Heversham was decided upon, William Whewell walked over to the Bridge Inn, a small inn between Lancaster and Kendal, to meet Mr. Hudson, afterwards his college tutor, and then frequently resident at Haverbrack near Kendal, to be examined by him with a view to considering what chances of success were before him. The story goes, that after some conversation and a cursory examination

into the lad's attainments, he pronounced thus in favour of Heversham and Cambridge: 'You'll do; you'll be among the first six wranglers.'

It appears to have been in consequence of Mr. Hudson's report that Mr. Wilson consented to consider William Whewell, though not a native of Heversham, as a candidate for the exhibition 'should no parishioner apply,' insisting, however, upon a two years' residence at Heversham School. Some effort was made to get this period diminished, but in vain.

His master, Mr. Strickland, died about the close of 1811. During the period which preceded the election of the new master, Mr. Fawcett, and for a few months after his election and before he resided, William Whewell, at the request of the trustees, though only a boy of seventeen, took charge of the school. At this time, and until he went to Cambridge in 1812, he was the pupil of Mr. Gough, the blind mathematician at Kendal, to whom allusion is made by Mr. Wordsworth in the seventh book of the 'Excursion.'

In a letter to his father of March 6, 1812, he speaks of him as 'a very extraordinary person. A blind man, but of very eminent note in classics, mathematics, botany, and chemistry. He intends in a short time, I understand, to take in a few mathematical pupils.'

Shortly afterwards, May 12, 1812, he observes: 'I attend Mr. Gough at the hours I named to you, and hope I am making tolerable progress. I have reviewed algebra, trigonometry, and other branches, which, as I had before gone over them, did not take up much time, and am now reading conic sections, fluxions, and mechanics.'

An interesting letter to his little brother may be given here, though belonging to the previous year. The

writer was at the time not quite seventeen, the child to whom it was addressed eight years old.

Deepthwaite: May 19, 1811.

I received your last letter, and am concerned to hear that your health improves so little. As you are now in the habit of writing verse a good deal, I hope you will excuse a few remarks I would make. Your subject, I perceive, is generally of a religious nature. I do not know whether I dare venture to find fault on that head. But to tell truth (and I do assure you it is not from want of regard for religion); I myself dare not yet engage it. The subject is so awful that before the mind is ripened it seems to me fitter for contemplation than for description.

You now, I observe, really make verses; before you only made rhymes; that is, your lines (though some of them do not run smoothly) all agree in their movement and measure. You now therefore begin to perceive the harmony of verse; to improve this talent I would (if I did not think it above your comprehension) advise you to read that part of Murray's Grammar (which my sister Martha has) which is called Prosody. You will then be better able to taste the beauties of poetry. But while you apply yourself to poetry, I would by no means have you to neglect prose, as it is both more useful and more frequently used. To this end you may read the other parts of Lindley Murray's Grammar, or (which will perhaps be easier) one of the small grammars you have.

But I would not have you to write so much as to neglect reading. You have uncommon abilities (I hope praise will not make you vain); I would therefore have you employ them. At your age it is difficult to find proper subjects for study. Mrs. Chapone's 'Letters to a Young Lady,' which book is at my father's, though addressed to a person of the other sex, will give you some useful directions. Indeed, history and some parts of natural philosophy I think not above your comprehension, very entertaining and of great utility. As you seem also to have a propensity to poetry I would advise you, as soon as you are capable of forming a right judgment of them, to read some of the English poets.

You may observe that what I have said is very different from the advice I should have given most young persons at your years. The sum of all I have said is this: besides writing verse I would have you to strive to get a habit of writing prose easily and well. I should be very much concerned if the poetry of your letters were better than the prose. I would not have you abandon composition, but neither would I have it prevent you from attending to other things. If you read in well-chosen books you will find that amongst other advantages it will improve both your prose and verse.

As I think this letter is quite long enough, I conclude with my love to my aunt.

His first letter after entering on residence at Cambridge is addressed to his father, and dated:—

Trinity College: Oct. 17, 1812.

I arrived in Cambridge about eleven o'clock on the Friday evening after the Wednesday on which I left Lancaster. Proceeding through Preston, I arrived in Manchester, where I slept. I left that place the following morning. We breakfasted at Buxton, dined at Derby, and arrived at Leicester in the evening. On the road I fell in with several young men who were going to the University; several of them freshmen like myself, but only one of Trinity. Leaving Leicester next morning, we took the Cambridge coach by Uppingham, Stamford, and Huntingdon. I slept at the inn, and waited upon Mr. Hudson next morning. This college is so full that I shall be obliged to procure lodgings in the town for some time, perhaps a year; this will make a slight variation in the expense, but it is unavoidable, and is the case with all Trinity men at first. I shall live in every respect the same as if I had rooms in college, as I shall dine and sup in hall, and have my bread and butter, &c., from the college buttery. Our lectures do not begin till the 23rd, till which time I have nothing to attend to but private reading.

Throughout his early youth, William Whewell appears to have been subject to frequent attacks of

indisposition, and is in fact described as a delicate boy. Either he outgrew the tendency, or the advice of Cambridge physicians was of much service to him, for after his college life begins we hear little of his health.

To his Father] *Cambridge: Nov.* 14, 1812.

I have enjoyed very good health since I left Lancaster. Perhaps I ought to except a day or two when I have had some symptoms of my old complaint, but my constitution has so far got the better of *that*, that when it makes its appearance the pain is very moderate, at least compared with what it formerly was, and it only slightly affects my general health. It has of late recurred only at long intervals of time, so I flatter myself it will be some time before it renews its attacks.

To his Aunt, Mrs. Lyon] *Dec.* 2, 1812.

I have as yet found no reason to dislike the college life, and am very well satisfied with everything about me except the face of the country; but the ground about Cambridge is so flat and dull that it is quite disagreeable. Not one pleasant walk is here up-hill or down-hill, no water but the narrow dirty Cam, and even on the banks of that there is not a walk of a hundred yards long; even trees are dealt here with a sparing hand, and excepting the groves and grounds belonging to the colleges, there is scarcely a tree or a hedge of any size to be seen. The walks about the colleges are certainly remarkably fine, and the splendour and elegance of the buildings, ancient and modern, very impressive, but these soon grow tiresome, and their sameness but ill compensates for the want of the beauties of nature.

To his Father] *Trin. Coll., Cambridge: Feb.* 17, 1813.

Since I wrote to you last nothing has occurred which is worth mentioning, and I presumed you would suppose me to be well as long as you heard nothing to the contrary. A college life does not afford any great variety of news; the same succession of lectures, reading, &c., constantly recurs.

Our lectures for the present term commenced on the 8th instant, and are going on in the usual way. We attend lectures on algebra, Euclid, and trigonometry from nine o'clock till ten,

and from ten to eleven we are lectured in an oration of Demosthenes. From twelve to one I attend lectures in divinity on three days in the week. My reading, independent of lectures, is going forward in the old track, and when the examination arrives I hope to be pretty well prepared.

Three years will probably elapse much in the same way, and it will not be until I have taken my degree that I shall be able to alleviate the great expenses which you now sustain. But I shall at least endeavour to have as few superfluous expenses as possible. . . .

The senior wrangler was Herschel, son of Dr. Herschel, the Astronomer Royal, of whom you may possibly have heard, celebrated for his discoveries amongst the stars, and his improvements in telescopes, some of which he has made as large as forty feet long. His son is a most profound mathematician and an excellent general scholar. I have been several times in company with him, and also with Fallows, who was third wrangler, and Gwatkin, who is expected to be senior wrangler next year, all three of St. John's College. I have been in company with them from the circumstance of their being acquaintances of Whittaker, whom I once met at Mr. Satterthwaite's, and who visited me a few days after I arrived in Cambridge. Tom Satterthwaite had happened to write to him at that time that I had informed him I was coming up.

During the first seven years of Whewell's Cambridge residence he kept up a somewhat frequent correspondence with Mr. Morland, under-master at the Lancaster Free School. Extracts from the letters addressed to him will occasionally be given. Their relations appear to have been affectionate and familiar. Mr. Morland came to Cambridge eventually as a ten-year man and took his degree. This probably brought their correspondence to a close, and it does not seem to have been resumed afterwards.

To Mr. Morland] *Cambridge: Nov.* 14, 1813.

When I offered to make the first step in our epistolary cor-

respondence, it was for no other reason than simply this, that writing from a strange place, such a place too as Cambridge, it might naturally be supposed that I should have more materials for a letter than a person at Lancaster. And yet verily I believe if you were to wait for an epistle till I could form an interesting one out of the buildings and curiosities of Cambridge, you would have the good fortune to escape having one at all. The fact is that I am a desperate bungler at putting brick and stone into black and white.

I see the chapel with much more comfortable sensations than I have at any period within this last fortnight. Last night in that chapel, amongst a whole host of people clad in surplices, was I stuck up to bellow forth for a quarter of an hour what was called, by the courtesy of Cambridge, Latin.

I have had a declamation to make and repeat, and what do you think was the subject? Something no doubt extremely novel and interesting; yes, nothing less than the old song of Brutus and Cæsar; upon which every schoolboy and every declaimer has tried the sharpness of his wit so often that it is hacked and worn to the bare bone. This bone, however, I had to gnaw at as well as I might, and a most glorious howl did I make for Brutus. . . .

Scribble me something the first moment you have to spare.

To his Father] *Jan.* 18, 1814.

I received my prize books about a month ago. The sum allotted to each class is 10*l.*, and as there are ten in each class it was only twenty shillings for each of us. It was possible to buy a book and get it bound, gilt and lettered, with the college arms, for this sum, but it would have been only a small and trifling one, and I thought it better to get something more splendid and pay something more. The Principia of Newton is a book that I should unavoidably have to get sooner or later, so I took this occasion of purchasing it. When I have said that it is a very scarce book in three quarto volumes most elegantly bound, you will expect the price to be high, but still I am afraid you will think it too much when I say I had nine pounds to pay myself.

To his Father] *June* 2, 1814.

I have just got the examination over, and had a little time to felicitate myself upon my good fortune in getting the English prize poem. There is not a single prize in the gift of the University which I should prefer to it. It will, however, be attended, as all ambitious projects are, with some trouble and expense. It is necessary that I stay up till the Commencement, at which time I shall have to recite my poem in the Senate House before the University, and his Royal Highness of Gloucester, our Chancellor, from whose royal hands I receive the prize—which is a bit of gold, value by estimation fifteen guineas, on which account you will conceive that it will be necessary for me to get at least a new suit of clothes. It is also necessary that I get some copies of it printed, which will be some expense, because there are eleven examiners, to each of whom of course a copy must be given, and fifty other people who will never rest till they have seen it.

To his Father] *June* 26, 1814.

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read your letter. One of the most gratifying circumstances attending a success of this kind is the pleasure it gives one's friends. It is the having dear relations to share in the feelings of exultation that stimulates the exertions and sweetens the triumph.

My sisters are, I suppose, highly delighted at the idea of seeing in print a 'Poem by William Whewell,' and I am happy in having sisters who all of them have, I think, a more rational taste for poetry and literature of all kinds than any other girls in the same circumstances.

The Duke of Gloucester arrives here next Friday, and on the following Tuesday I have to recite my poem. The poem is in rhyme, in the common heroic measure, and contains about 340 lines. You have learnt, I suppose, that I am first in our examinations. So far as I can learn, first in every subject. We have reason to be proud of these honours, but I should not wish to have them over-rated, as that would only tend to make us ridiculous. Some persons or other every year get these honours and many besides, so that I am not without companions in my

success; to unite them is indeed rather more uncommon, but not entirely unprecedented.

To Mr. Morland] *Cambridge: Nov.* 17, 1814.

Once more I address you out of a wilderness of learning of every description which lies scattered about me in every form, from foolish duodecimal nonsense to still more foolish folio sense.

My journey hither had nothing particular about it—all the company along the road, vulgar, silent, or stupid—so that I had nothing to do but wrap myself up in a sort of torpidity for three days, working mathematical problems about stage-coach windows, and thinking of certain hours in the vacation which I should like to live over again. There is always some favourite object with the imagination, to which it springs when it is disencumbered of other business; and from observing the direction it takes in those holidays of thought we may best form an opinion of the constitution of the mind. By the bye, as all on a sudden by mere stress of wind and tide—at least by no fault of mine—we are driven into the old track of metaphysics, I will send you an argument which a friend of mine brought out the other day when we were evoking metaphysics together, and which you must certainly admire if you have any desire to see the old question of necessity finally settled, and are curious to be informed whether you have a power over your own actions or not.

The argument goes to prove that everything happens necessarily; and as the ground of the argument, you will of course admit the universal experience of all mankind as testimony, so far as this, that if a thing during the whole course of ages never has happened, we have reason to conclude it impossible. Now if things do not take place necessarily, then any event might have taken place otherwise than it has done. But the history of all ages, and the testimony of all mankind, does not inform us of one event which has taken place otherwise than it has done. The conclusion is manifest, and you must be pleased to see set at rest a question upon which so much has been said, written, and even thought, as that of necessity.

Thus we get rid of an absurdity, the supposing we have anything to do with our own actions. There is another which I should also like to see exterminated, though even in this enlightened age it is held by numbers—the belief of our own existence. Nay, I met with a man the other day who, not so modest as to attempt to prove it like Descartes, with his 'Cogito, ergo sum,' had the impudence to assume it as an evident principle, which was to be the foundation of his reasoning. This is quite preposterous. When you have proved everything else, you may perhaps be allowed, if you can, to infer your own existence as a corollary, or if you cannot prove it by reason, to demonstrate it by revelation; but nothing can be more unphilosophical than to assume it, or to say you are conscious of it, when in fact I appeal to yourself, if upon reflection you are not conscious of your non-existence. The general prevalence of this belief among the bulk of mankind, and even some who pretend to philosophy, adds another to the proofs of the proneness of man to be duped. I suspect, indeed, that this is one of the illusions which Satan, since the creation of the world, has been for some unknown purpose permitted to impose upon men Of the ancient philosophers, as Reid says, 'some believed in their own existence, and some thought there might be a God.' In modern times, Berkeley, and even Hume, though they have gone a long way, have not been able entirely to shake off this vulgar prejudice. The belief of our own existence is indeed an opinion which answers well enough for the common purposes of life, but common sense must prevail at last, and it must fall.

I have been so far run away with by the anticipation of this era of enlightened views, that I have no room to talk about the common affairs of life, and all those people who are in their own imagination, and by the courtesy of other people, supposed to exist.

You must write immediately and tell me all manner of news, though I have not left myself room to adjure you by fifty 'By's.' You must consider yourself fulminated at through a page and half, and write accordingly.

To his Sister] *Jan.* 11, 1815.

The subject of the next prize poem, to be sent in in March, is: Wallace, the Scottish Patriot.

I am disposed to let Wallace rest in peace, content with having carried Boadicea safe through nearly four hundred lines of blood and battles. I am glad you are reading such standard works as Pope's 'Homer,' Milton's 'Paradise Lost' (and above all Whewell's 'Boadicea'!), that is if you read them, as I have no doubt you do, from inclination and a perception of their beauties. I presume from this that Martha is not of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that 'nobody reads through "Paradise Lost" except as a task.'

Had I to begin my reading again, there is nothing I should so much like as to record as faithfully as possible the impressions and opinions which I formed on first reading any book. It would be so agreeable to recur to them. I sometimes reflect on the odd notions with which I read Pope's 'Homer,' one of the first books I recollect, and upon the sage observations upon it with which I sometimes amused my father and my lamented mother. If you are disposed to send me your ideas on your books, it would give me a pleasure of the same kind.

To his Father] *March* 22, 1815.

There is, indeed, a fever of some kind or other in Cambridge, and several gownsmen have been ill of it; but the whole number of those who have died in the University since Christmas is not more than six or seven, and of those I believe two or three have been carried off by other disorders. There are now, I believe, several men ill, but not one of my acquaintance; and besides, the disorder appears to be local, and has been confined to one or two small colleges; Jesus College in particular, which some of the physicians, I understand, attribute to the stagnant and putrid waters in its neighbourhood. I believe not one man of Trinity or St. John's has taken it. . . .

It would indeed be extremely inconvenient to me to leave Cambridge just at present, as I shall on Friday and Saturday in next week have to undergo an examination for a college scholarship. . . . What an age of revolutions we live in! according to

this morning's paper everything appears relapsing into the most dreadful gloom! Ney surrendered, or more probably gone over to Bonaparte—who is by this time I suppose in Paris—and the Royal Family quitting the place. How we deceived ourselves when we thought we had seen the end of the miseries of Europe!

To his Father] *April* 4, 1815.

I am not able to ascertain whether this fever increases, but the alarm certainly does. Trinity and St. John's, which had hitherto been exempt, have now some invalids whom the physicians assert to be ill of the fever. A man was taken ill on Sunday in our college, and, as luck would have it, at the foot of my staircase. . . . I cannot determine whether the real danger is considerable or not, but the colleges are clearing as fast as possible. At St. John's, all the men are, I believe, obliged to go down, and at our college the tutors recommend it so strongly that it comes nearly to the same thing. It is yet undetermined whether the next term will be given us without residence, and consequently how long we may be allowed to stay away from Cambridge. My plan therefore is this: to remove from Cambridge for a week or two, and if it should be decided that we are not to keep next term to come home for a month or two, and then return and spend the Long Vacation in Cambridge, where I must read as hard as I can. And where of all places on the face of the globe do you suppose I have thought of passing the time that must elapse before the Senate have decided the matter? Where but in London? . . .

Gwatkin, of St. John's, goes along with me, whose plan is the same as mine. . . .

Our examination for scholarships is over, but the decision and admission, which should have taken place on Thursday, are deferred till some future time. This disorder and the apprehensions it has excited have thrown everything into confusion.

To his Sister Ann, from Cambridge] *April* 14, 1815.

In spite of plague and pestilence I am here again, alive and well, and without much apprehension of being otherwise. I have been in London a week, during which time there have been no

new cases of fever in the University, nor, so far as I know, in the town. So much for Cambridge; and now for London, of which you may probably wish to have a description. I have of course seen all the sights that strangers go to see, from the burying vault of St. Paul's up to the ball and cross—and from the helmet of William the Conqueror in the Tower to the high-heeled shoes of Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey. From all this, however, you will perceive that I have only been looking at the outside of London; not knowing anybody there, of course I could not see anything of society, and therefore you will not wonder if in a week I found myself beginning to grow tired of running about to see raree shows. Gwatkin, my companion, had been there before, but such a complete mathematician is he that he knew hardly so much of it as myself, and therefore we had to feel our way as well as we could. He left me the day before I came away, and went home to Hereford.

The only things from which I expected any very great gratification were the theatres, and I was not disappointed—some of the first-rate actors are such that I should not have repented going to town merely on that account. Miss O'Neil, an actress lately come upon the London stage, is a most wonderful performer. Her acting and the tones of her voice are touching beyond anything I ever experienced. I saw her twice, in Belvidera and in Isabella. Kean too is most admirable, though I imagine I saw him rather to a disadvantage in King Richard II. Several others are good, but the second-rate performers are not better than many I have seen on the Lancaster boards. The good folks of London, however, are not content with good acting, but have got a most extravagant affection for pomps and processions on the stage, and sieges and battles, and all sorts of finery and noise. Two of the new pieces I saw concluded with explosions and conflagrations—forts were actually and really blown up, and scattered in huge fragments in the air, and the catastrophe was as striking as the noise and smell of gunpowder could make it. Cambridge is wonderfully dull at present; almost everybody has left it. I am sorry I shall not see you all this summer, but you must write to me the more.

The resolution come to by the University was: 'That it was not expedient that the undergraduates should return before May 20.' I find that some people doubt whether it will be thought necessary for them to return then. We have now about twenty undergraduates in Trinity. The magistrates of Cambridge published a statement, from which it appeared that only sixteen have died in the town since the beginning of the fever, and eleven of those were children.

To his Father] *April* 27, 1815.

I should like very much to go home for a while; but eight months before the Senate-House examination, and after idling away a week or two in town, I ought to have full employment for myself here. Besides, the dullness of the place, as it means only the want of amusement and society, though it does not make it more pleasant, is rather an advantage to a person inclined to read.

To his Father] *July* 13, 1815.

We have got two English prize poems this year. After the examiners had decided who was the successful candidate, they found upon looking at his name that he was a man of our college, who, owing to some mistake, had not yet been entered as he intended, and who consequently had no claim to the prize, which was therefore given to the next best.

As the first, whose name is Waddington, had a decided superiority, the examiners wrote to him to express their approbation, and to request him to publish his poem, which has been done. I believe, too, the Chancellor intends to give him an additional medal. The regular medal goes to Smirke, of St. John's, the next in merit.

Waddington is very young; only, I believe, sixteen, and is yet at Charterhouse School; he is a brother of Waddington who got the prize last year but one, and was a candidate for the last.

At this early period William Whewell not unfrequently addressed his sisters collectively, as in the

following letter, but in later years his sister Ann is his habitual correspondent.

To his Sisters] *Sept.* 19, 1815.

The letters of a certain person who signs E. M. A. Whewell are always so acceptable that the said E. M. A. has great reason to be surprised that I am not a more regular correspondent. I suppose before you have finished this sentence your eye has been caught by the black patch in the middle of the paper, and I hope too that you have detected some resemblance to the visage of E. M. A.'s brother W. It seems to me to have a good deal of likeness to his physiognomy, and it is reasonable to expect that it should from the way in which it is taken; being a shadow thrown on the wall by a candle and marked out by one of my acquaintance, and afterwards reduced by an instrument called a pantagraph.

You would, I dare say, much rather see the countenance of the real original, but he is so enveloped in piles of quartos, heaps of scribbling paper, and unintelligible lines and figures, that his magic circle is quite impenetrable for the present.

I have been hearing a certain Mr. Hall, a celebrated Baptist minister from Leicester, as great a man in this part of the world as the Rev. Legh Richmond is in yours. I had heard so much of him that it was not surprising I was somewhat disappointed to hear a man with a voice weaker than Mr. Housman's and a manner not near so impressive.

In the autumn of this year we find William Whewell preparing for his examination, and endeavouring to reconcile his friends to the possibility of his not coming out first, which he had already foreseen. In January he writes to tell his father of the result of the first week's examination, which was to place him second to Jacob.

To his Aunt, Mrs. Lyon] *Nov.* 2.

If I come down at all after I have taken my degree it must be only for a very short time, as I am anxious to take pupils, if I can get any, as soon as possible, in order to do something for

myself after being such an expensive business to my father for so long.

I am now preparing for my examination, as I suppose you know. Do not take it into your heads to be very grievously disappointed if I am not first, as all these things are of course very uncertain.

To his Father] *Jan.* 19, 1816.

Jacob.
Whewell.

Such is the order in which we are fixed after a week's examination. I should have been very glad if I could have inverted the order of these names, but if you had seen or heard from me during the course of the examination, you would have thought it fortunate that I am not lower. I found myself, after the examination began, so terribly deficient in many things, and more especially in the art of writing with rapidity, that I began to give up all hopes of being within the first four or five. It is very fortunate that I did not write on the second or third day of the contest, to say that as I could only write twelve such sheets as this in two hours while others could write twenty, you must be content to see me where it should please Providence to place me, for at that period of the business I felt a great inclination to send you such a warning.

I had before been given to understand that a great deal depended upon being able to write the greatest possible quantity in the smallest time, but of the rapidity which was actually necessary I had not formed the most distant idea. I am upon no occasion a quick writer, and upon subjects where I could not go on without sometimes thinking a little I soon found myself considerably behind. I was therefore surprised, and even astonished, to find myself bracketed off, as it is called, in the second place; that is, on the day when a new division of the classes is made for the purpose of having a closer examination of the respective merits of men who come pretty near to each other, I was not classed with anybody, but placed alone in the second bracket. The man who is at the head of the list is of Caius College, and was always expected to be very high, though I do not know that anybody expected to see him so decidedly superior as to be bracketed off by himself. The man who was always

most talked of was Graham [1] of Christ's College. I should suppose that you must have heard his name mentioned in all the talking about the subject which has passed. He was a friend of White, the Rector of Claughton, and was somehow or other understood to be pitted against me, so that it is some consolation to have beaten him. He is bracketed along with seven others, and it is not yet known which of the eight is first. I should think it not at all unlikely that he should be beat by some of the men who are in the same bracket with him, Higman [2] for instance, or Cape,[3] rivals of mine in our Trinity examinations.

[The order in the list, as finally settled by the examiners, was Higman, Graham, Cape. Among others in this bracket were his friend Sheepshanks, and Hamilton, late Dean of Salisbury.]

I shall only be just in time for the post, and therefore you must excuse several things in this. My bad writing, because a man who has been writing all the week in the Senate House cannot be expected to write in any decent way. My slovenly letter, because I have merely retired to a side table in another man's rooms to send you this intelligence. And moreover the thing is yet so fresh upon me, and the hurry of ideas is so little subsided, that I hardly know how I shall feel about it when I have slept upon it. To-morrow we take our degrees, and begin to wear black gowns.

To his Father] *Feb.* 6, 1816.

I am sorry my forgetfulness has given you occasion for the least anxiety about the fate of the bill you sent me. In consequence of the hurry and bustle which were going on when I wrote at the end of the examination, I did not recollect to acknowledge the receipt of it till the time when one generally recollects things; that is, just as it was too late. It was not till after I had sent off my letter that the ideas of brackets and triposes began to make room for the concerns of this world.

[1] Lord Bishop of Chester, and late Master of Christ's.

[2] Afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Trinity.

[3] Head Master of the Artillery and Engineers' Seminary at Addiscombe for many years.

All this I confess is the reasoning of an idle man, and it would have been a much more direct way of satisfying both my scruples and your anxieties to have written at once, and you must excuse me as well as you can for not doing so. The gradual diminution in the amount of the exhibition which has taken place almost every year is precisely the reverse of what we were given to expect at first, but there is nothing to do but to take what we can get.

I have begun the business of the term. I set off with three pupils yesterday. It is possible, but not I think very probable, that I may have one or two more this term. In that case I should be able to settle with Mr. Hudson. He has already given up all the business of the tutorship, but I do not know when he intends to leave us.

I shall be able to give you and my sisters much more distinct ideas what kind of an operation an examination is when I see you, than I possibly could in a letter. It is impossible within any reasonable compass to describe all the kneeling, sitting, and standing formalities of taking a degree.

As to Jacob, I do not know precisely what countryman he is, but I rather think his father is now resident in London; and has, if I mistake not, published a pamphlet or two upon subjects connected with politics or finance, or something of that sort. His son is a very pleasant as well as a clever man, and I had as soon be beaten by him as by anybody else.

Trinity College, Cambridge:

To his Sister[1]] *May* 21, 1816.

When I got your letter I had been waiting with impatience for some account of my father. I hoped that it would have been favourable. 'No better' is but a painful answer. Above all other remedies my father will, I hope, keep up his spirits. He seems to be distressed that he cannot do anything, not reflecting that he is even now as well employed as half mankind are all their lives. We, my dear sister, need wish for nothing more but that we may fill our situations in society, whatever they may be, as respectably as he has done. I yet hope that he will see some of us fixed in situations which we never could have

[1] When not otherwise particularised, the sister addressed is always his sister Ann.

aspired to if it had not been for his indulgence and his efforts. No father could have done more for us, and I hope he will be allowed to see the result of it.

This term is a very short one, we get through it at the end of this week, and then I hope my pupils will take it into their conscientious consideration to pay me. I have got five pupils already for the long vacation, and shall probably have another, so that I hope soon to be able to get clear, but it is tantalising not to be able to support myself for such a length of time; only one man has paid me yet.

To his Father] *June* 6.

I mentioned in my last that I was going to Bridlington to read with my pupils. We are not allowed to stay in Cambridge during the Long Vacation, and two or three of my pupils expressed a preference for that place. I had hardly any wish for one place rather than another, and therefore there we go.

I think I shall stay here till Commencement, which is the beginning of July, and then proceed to my summer abode. It is not yet certain whether or not we are to have the new married couple of Royal Highnesses here at the Commencement; if so, we shall be very gay. [Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte.] You may perhaps have heard a good deal about the rioters in this county. We have seen nothing of them here, but they have been rather unruly at Ely. They are, however, completely quieted now; we have had the yeomanry cavalry raised, and a troop of the Horse Guards who were at Waterloo passed through with two pieces of artillery the other day. The soldiers have done their office, and they are now sending down judges to do theirs.

To his Sister] *Bridlington Quay: Aug.* 14, 1816.

I cannot forget while I am writing that I have no longer the same family circle to address; no longer the face which but a little while back would have looked so anxiously for any information about me. We should have been too happy, my dear sister, had we been permitted to soothe the declining years of our parents, and to sweeten the evening of their life. He[1] [his

[1] John Whewell died in July 1816.

father] is gone to rejoin her whom he never ceased to lament. She was taken from us almost before we knew how inestimable was the affection of a mother, and of such a mother. And now he is gone without being allowed to see what he has done for his son. He would have thought it a sufficient recompense for the unwearied exertions of a laborious life; but it was a happiness which Heaven had not destined him in this world.

I do not know whether I shall be able to satisfy you as to the details of my domestic economy here; . . . but you may set yourselves at ease as to the danger you might otherwise have supposed us in of perishing upon this uninhabited coast.

I have hitherto avoided running up any bills here, by which means I have got rid of great part of my money; I should like to continue the same plan. I have six pupils here.

Trinity College, Cambridge:

To Mr. Morland] *Nov.* 10, 1816.

I hope I shall soon receive a missive from you, upon which I shall proceed immediately to enroll your name among those of all the great men who have been here before us.[1]

I am at present feeling some of the inevitable inconveniences of a college life. Two of my most intimate acquaintances, and I will add two men of the greatest intellectual powers and attainments that I ever saw or ever expect to see, have left the University; and their departure has made an irrecoverable gap in my enjoyments. Herschel is gone to assist his father, whose health is now declining, to carry on his astronomical researches; and Jones[2] (I think I have mentioned him to you before) has been prevailed on by his father to take orders and a curacy in Sussex.

This is one of the greatest curses of Cambridge: all the men whom you love and admire, all of any activity of mind, after staying here long enough to teach you to regret them, go abroad into the world and are lost to you for ever. Nevertheless, I would not be anywhere else, except it were London, and that under very particular circumstances. I grow more and more

[1] With a view to his taking a degree in Divinity as a ten-year man.

[2] Richard Jones of Caius College, afterwards Political Economy Professor at Haileybury, and later Tithe Commissioner.

attached to the place, and I think more highly of it from having seen the regret with which such men leave it.

I hope to ramble through its cloisters with you some of these days, though, considering the interval which must elapse, it is quite impossible to tell what set of acquaintance or of ideas I may then have. How do your studies of Scotch go on at present? Do you read much of Burns?

To his Sister] *Jan.* 17, 1817.

. . . I have got a pupil who will be third or fourth wrangler, it is not yet determined which—the examinations are now going on—so that he will not even be so successful as his tutor was. His name is Dawes,[1] and he is a friend of Morland, out of whose neighbourhood, or somewhere near it, he comes.

To his Aunt] *Feb.* 16, 1817.

I must acknowledge myself somewhat an idle correspondent so far as writing goes, but I can assure you that I am one of the best reading correspondents in the world, and have as much pleasure in perusing your letters as you can possibly have in writing them. I am ashamed to write so much worse letters than my sisters, but I console myself with the idea that women always write better letters than men! I have many things to thank you all for—so many that I must give you a large quantity of thanks to divide among you according to your shares. I shall have a double reason to like each of the things you have sent me: the cravats because they are your gift, and marked with the hair of my sisters; the pies because they are twice as good as usual; and the shirts because there are two of them.

I have my hands full of pupils, and I must read for the Fellowship examination which comes on at the end of next September. If I succeed then I shall be more at my ease, and fortunately for me there is a greater number than usual of fellowships vacant this year. The pressure of the times makes itself felt here as well as elsewhere. For the last three years our fellowships have decreased very rapidly in value, but I believe they are now likely to improve.

[1] Afterwards Dean of Hereford.

To Mr. Morland] *Trinity College: March* 27, 1817.

How long it may chance to be since I ought to have written to you, and how much longer since I last wrote, I cannot discover without going through a process of calculation much too long and intricate to venture upon at present. This morning, upon parting with my last pupil, I was happily freed for a month from the necessity of knowing that two and two make four. You will not fail to observe the advantages of this occasional cessation of the powers of reasoning, this suspension of the *habeas mentem* act, and more especially its tendency to the well-being and increase of the body natural; as it seems universally allowed among philosophers that the body seldom gains but at the expense of the mind, and *vice versâ*.

The mind seems to be a sort of mad jockey to the body, whose principal amusement is to fret, and fatigue, and tear and sweat down and knock up the poor jade upon which he rides; or a romping boy with a new suit of clothes, which he not only wears away in the common course of nature, but rends and pulls to pieces in all sorts of violent exercises. If thinking could be entirely suspended for a generation or two, there is no saying to what beauty and magnitude our bodies might attain. I leave to your theological consideration how far the gigantic proportions of the Anakim might be owing to their superior proficiency in the art of not thinking; and how much the shortening of human life after the Deluge might be caused by the habit of reasoning that has unfortunately prevailed from the building of Babel to this time; but I agree perfectly with the philosopher who asserts that mind is a result of unnatural irritation and stimulus in the system, and that our bodies might be considered as much more perfect and in a state of better health if all such morbid symptoms could entirely be removed. But, as I said before, I leave this to your serious meditation.

To proceed to a subject somewhat less theoretical, I made inquiries of the tutor the day before the division, and found that no letter had been received from Mr. Hudson.

You bid me give some account of myself. I am not ill. I am not married. I am reading with pupils six hours a day, and sleeping ten more. I give no account of any other hours, be-

cause it is a fact which I have ascertained by a long experience that a day does not count more than sixteen or eighteen hours. Nothing can be more erroneous than the common idea that there are twenty-four hours in a day. I am tired of forming magnificent schemes of reading and never executing them, of abusing myself for my ignorance and letting it increase, and of wondering what will become of me and all the rest of the world. I am amused sometimes with hearing people talk sense; sometimes nonsense. Finally, I am sitting by the fire and writing you a letter on this scurvy piece of paper because, it being past ten o'clock, gates are shut and I cannot procure a better sheet. Now I assert that you will never give of yourself an account half so distinct.

To his Sister] *June* 5, 1817.

I am at least as busy in the vacation as in the term—not merely in reading for college purposes, but in examining subjects for my own satisfaction. By this means my days and weeks pass away with little variation to mark them, except in the books I read. . . . Meanwhile I spend my time very comfortably, and, for anything I see, am likely to continue to spend it here for many years yet. You can conceive few people more tranquilly happy than your brother in his green plaid dressing-gown, blue morocco slippers, and with a large book before him. I cannot say that he will continue so employed for the whole of this summer without finding time to transport himself into Lancashire for a little while, but even if he were to do it the time which he could stay would be so short that it may be better that he should defer it at least till after his Fellowship examination, which is in the end of September.

To his Aunt] *July* 20, 1817.

This will find you, I hope, after a journey to Altrincham both pleasant and profitable, safe from all troubles of stage coaches and inns on the road, and of attorneys at the end. I hope if it be requisite M. will contrive to give up her favourite home and quiet for a little while; she may think herself fortunate if she do not find anything worse in her journey through life than a stage coach too full of disagreeable people. . . .

I have also been making an expedition. I have been on a visit to a college friend, a Mr. Rose, whose father is a clergyman at Uckfield, in Sussex. His son has distinguished himself at Cambridge, and is now going with a nobleman's family to reside in Italy for some years. I spent a week very pleasantly.

With Mr. Hugh James Rose, Mr. Whewell kept up for many years an active correspondence, from which occasional extracts will appear in these pages. In the earlier letters written to Rose he expressed the opinions he then entertained with regard to the Lake School and Wordsworth's poetry; perhaps they are not the less interesting because he afterwards altered them very materially. On July 31, 1817, he writes:—

I have just got through a new book of your friend Coleridge's, his 'Biographia Literaria,' which I suppose you have seen. It contains an account of himself, which in many places is amusing enough; but it appears to me to be of considerable consequence from the critical parts of it, which will, I think, completely change the state of the question about the 'Lake School.' For to my great astonishment I find it full of good sense and fair rational criticism, and containing a condemnation of all those parts of Wordsworth, both of his theory and his practice, to which I should object—denying his whole theory about poetical diction and the resemblance of poetry to real life, and low life, and blaming almost all those poems which he has written upon his theory, condemning his prosaic style, his puerilities, his mystical and inflated language, and wonderments about the most every-day things, his *matter-of-factness*, his attachment to pedlars, his deification of children, and in short everything, or almost everything, that other people have made a pretext for laughing at the whole, he takes out and laughs at by itself.

Now it may be very true that all this makes but a very small part of the whole, but nevertheless it always appeared to me so woven and matted in with the rest as to give a tinge to the whole mass: it was in consequence of that, that I never

entirely got over the repulsion I felt to Wordsworth, for there were so many passages, obviously favourites of the poet, where I could not feel any sympathy with him, that I could not but doubt whether I had really any sympathy with him when I appeared to have. Even yet I much doubt whether Wordsworth would allow that man to understand his poems who talks of them as Coleridge does. If it be so, the whole imaginary fabric of a new school of poetry, which seemed as if it were to be built up to the skies and to the borders of the universe, far out-topping the Tower of Babel, turns out to be nothing but a little furbishing and beautification (as the churchwardens call it) of the parish church. Just get rid of stale epithets and stale personifications, and one or two other errors that had crept in, and all our poets will turn out to be good poets. I am glad of it, because I had much rather have my objects of admiration increased than diminished.

The negative part of Coleridge's system is (as is the case with most systems) true or verisimillimum. As for the positive part, we are all abroad again. His poetics are, I think, false; and as for his metaphysics, they are as before, muddy with their own turbulence. I can make nothing of them. How the man who wrote the critique on Wordsworth could write 'Christabel,' I cannot conceive. If I were to judge from this book, I should take Coleridge's talent to lie in wit more than in poetry; his similes and metaphors are delightfully lively. Upon the strength of Coleridge's knowledge of Wordsworth's meaning, I have sent for Wordworth's poems.

I have been going on very harmlessly here ever since I got myself settled to be content to spend my weeks rather less pleasantly than the one I spent with you.

A few weeks later another letter followed on the same subject, expressing with even more vivacity his dislike to poetic systems in general, and that of Wordsworth in particular.

Aug. 30, 1817.

Paynter tells me that you have a curiosity to know whether you have puzzled me about Pope and poetry. You would have

the less merit in doing so as I have completely puzzled myself. I have vacillated among systems of criticism till I am rather giddy, and seem to myself to be advancing fast to that glorious state of poetical scepticism in which no one principle of criticism is more certain than its opposite: and this by arguments which, according to Hume's admirable definition of scepticism, *admit of no answer and produce no conviction.* At present, however, I have not time to reason or even to doubt upon such matters; instead of the 'feast' and the 'flow' of poetical analysis to which your letter tempted me, I must pick the dry bones and swill the watery soup which are the preparatory diet of the gymnasium here. I hope you will allow this —viz. the having you, myself, the college examination, and very possibly truth also for antagonists—to be a satisfactory reason for not attempting sooner, or for not attempting at all, to defend the opinions that you attribute to me. However, that you may not consider me as absolutely one of the ungodly and those that perish, or, what is much worse, live and do not admire good poetry—that you may not fancy me fallen away from a state of poetical grace, beyond even the saving influence of Wordsworth—I must disclaim some of the opinions you give me. A sceptic may deny though he may not assert, though he is very likely to be troubled with doubts whether denial be not a species of assertion.

I do *not*, then, make Pope my idol. I should *not* rejoice to see his style restored. I do *not* perceive in him, or learn from him, the love of nature. I do not even insist upon his being called a poet. It is sufficient for me, who would not break the king's peace for a definition, that I receive from his writings pleasure *greater* and of a *different kind* from that which I should receive from similar writings in prose. You may certainly analyse the pleasure his pieces give into many elements which are not generally understood to be poetical elements; wit, for instance, which all the world can understand and delight in at all times, which is more than you can say for feeling of any kind. He is, moreover, invariably alive to the ridicule which in polished society lies in wait for bursts of feeling which are not *selon les règles*; but every man—except Adam before the creation of Eve—has had his feelings and the

manifestation of them in some measure regulated by regard for the opinions and views of others. And then come the sceptic's questions: how far? where to stop? why?

But as for defining poetry, or analysing the feelings which it puts in action—explaining what it is, or may be, or ought to be; what are its origin, its laws, and its end—*cela me passe*. I have been much delighted by several critical works, but convinced by none. As I have said before, the negative part of most systems seems good. A little while back I was in transports with Schlegel; if you have not read the book, I think you will find it will repay you for the perusal. Hare considers it as the *ideal* of criticism. Even if you do not believe it, which I think you will in a great measure, you will allow it to be fine writing, a little German or so, but still fine. But as Cicero's interlocutor says of Plato, when I laid down the book I could not recall the conviction. In fact, I think you will find when you examine, that most of the good criticism you see produces its effect rather as eloquence than as philosophy—rather excites poetical emotions than analyses them.

I was much astonished to find that Coleridge takes his critical ground so low. It is not so much the absolute extent of his disapprobation of Wordsworth which made me consider it as indicating a revolution in Lake criticism, as the principles on which he founds it, and those are obviously such that they will irresistibly extend themselves much farther than he has carried them; his critique on the Daffodils, for instance, might serve as a model for similar strictures on all Wordsworth's Wordsworthian poems. It pleases me to find that it is in consequence of his theory that Wordsworth has got wrong. What has a poet to do with a theory? Let him mind his business, or it will be worse for him.

As for Coleridge, he has almost too metaphysical a head to be a good poet; a man who is always looking for symptoms in himself will not often be healthful; a man who studies all the motions of all his limbs will not probably be graceful; and a man who is everlastingly watching the operations of his own mind and imagination is not likely to feel or to think freely.

By this time you will begin to suspect that the tendency of all this profound reasoning is to prove my right to be incon-

sistent. I hope I have fully established that, and that therefore, if you think it inconsistent to admire both Wordsworth and Pope, you will do me the favour to believe that it may nevertheless be my case: nay, more, that I may admire one or the other, or neither, according to the state of the barometer.

The 'critique on the Daffodils,' referred to above, is to be found in Vol. II. of the 'Biographia Literaria,' second edition, p. 153. The poem is adduced by Coleridge as an exemplification of the 'fifth and last' of a series of prominent defects noticeable in Wordsworth's poems, but which he earnestly contended were not the 'real characters of his poems at large, nor of the genius and constitution of his mind.' This 'fifth and last' defect, he said, was the use of thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called mental bombast as distinguished from verbal, but it is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is not wonderful that in editing this criticism of her father's Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge takes occasion to express her dissent from it.

But seven years before, John Whewell was hesitating to let his son exchange the carpenter's shop for the Lancaster Grammar School; and now, whilst reading hard for the Fellowship examination at Trinity, he finds in matters thus remote from his earlier interests and experience the amusement of his scanty leisure, and is unwearied in discussing them with his friends. The position he maintained in these discussions was soon afterwards abandoned. In later life his sympathy was much more with the poet Wordsworth than with his critics. When one of the Edgeworths once remarked to him that Wordsworth was 'only fit for the nursery,' he replied, 'Well, I should be glad to go into the nursery with him.' As the strongest testimony to this change,

it is interesting to contrast with the letter to Mr. Rose of August 30, 1817, a sonnet written by Mr. Whewell in the album of Mr. Wordsworth's daughter Dora, in 1838. It expresses with great simplicity and sincerity his mature and lasting conviction as to the influence upon the poetry of the age of Mr. Wordsworth's writings.

To Dora Wordsworth.

Daughter of that good man whose genuine strain
Patiently uttered oft in evil days
Called English poesy from erring ways
Of laboured trifling, insincere and vain;
And failing not, again and yet again
Poured forth, all full of faith and love, its lays
Till to all hearts they flowed through blame and praise,
And there 'mid sweetest memories remain;
You scarce can know the time when scorn and hiss
Repulsed those songs which now we hold so dear,
Yet not the less do you their sweetness heed;
Just as your father's love, your fireside bliss,
Need not the thought of danger or of fear
To make you feel that they are sweet indeed.

W. WHEWELL.

April 6, 1838.

But to return to the year 1817. Mr. Rose was not the only friend who zealously laboured to bring Mr. Whewell into the circle of the admirers and appreciators of Wordsworth. Mr. Hare was equally diligent and vehement on the same side. Long afterwards Mr. Whewell wrote to the editor of the last edition of the 'Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers,' describing Julius Hare, and the nature of their intimacy. With regard to the differences of opinion existing between them, and which in no degree impaired their friendship, though they gave a special character to both letters and con-

versation, he says: 'My tastes were the common vulgar tastes of that day, the tastes to which the "Rejected Addresses" so successfully appealed. I began our intercourse by ridiculing some passages, and especially the "solemn bleat" of the "Excursion."' In 1824 we find him giving Wordsworth's poems to his sister Martha.

To his Sister Ann] *Sept.* 14, 1817.

I am very busy, which will be over in due season. If I defer writing to you till then you will probably wonder, and think me long and wrong, which I do not by any means wish; and as it is very desirable that you should see things in a true light—and as, though I may be reasonably long, I am not, I hope, very wrong—and as moreover I have just found half a sheet of paper lying by me, for all these reasons, which seem to me very good ones, I shall write now. I am well. I am reading. In a fortnight I shall, I hope, be better and not reading. I have engaged myself with pupils for the next term, so that I shall not be able to come home till Christmas. Then I hope, or soon after, I shall again see you. Our examination begins on the 21st, our election [1] on October 1.

To his Sister] *Oct.* 1, 1817.

As I have told you, you have to congratulate me upon being made Fellow. The election took place this morning. Our eight senior Fellows, after deliberating in the chapel for an hour this morning, elected me and five others. I had considered my chance to be good, and was of course rejoiced to find myself not disappointed. Other successes may have surprised and pleased me more for the moment, but this is one of the most substantial benefits at which you ever had to rejoice with me.

To his Sister] *Nov.* 4, 1817.

Upon returning hither a few weeks back, I found with great satisfaction divers letters from you and my aunt which had been accumulating in my absence. I had been almost to the

[1] Fellowship election, Trinity College.

coast of Sussex, and on a journey provoking enough. As soon as our election was over, I left Cambridge and went to London, and after staying there a few days I set off again with the intention of seeing a friend who was, so far as I could learn, at a curacy at Petworth in Sussex, about fifty miles from town. I got to Petworth on Saturday evening, and on inquiring for Mr. Jones, I was told that Mr. Jones had gone to London the Sunday before. This was mortifying enough; and, to improve my prospects, next day was Sunday, on which I could not get back to London. I had nothing left but to amuse myself as well as I could; and after going to Chichester to see the cathedral, and to Arundel to see the Duke of Norfolk's castle, I returned to town and thence to Cambridge; when my mortification was completed by learning that my friend had been all the time quietly residing in his parsonage house, three miles from Petworth, and that my landlord there had given me false intelligence. Here I found your congratulations, and joined in your reflections both cheerful and melancholy, as nothing is unmingled happiness here.

I am looking forward towards my journey to Lancaster at Christmas with great satisfaction. I shall probably go to Lichfield and Chester, as I have a great curiosity to see old architecture.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: Feb.* 6, 1818.

I got here on Sunday evening from Leeds by the shortest way, for I stayed there so long that I did not leave myself time to execute that part of my plan which included Lincoln and Peterborough.

I have a plan at present in agitation which I expect you will not mention to anybody, as I do not know whether I shall be able to carry it out. I am thinking of going abroad as travelling tutor to a young gentleman who is about to visit France and Italy almost immediately.

CHAPTER II.

1818–1822.

Mr. Kenelm Digby's recollections—Retrospective sketch—Plans for the summer—Mr. Brough am—Oxford—Carnarvon—Letter to Mr. Morland—Welsh Jumpers—Assistant tutorship—Sketch—Tuition system—Elizabeth Whewell—Julius Hare—Study of law—King—T. Bennison—Commencement—Shipwreck—Moderator—Elizabeth's illness—Mr. Sheepshanks—Trinity dinner—Dr. Wordsworth—Paris—Geneva—The Rhine—Death of Elizabeth Whewell—Isle of Wight—Tour in the Lake Country: in Scotland—Mrs. Opie's novels—Works of imagination—Miss Edgworth—Leigh Richmond—Washington Irving.

In 1818, Mr. Whewell paid his first visit to Oxford, making time for the expedition in the short interval between what he calls 'the employments of the term and those of the vacation.'

The summer of this year he spent with six or seven pupils in North Wales, and some memorials of this Long Vacation remain to us, not only in his own letters to his family and to one or two friends, but in the recollections of another member of the party. Mr. Kenelm Digby, author of the 'Broadstone of Honour,' had been a pupil of his at Cambridge, was with him at Carnarvon, and in 1880 was one of the very few intimate friends of this period of his life still surviving. Writing to Mr. Aubrey de Vere of his old friend, he said: 'I had reason to regard Whewell as one of the most generous, open-hearted, disinterested, and noble-minded men that I ever knew. I remember circumstances that called for the exercise of

each of these rare qualities, when they were met in a way that would now seem incredible, so fast does the world seem moving from all ancient standards of goodness and moral grandeur.'

To me, Mr. Digby wrote more fully in a letter from which he permitted me to quote.

Kensington: Feb. 12, 1873.

You will easily understand that though my acquaintance with Dr. Whewell began very early at Cambridge, it is chiefly of his genial and generous disposition as a friend and companion that I can speak. This any one could observe who knew him as intimately as I did. Though on my first coming up to college he consented to have me as a pupil, I can only venture to say of him, as a tutor, that he was always encouraging and indulgent, possessing a singular facility for reconciling those whom he instructed to subjects of study for which they would otherwise have felt no inclination.

Having formed one of a party of Trinity men who spent a Long Vacation with him in North Wales for the sake of study, at the expiration of the time he refused to take any remuneration from me, saying that he would not be justified in doing so as I had not paid any attention to his lectures. In fact, I liked him better on horseback than in the professorial chair, and he was always, during the intervals of study, scouring the hills with some of us. On one occasion, having walked with him from Aber Menai to the coast of Anglesea, opposite Carnarvon, we expected to find the ferry-boat ready to take us across; but, on the contrary, it being very late in the evening, the boat was moored out a hundred feet or more from shore, the ferryman having retired for the night into a little hut. On his refusing to turn out to take us across, we asked if he would let us take the boat if we could get into it. On his assenting, Whewell was the first to dash into the stream and swim to the boat. We drew up the anchor and effected the passage safely, while the ferryman raged on the shore and called us all manner of names.

The year that he went with me to Normandy, visiting all

the cathedrals and abbeys, he drew up a table on which you saw at a glance the distinguishing features of the different orders or epochs of Gothic architecture—the Norman, Early English, the Decorated and Perpendicular. As a travelling companion he was unrivalled, being always ready to rough it and to take everything in a good-humoured way, and I shall not easily forget his riding with me on the post-horses to visit St. Michel *au péril de la mer*.

During our long friendship I never remember hearing him speak unkindly of any one behind his back, though he was free enough and bold enough spoken when he had you face to face. He was wonderfully fond of his friends, whom he never forgot. I remember his having made one of them sit for his picture to Lonsdale, and then his having given the portrait which he paid for to a third party, a mutual friend. But it would be endless to tell instances of his generous spirit. And, in fact, it was that no doubt which gained him the friendship of so many who were incompetent to profit by his extraordinary intellectual powers. He conciliated all but proud, self-conceited people, who did not like to be put down by a word or two from him.

I regret that I cannot recover the letters which I had received from him, as any of them would place his noble character in a clearer light than I can effect by such disjointed reminiscences. But my letters all perished when our house near Southampton was burnt.

In a letter from Archdeacon Hare, in 1827, to a lady afterwards frequently mentioned in these pages, Lady Malcolm, he says: 'To my great delight on my return here, I found Digby purposing to spend another last term among us, if not with us: for unfortunately we do not see a tenth part as much of him as we should wish to do; still even looking on anybody so noble always does one good.' Mr. Aubrey de Vere remarks in a letter to me:

The friendship of Whewell and Kenelm Digby is a thing the more remarkable when one remembers the different cha-

racters of the two intellects. But then both of these men had in common that greatest of all gifts (greater than any degree of genius), a great heart; and that was doubtless the source of their mutual sympathy. I have heard that Dr. Whewell, when reading the Passion aloud, was often unable to restrain his tears. Thus we see how compatible with the modern scientific intellect is the great heart of the 'men of old.' There was little chance of science degenerating in such hands. We who knew your noble-hearted uncle shall always lament him for his own sake, but others who did not know him will probably have to lament more and more the loss to manly thought and to Christian faith sustained when such men die.

We may with advantage pause here and recapitulate the various steps by which William Whewell had risen to be Fellow of Trinity, from the Blue School and the carpenter's shop at Lancaster. First in order is his transfer from the Blue to the Grammar School at Lancaster, in consequence of the notice of Mr. Rowley attracted by his unusual intelligence. This was followed in 1810 by his removal to Heversham, probably at the advice of Mr. Hudson. He was entered at Trinity College in October 1811, and went up to reside in October 1812, being admitted as a sub-sizar. After being successively elected to a sizarship and scholarship on the foundation of his college, he proceeded to his B.A. degree in January 1816, being placed second in the list of wranglers of that year, and gaining the further distinction of the second Smith's Prize. He was elected Fellow in 1817, and during the Long Vacation of 1818 was offered the post of mathematical lecturer by Bishop Monk, then Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, and accepted it. His letters to his family and intimate friends show a rise as remarkable in culture, associations, and subjects of interest as in position and outward standing. The details of his father's business, and the struggles of his

raw boyhood, have given place to an enthusiastic interest in literature, 'a great desire to see old architecture,' an eager though somewhat partisan attitude in the controversy then raging between the friends and enemies of the Lake school of poets.

The contrast in position and culture was of course mainly the result of the admirable use to which he had turned the six years' residence in Cambridge, and all that that implies of intellectual training. Amongst these valuable opportunities must be reckoned the fortunate introduction through Mr. Satterthwaite to Mr. Whitaker, and the consequent intimacy with Herschel, Fallowes, Gwatkin, and others, members of St. John's College, and then the most distinguished group in the University, and all senior to himself.

Though his place in the Tripos and the Smith's Prize are the only recorded evidence of his success in the examination for the B.A. degree, the university system then not giving room for any other, we have ample proof that he gave his attention during his undergraduate career to many subjects besides mathematics. In the year 1813 he was one of those selected to recite a Latin declamation in the college chapel, and in the following year he gained the third prize cup for an English declamation. In the same year he had already obtained the University distinction of the Chancellor's medal for English verse. It was probably by devoting some considerable portion of his attention to subjects such as these that he laid the foundation of a distinct literary style, of which perhaps the most perfect instance is to be found in the 'Plurality of Worlds.' Among the necessary exercises for his B.A. degree, Mr. Whewell had to *keep an act.*

'Both as disputant and moderator,' we learn in one

of his works ('Cambridge Studies,' p. 150), he 'always took a most lively interest in these exercises,' which he thought 'eminently fitted both to produce and to test a thorough acquaintance with the subjects thus disputed on.' They were eventually superseded in their bearing upon University distinction, and lost consequently their interest for the students, becoming meaningless and, from the bad Latin in which they were conducted, somewhat ridiculous ceremonies. In a letter of 1815 to Mr. Morland, Mr. Whewell describes the performance in somewhat slighting terms. The practice was long ago abolished.

His letter to his father of January 1816 will have shown that in the examination for the degree the candidates were grouped first in brackets, thereafter to be subjected to a second sifting, which should decide their eventual places in the list. This custom has also been abandoned, and the present system of examination for the mathematical degree is in a great measure due to changes introduced and supported by Dr. Whewell.

He was President of the Union in 1817, on a celebrated occasion when the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors swooped down upon the place of meeting in order to break up the society. Mr. Whewell, Mr. Thirlwall, and Mr. Sheridan were deputed to endeavour to persuade the Vice-Chancellor to reconsider his determination, but in vain; all they could carry was permission to finish the debate then in hand, and keep the room to read in. The first demand of the President was that the Proctors should withdraw whilst the society consulted on their message.

We leave him in 1818 busily engaged in private tuition, and carrying on animated correspondence and discussion with numerous friends.

To his Sister] *Feb.* 23, 1818.

I am not going abroad. I determined at last that it would be more profitable to wait a little longer, and therefore this year I shall stay in England so far as I know at present. Not, however, because there are either fewer temptations or fewer dangers here than in other places, as you seem most patriotically to imagine.

To his Aunt] *March* 19, 1818.

I shall take up my abode next Long Vacation somewhere on the south coast—most probably in Devonshire, or perhaps in the Isle of Wight. I got a 'Lancaster Gazette' this morning, by which it seems that you have nothing of consequence afloat except electioneering and national schools. I see two canvassing advertisements for Westmoreland. Mr. Brougham's is foolish, and Lord Lowther's ungrammatical. I shall have a brother of Mr. Brougham's with me during the summer, who is said to be a man of talent.

I have just got through the business of the term, and have also, as I have long been threatening to do, got into new rooms, and am now pretty comfortably situated where I shall probably stay for some time.

To his Sister] *May* 8.

If I follow your calculation, and consider my last as only half a letter, it will be difficult to settle the important point whether you or I ought to write next, as instead of either of us being a letter in debt to the other, it is half one way and half the other. I shall, however, decide the matter by making you a letter and a half in my debt at the lowest computation, declaring at the same time that I believe you ought to have written to me before this time. I hope, however, I may as usual take no news for good news. . . .

I think my aunt need not be very much afraid of my being contaminated by being the tutor of [Mr. Brougham] the brother of an Opposition Member of Parliament; but as for my being a 'Government man,' that is 'past praying for.' I have a very great respect for all my Bennison relations, but I hope it is not

necessary to show it by admiring Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning.

To his Sister] *June* 8.

It is almost necessary to go to town for a few days once a twelvemonth, if it were only to see sights, and to be able to talk of them for the rest of the year; and accordingly I took the opportunity of having ended my employments for the term, and not begun those of the vacation, to perform this important duty. From London I proceeded to Oxford to attend the Commencement which takes place every year, and a musical festival which takes place once in three years. I employed last week in hearing the 'Messiah' of Händel and much other good music, and in seeing all that is worth seeing in Oxford. In buildings and splendour, it is upon the whole, I think, superior to Cambridge, though there is nothing there equal to Trinity College, and no building anything near to our King's College Chapel. I have altered my plans for the summer. I do not go to Torquay, but into Wales, to Barmouth. There I intend to seat myself and my pupils at the foot of Cader Idris, at the beginning of July.

To his Aunt] *June* 25, 1818.

From the accounts I have, I anticipate great delight from the scenery about our summer habitation, which is said to be the most beautiful in Wales. I have seen no very fine scenery in the south, and nothing at all equal to the prospect from Lancaster churchyard.

To his Sister] *Carnarvon: July* 17, 1818.

You will perhaps be surprised to find my letter at last dated from a place which is not one of the half-dozen places to which I was reported to be gone or going. My peregrinations have at last brought me here, where I am likely to stay for the rest of the summer. When we endeavoured to settle down at Barmouth, we were far from falling in love with the place. It is small, with scarcely any shops, inconveniently situated on the steep side of a craggy hill, with eight rows of houses, each row level with the chimneys of the next below; the sand deep and

loose, so as to be bad walking, and, what was of most consequence, the lodgings few of them good, and those few very expensive.

Upon the most mature consideration of all these things, it was resolved to proceed to some larger place, and Carnarvon was the most tempting within reach. On Monday morning we set off from Barmouth in a body of six to walk hither, our luggage accompanying us and making a very heavy load for a post-chaise.

Sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, we proceeded through very beautiful scenery, along the Bay of Cardigan and round the skirts of Snowdon, and got here on Tuesday.

A more detailed account of the whole expedition is contained in the following amusing letter to Mr. Morland.

Carnarvon: July 19, 1818.

For the last three weeks I have been rambling over great part of England and Wales, almost without an object and without a home, which primitive mode of life has so far deranged and dislocated all my trains of ideas, which were going on in civilised society, that I am glad to take advantage of the stillness of a Welsh Sunday to reunite the broken filaments. Amongst other repairs which are requisite, the thread of our correspondence should have its end taken up and drawn forward to the time present. There would be no use in conducting you through all the intricacies and perils of my journey hither. It has been a series of the most hair-breadth escapes and successful manœuvres. At Cambridge I saved the coach only by running with my luggage half the length of the town. In London, when I got off one coach, I had only two minutes to find my way to another, which was already starting. At Portsmouth I was obliged to set off with half my linen washed and not dried. At Salisbury, if I had not lost my way, and stumbled upon a coach where the driver was already cracking his whip, I had been ruined. At this last place I arrived at two in the morning, and rose again at five to ride to Stonehenge (ten miles) and back before breakfast. The life of a guerilla or a Cossack would be nothing to my hardships and exertions. Some oversights, to be sure, I did commit. Wellington himself has

done the same. I went to Bristol, resolved to pass that way into North Wales, in spite of the assurances of everybody on the way that it was impracticable. I went to Barmouth upon such imperfect information that when I arrived there the place was found untenable, and I led my forces through a most mountainous country hither, without sufficient precautions for the safety of the baggage, which however escaped all dangers. We have finally established our *castra æstiva* here, and look with contempt upon all efforts to drive us from our post for at least three months.

This is the most civilised place which I have seen in Wales, but there is plenty in it to remind you that it is not English.

My books are not yet arrived, and I begin to have some fears that they have found the Bwlchs of Wales, impenetrable as they are unpronounceable. While, however, I must have seven pupils, and may get a boat and a Welsh pony, I do not much fear want of employment.

To his Sister] *Oct.* 8, 1818.

I am now in all the bustle and discomfort of packing up for the purpose of setting off to-morrow. . . . Almost the only persons I have to take my leave of are a Welsh antiquary and his family, including a niece or two. He is a clergyman in the neighbourhood, with whom I became acquainted by talking Welsh antiquities to him, and he was apparently delighted to find an Englishman who took any pleasure in such pursuits.

I told you that a large meeting of the Welsh Jumpers was to take place here. It occurred about a week ago, and presented a most curious spectacle. Large numbers of people assembled from all quarters. All the preceding day there was an everlasting tramping of horses under my window; and when I walked to the beach I saw large boats, black to the water's edge with the crowd which filled them, coming slowly to the shores. One large troop came out of the country walking arm-in-arm, and singing a psalm which I heard at a distance long before I saw the people. Towards the evening they assembled in a field with a sort of wooden edifice in the middle, from which the ground sloped upwards so as to enable all present to see and hear. This edifice was occupied by about half a dozen

preachers, who addressed the people in succession in sermons which, being in Welsh, I could not understand, but which, from the earnestness of manner and the violence of tone and gesticulation, far exceeding anything I ever saw from a person about his own private affairs, seemed likely to make a great impression. Accordingly, the people seemed much affected, and frequently joined in the groans of the preacher. Indeed, at the end of almost every sentence there ran through the assembly a sort of plaintive moaning which seemed to indicate the effect the sentence had produced, like the sighing of the wind through the trees which marks the force of the blast.

Apparently they were giving as much way to their feelings as possible for the purpose of working themselves up to the frenzy which some of them afterwards exhibited. Those over whom the sermon seemed to have most power, were, it appeared, people from the most uncultivated parts of the country. Rough uncivilised mountaineers, men and women in black hats and dresses of stuff, which, though exceedingly coarse, had a gloss of newness which showed what a great occasion they considered it.

At the beginning of each sermon the whole multitude sang a psalm; and as whatever harshness and discordance there was, was softened by the number, and by its being in the open air, it was almost beautiful. At the cadences it died away in some parts of the crowd, while it swelled and sank again in others like the echoes of an organ in the long aisles of a cathedral. This singing, preaching, and moaning went on till near dark, becoming more and more vehement, and then the assembly was dismissed. As the crowd, which before had been one large black mass, separated into groups, I began to perceive that these were generally collected about people who were jumping. I went into the throng in one or two instances. The first that I saw were a boy and girl, who could not be more than eleven or twelve years old, who were shouting most violently, crying, taking hold of each other's hands and then throwing their arms upwards, sometimes standing opposite to each other, and sometimes jumping as fast and as hard as they could. A woman, apparently their mother, was hanging over them, crying and moaning, though not seemingly anxious to quiet them.

As I walked about the field, I only got from one such scene to another. People of all ages, young women and old, men and boys, were jumping or waving their hands, and vociferating as loud as their lungs would let them; some of them seemed nearly exhausted, and many were carried away, apparently quite powerless.

I inquired what it was that they uttered when in this state, and was informed that it was principally texts of Scripture and Welsh exclamations—'*Gogoniant*,' '*O Diolch*,' &c.; 'Glory to God,' 'Thanks to Him Who has saved us,' 'He is precious,' 'Let us rejoice,' 'Let us jump.' This continued I cannot tell how long, for I was tired of it and left it. The next day the scene was repeated, and still greater numbers were present. It occurs here once in two years, and people assemble from a very great distance. So far as I can learn, the people who jump are not by any means remarkable for feeling the habitual influence of religion in their ordinary lives. The most distinguishing doctrines of the sect appear to be very violent notions about absolute predestination to salvation. You may place them at one end of the scale, and the Unitarians at the other. The former err by too much enthusiasm as to the peculiar mysteries of Christianity and by pushing this to fanaticism, and the Unitarians by rejecting them altogether and reducing everything to mere human reason.

A letter from Carnarvon to his sister closes with the words, 'Since I came here, I have accepted the office of assistant tutor in our college.'

This 'exchanging private for public tutorship,' as he calls it in a later letter, was the turning point of Mr. Whewell's career, and full of significance for himself, the college, and the university. The name of Dr. Whewell has been so associated with the Mastership of Trinity, that one is apt to forget that for a period of twenty years he was actually employed in the work of tuition at Trinity College, first as lecturer or assistant tutor, afterwards as tutor. He became

assistant tutor in 1818, and held the post till 1823, when he became tutor. In 1833, Mr. Perry was associated with him in the office of tutor, but Mr. Whewell nevertheless continued to act as tutor until 1838. Some of the duties of the office of tutor were even to the last most irksome to him, and his letters show with what satisfaction he handed over to Mr. Perry (afterwards Bishop of Melbourne) the financial department of his office. During the time of his assistant tutorship and tutorship he found ample scope for the exercise of the literary activity which was really more congenial to him; but in the first instance, the subjects which attracted his attention were directly connected with his college duties. His first work was an 'Elementary Treatise on Mechanics' in 1819, followed by various editions of the same, with additions and improvements, and other books on cognate subjects, eventually developed into seven separate treatises, all bearing on the same subject and written with a special view to the assistance of Cambridge students. But whilst engaged in this manner, he was himself a student in other branches of science recognised by the University. To mineralogy, he devoted much attention in connection with the professorship for which he became a candidate in 1825, and to which he was appointed in 1828. He even went to Germany, making the study of this science the main object of his tour. His literary and other pursuits during the same period had a similar tendency. The great work on which he was occupied from an early period after becoming assistant tutor at Trinity College, namely, the 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' gave him an occasion for studying several branches of science which were but imperfectly connected with the academic teaching of those days; and it was perhaps the sense of

their interest and importance which he acquired during this study which led him at a later period to take a leading part in making them serious subjects of instruction in the Cambridge curriculum. It was also during this period that Mr. Whewell wrote the Bridgewater Treatise which probably gave him that peculiar interest in astronomy which he manifested later in the 'Plurality of Worlds.' Again, it was during his tutorship that he devoted two summers in company with Mr. Airy to experiments in Cornish mines, 'for the purpose of determining the density of the earth.' He was still tutor when he commenced the laborious investigations on the tides, which occupied a larger portion of his attention during the latter years of his life than any other strictly scientific subject. And as Fellow, and subsequently President, of the Geological Society, he naturally gave a considerable portion of his time, not only to the theory of the science, but to the labour of a practical geologist.

The tuition system at Trinity at this time was far less developed than at present, or even than it was during the mastership of Dr. Whewell. There were only two *Sides*, with a tutor to each, and the staff of Lecturers attached to each side was small and inadequate even to the smaller number of undergraduates in those days. The remuneration of the assistant tutors was also small, and out of this grew to a great extent the practice of private tuition, to which Dr. Whewell was for the most part strongly opposed. (See 'Cambridge University Report, Evidence, Dr. Whewell.')

The tutorship was regarded as the chief pecuniary prize open to the Fellows, and the value of the Lectureship consisted in leading up to it. When in course of time, and at a comparatively early age, he himself became tutor in succession to Bishop Monk, a third

Side was created, and the tutorial system was so far made more efficient.

The tutors who held office with Mr. Whewell were: Mr. Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, and Mr. Higman, afterwards Vicar of Fakenham. The Lecturers at the same time were Mr. Thirlwall, eventually Bishop of St. David's, Mr. Hare, Mr. Blakesley, Mr. Perry, Mr. F. Martin, and Mr. Thorpe.

To his Sister] *Nov.* 18, 1818.

By exchanging private for public tutorship, I find that much more of my time is taken up than before, and indeed with this and other matters I have very few half-hours in the day without something to occupy them. This must account to you for my silence whenever it seems rather longer than usual. The leisure and command of my own time, which I have always been looking forward to, seems at present to be flying a great deal faster than I can follow it.

The year 1819 was overshadowed in a measure by the anxiety caused by Elizabeth Whewell's health; an anxiety which increased during the following year, and was only terminated by her death in 1821. During these years the brother's thoughts constantly revert with affectionate fidelity to his family. When his cousin, Thomas Bennison, sickened and died, he mourned sincerely the loss of the friend and playfellow of his early years. But new names were constantly being added to the list of his intimates; and we feel that the first group, clustered together in early youth mainly in consequence of accidental circumstances of neighbourhood or the like, was not displaced, but succeeded by another, the members of which were bound to each other and to him by ties of sympathy, similarity of taste, and community of objects and duties. These were to be 'the friends of a lifetime,' as he delighted to

describe them. Julius Hare, with whom he became acquainted as an undergraduate of Trinity, appears frequently among his correspondents, being at this time engaged in reading law in London. Whewell, in the first letter we find from him, seems inclined to increase Hare's distaste for the uncongenial study, and, by procuring for him, in 1822, the offer of a lectureship at Trinity, was eventually the means of bringing him back to Cambridge, and causing him to abandon law for ever. 'Your profession,' he writes, February 25, 1819, 'has a greater tendency than others to efface the simplicity and energy of the mind, because it is generally cultivated more exclusively. The quantity of reading and attention which it requires, and still more the quantity of trifling and commonplace which are necessary, operate as a very heavy window-tax upon the intellect, and in that case of course it is the skylights which are first shut up.'

The family letters of this year begin with the anxieties about his sister and his cousin, in which he so keenly participated.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Jan.* 26, 1819.

I hope you will not think the worse of me for being at my old tricks of omitting to write to you. I have till this week had a great deal of my time and thoughts employed about the examination which has been going on. It is now over, but I cannot give you much news about it which will be likely to interest you. King[1] is first, as I told you I expected, and so far first that there was a greater distance between the first and second wranglers than there ever was before. The examiners distinguished him in the most pointed way they could, and his reputation is now very high in the University.

My pupils have done some well and some ill. Two of those

[1] Senior Wrangler, 1819. Late President of Queen's, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics.

who were with me at Carnarvon and one who was with me at Bridlington are wranglers; but Brougham, the brother of the Member of Parliament, who was expected to be high among the wranglers, is only in the second class, who are called senior optimes.

To his Aunt] *Feb.* 28, 1819.

I got a letter the other day from Betty, which alarmed me very much, as she talks of being very poorly, and does not mention the nature of her illness, nor whether it is merely temporary or not. With you, my dear aunt, and her sisters about her, I can easily conceive that she will have everything done for her that kindness and affection can do; and I beg that you will spare no expense either in advice or anything else that can be of any service to her.

I am very sorry, but hardly surprised, at the account she gives me of Thomas Bennison. I am afraid that your forebodings are to be accomplished, and that he will not stay with us long. He was my constant companion and playfellow for many of the first years of my life, and if he were to go it would seem as if almost all that connects me with my childhood were gone too. I could have wished that he and I might have gone on through life like two people who have started from the same place and taken different roads, each of them good.

As for you, my dear aunt, you did not want anything more to remind you how transitory everything here is. You have had the ties which bound you to the earth plucked asunder too often. But this must almost unavoidably be the lot of any one who is allowed to have so many objects of affection, and to be an object of affection to so many as you have been. You would not, I am sure, wish to have had one relation the less, to have been spared the pain of parting with them, we trust but for a little while. . . .

I do not know whether you think there is any harm in spending my Sunday afternoon in writing to you, but it is what I am often obliged to do; for though I could find half an hour on other days when my pen is at liberty, I am generally so hurried that my thoughts are not at liberty sufficiently to tempt me to do it. But on Sunday I have something like leisure,

and my mind very often looks towards Lancaster. Perhaps I think more affectionately of it then than when I am in it, for I have resided there so little that I am hardly domesticated during my short stays, and find myself, except in my own family, as much a stranger there as anywhere else.

To his Sister] *March* 28, 1819.

I am sorry, very sorry for my cousins. The loss of such a brother as Thomas Bennison they must feel very severely. Time alone can reconcile them to the change, and no time will fill up the blank.

My dear aunt, I hope, does not sink under all this, for if she will not comfort us and let us comfort her, I do not know what will become of us. Give my best love to her, and tell her from me all you think will console her most. The most effectual method will be, no doubt, to get well yourself as soon as possible.

We are sure to have a very splendid Commencement this year. Our Chancellor, the Duke of Gloucester, is going to honour us with his presence, which he has not done since five years ago, when I repeated my prize poem before him. He brings his wife, and his sister, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, with him, so that we must do something very magnificent to receive them.

To his Sister Martha] *Sept.* 2, 1819.

I have had three pupils all the summer. One of them is the only son of a Mr. Reynolds, a lawyer of considerable eminence, whose name, as you are no great newspaper readers, you probably have not seen as the new judge of the Insolvent Debtors' Court. The whole family, when it was determined that the son should be my pupil for the summer, came and established themselves at Chesterton, a village near Cambridge, which has a little varied my vacation.

To his Sister] *Brighton: Sept.* 17, 1819.

You will probably be surprised to find me still here, and still more to learn that my journey is to finish at this place, and Paris is to remain unvisited for the present. The principal reason of my change of place is, that all my luggage

which I had prepared for the voyage, including almost all that was valuable in my wardrobe, is lost. You need not, however, be under any anxiety, for this is the whole of my misfortune, and my own precious person is perfectly safe and sound, and I shall convey it back to London to-morrow and thence to Cambridge. I have written to you hence, to prevent the possibility of your hearing of one of the Brighton packets having met with a misfortune before you can know that I have not been a sufferer by it except in my property.

We embarked for France last night about eight o'clock, and were sailing fast across to Dieppe, when we ran against a larger vessel, and were so much damaged by the shock that, though we all got on board the other ship without any difficulty, there was no possibility of getting any of our luggage, which is most likely by this time at the bottom of the sea.

My loss is considerable.

To his Sister] *Sept.* 27, 1819.

I promised you a more minute account of our shipwreck. It was a fine starlight night, and we had a fair breeze, so that we were likely to make a remarkably short passage, and expected to breakfast in France next morning. We had been out between one and two hours; I did not like the cabin, and had laid myself down on the deck between dozing and sleeping, when I was roused by a furious shock and crash caused by our ship striking against another. By the time I could look about me, I found the two ships alongside of each other, and people getting out of ours into the other as fast as they could. I understood afterwards that orders had been given to do this, though at the time I did not see the necessity for it, for I did not perceive that our vessel was damaged. However, I was in the other ship immediately. Everybody was easily got on board, though some French ladies who were with us were exceedingly frightened, and I thought would have fainted. We came in such a hurry that we left our hats, and the ladies their shoes, on board the packet, so of course we brought no luggage with us. Soon after the ships began to roll and work very violently, and after some time the mast of the packet we had left came thundering down. Shortly after, they got the ships

clear of each other, and we sailed away from our unfortunate vessel, the 'Nancy,' leaving her a complete wreck. It was still, however, expected that our goods would be got out of her, and as soon as they could they got out a boat, and sent it to examine her. As it was dark we soon left her out of sight, but the boat returned with the intelligence that she was sinking fast, and already so deep in the water that there was no chance of saving anything. Our captain, who went in the boat, just contrived to save his own portmanteau. I suppose that in half an hour after, all would be gone to the bottom. There was a horse on board, which of course could not be saved. One of the French ladies was said to have lost 300*l.* in gold. My companion was one of our fellows of the name of Sheepshanks, who is of Leeds. He had stocked himself better than I had, and was of course the greater sufferer. . . .

What I most grieved for was the two 5*l.* notes which were in my trunk, and might just as well have been in my pocket!

The ship on board which we got was the brig 'Henry,' going to the Mediterranean. However, they sailed about all night, and landed us next morning at Brighton.

I had intended to visit Lancaster at Christmas, but I have to-day accepted the office of one of the two Moderators for this year, which will prevent my leaving Cambridge.

Mr. Whewell and Mr. Wilkinson were moderators in 1820, and the first letter of that year gives an account to his sister of the Senate-House examinations.

At Easter he went home; the continued illness of his sister Elizabeth made it a very sad visit to him, and almost every family letter of this year shows how tenderly he grieved over her sufferings, and with what sympathy and admiration he observed the courage with which she bore them.

He was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society in June of this year, and shortly afterwards went abroad with Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Jones. This time the passage was accomplished without accident. They passed a fortnight in Paris, arrived at Geneva the end of August, and after

spending six weeks in Switzerland returned post haste, to reach Cambridge only just in time for lectures.

To his Sister] *Jan.* 16, 1820.

The examination in the Senate House begins to-morrow, and is rather close work while it lasts. We are employed from seven in the morning till five in the evening in giving out questions and receiving written answers to them; and when that is over, we have to read over all the papers which we have received in the course of the day, to determine who have done best, which is a business that in numerous years has often kept the examiners up the half of every night; but this year is not particularly numerous. In addition to all this, the examination is conducted in a building which happens to be a very beautiful one, with a marble floor and a highly ornamented ceiling; and as it is on the model of a Grecian temple, and as temples had no chimneys, and as a stove or a fire of any kind might disfigure the building, we are obliged to take the weather as it happens to be, and when it is cold we have the full benefit of it—which is likely to be the case this year. However, it is only a few days, and we have done with it.

Active means had been resorted to for the amelioration of Elizabeth Whewell's health, and her brother writes:—

To his Aunt] *Feb.* 15, 1820.

Your letter was a most melancholy one. How very severe have been the trials to which you and my poor sisters have been subjected. . . .

I am glad that your fortitude and Betty's was supported as you say was the case. If it had not been strengthened throughout by a deep and heartfelt sense of the presence of God Almighty in all that is inflicted upon us, the time would be comfortless indeed. As it is, we shall, I hope, as you say, be able to bear it without repining, though it is very distressing to think of poor Betty, with her active disposition and her most affectionate heart, lying in a state of suffering hour after hour and week after week. But what has been done will, I

trust in God, produce a beneficial effect, and bring relief proportioned to the severity of the means. . . .

I have made another rather unfortunate journey lately. I went to town for a week, and was there when the old king died. Just as I was coming off, I went into a crowd to hear the new king proclaimed at Temple Bar. The crush was very violent, and in it I lost my pocket-book, which was most likely stolen out of my pocket. It contained some money that I was bringing down to Cambridge. The sum I will not tell you, as you might think it rather serious, and there is no use in thinking about it now that it is irrecoverable. I took what steps I could, but there is not the slightest chance of ever again seeing any part of it.

I wish such misfortunes were all that we had to lament; we should, I think, take them very cheerfully.

To his Sister Elizabeth] *Feb.* 28, 1820.

I cannot describe to you how much I have been distressed by the accounts I have had from my aunt of the sufferings you have gone through. It is some, though but a melancholy consolation, to know that you bear them with such extraordinary patience and resignation. It is only a belief and a feeling that all sorrows come from God Almighty which can enable us to bear them with any tranquillity. Very often indeed the burden of pain and affliction makes us forget that we are in the hands of Him of Whom we may be confident, that whatever He dispenses to us is for our good—that severe and inscrutable as His ways appear, it is only our shortsightedness and ignorance that make them seem so. It is difficult indeed always to keep this in mind, yet still I try to do so. If it were not for this trust, this world would be no better than a frightful desert to those who are dealt so hardly with as we are. With this comfortable persuasion we know that all the pains and griefs that visit us here, however hard they may press upon us, are but as pebbles on the shore of the ocean, compared with the eternity for which they prepare us.

To his Sister Elizabeth] *April* 14, 1820.

I hope you did not find your spirits much dejected by so many departures in one day. Regret of course we must all

feel on such occasions, but friends part only to meet again. It is the way we are shuffled together, and then shuffled separate again in this world, and perhaps we feel more pleasure in meeting and talking over what has occurred during our separation than if we had never parted. I trust before many months are over, I may come to see you enjoying your health as well as you supported your illness.

The morning we left Leeds we very nearly had an accident which might have been awkward; this is, you see, not getting very close to the danger. One of our fore-wheels came off, and the coach of course fell down on that side, but did not quite roll over as might have been expected. The reason of this escape was, that the wheel before it ran quite away leant for an instant against the side of the coach, and supported it so as to break its fall, so that when we came down on the end of the axle-tree it did not topple. Nobody was at all hurt. A young woman who was on the box sprang off with the activity of a rope-dancer. I kept my seat till the coach stopped.

To his Sister Ann] *May* 17, 1820.

Yesterday I received your package with everything safe, including a paper of sweet cakes which were, I suppose, to be eaten on mine or some other birthday. If that was the intention they came to a most untimely end, for not one of them survived the day on which they arrived.

My aunt says you are preparing a supply of linen for my second shipwreck. I am not sure that I shall make room for it by another accident of that kind, or even that I shall run the chance of it, for Sheepshanks, my companion in my travels, is at present, I am sorry to say, far from well. If I do not leave England, I think I shall visit the Lakes.

To his Aunt] *June* 13, 1820.

I am going to town to-morrow to stay there a few days. There is every year at this time a dinner in London where all those meet who have been educated at Trinity College. At this Trinity dinner I intend to be present to-morrow. I am also obliged to go to London to be admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society; so that you see I shall in time become a person of consequence.

To his Sister Ann] *July* 2, 1820.

It is rather hard upon Sheepshanks and me to be used as we are. His sisters are angry with me for carrying him out of England, and mine wish him all kinds of harm for running away with me. And in the meantime we should each of us travel separately if the other were not in existence. I am sorry to hurt Martha's feelings by the news, but I understand that though not quite well he is recovering, and expects to be ready to travel in a few weeks. So my journey to the Lakes must most probably wait for another summer. It is an almost irresistible necessity to visit France, for nearly every one of my acquaintance has been there; so that if you would not have me look quite insignificant among them, you must let me go too.

This time of year is generally gay with us, being the season for reciting prizes, conferring degrees, &c. It is at present rather damped by the death of the Master of Trinity,[1] who was the Bishop of Bristol. He is to be buried in the College Chapel to-morrow.

Our new Master is Dr. Wordsworth, author of several ecclesiastical works. We are of course expecting his appearance with considerable interest. He is a member of the College, but has been absent so long that he will be new to all us junior members.

To his Aunt] *Paris: July* 31, 1820.

We performed our journey without any accident, and were rather fortunate in doing so, for we had to choose between two diligences, and the one in which we did not go had a wheel knocked off in running over a drawbridge.

I left London on Tuesday evening, and next morning found myself at Dover. I embarked in a French packet with above thirty others, French and English of all kinds, and as we had a fair wind, was in Calais in three hours and a half from the time when we quitted the shore. On Thursday morning we left Calais, and travelling by Boulogne, Abbeville, Beauvais, and Beaumont, got here on Friday evening.

There is no very striking difference between England and

[1] Dr. Mansel.

France on the first night. Calais is very like a shabby English town, and so many of my fellow-travellers and of the people at the inn talked English, that I could easily forget that I was in France.

On my arrival at Paris I was much pleased with the appearance of the city. It is not so well and spaciously and regularly built as the best parts of London, but the houses are more uniformly handsome, very high, built of good stone, and what adds a very great charm to all the views, the atmosphere is so much clearer that every object looks much more bright and distinct than with us. . . .

Last night (Sunday) I drove round nearly the half of Paris, about ten miles, along the outskirts. The road is bordered with trees and small cottages, and laid out in a sort of pleasure ground, and for the whole of this extent there were hardly any interruptions in the series of parties dancing, or sitting, and looking on. The crowd was prodigious. Garden after garden we passed crowded with music and dancers, and people sipping their light French wines and talking under the trees; all of them looking very happy and thoughtless, and without any of the indecorum and disturbance which would generally be found at such a spectacle in England. This is one of the most characteristic things I have seen. I would tell you of several others, but I have not time.

From a pocket-book of this year I find the price paid in Paris by the friends at their hotel for the accommodation of three bedrooms and one sitting-room was sixty to eighty francs per week.

To his Sister] *Paris: Aug.* 15, 1820.

I like Paris very well, and whatever you may have heard to the contrary, you may depend upon it that French cookery is a very good thing. I shall have a very formidable journey of nearly four days to Lyons, where I shall be on the 19th, and at Geneva the 22nd or 23rd.

During this journey he notes in his diary: 'Dinner at 12, supper at 11.30. There is something very sym-

metrical in eating thus at equal intervals, but inconvenient.'

To his Aunt] *Geneva: Aug.* 24.

I had been looking forward with great anxiety to my arrival here in the expectation of finding a letter from you, and it was with severe affliction that I found my fears in a great measure confirmed in the letter I got this morning.

I have no heart to describe to you what I have already passed over. . . .

We left Paris on the 16th, and travelling by a diligence, as the French call a machine something between a coach and a waggon, we passed by Melun and Auxerre to Châlon-sur-Saône. We then got on board a sort of packet-boat and sailed down the Saône to Lyons. The way in which the innkeepers set to work with us may give you some idea of the difference of French and English manners. Previously to reaching Lyons on the 19th, we had to dine at Trevoux on the banks of the river. About a couple of miles before we got there, two girls who had taken a short cut across the fields came on board to invite us to their respective inns. They were dressed after the fashion of the country, with bodices and large straw hats, but more neatly, which made them look exactly like the country girls on the stage. They addressed themselves successively to everybody in the boat with the liveliness and winningness of manner which the French of all classes generally possess, and when we reached the place, marched off with their respective converts. The one whom I followed I had no reason to complain of, for she gave me an excellent dinner.

The country about here is superb and well deserves its reputation; the lake like an inland sea spreads almost out of sight, and is surrounded by magnificent hills rising ridge over ridge, and the highest of them covered with perpetual snow.

Out of the lake, at the end, runs the Rhône, which is, I think, the most beautiful river in the world. Its colour is intensely deep blue, so transparent as almost to look luminous; and though as wide as the Lune and very deep, it rushes on with the impetuosity of a mill race, while through its rapid current you see the pebbles very deep at the bottom. On the

banks of this lake, for which nature has done so much, man has done his part. The whole is laid out with gentlemen's houses and parks in the best style, with a neatness and finish which you never see except in England and Switzerland.

I shall in a day or two set out to see Mont Blanc, and then return to Geneva in the hope of letters.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Nov.* 4, 1820.

I wrote last from Frankfort. Thence I went to Mayence, where the Rhine begins to be a very beautiful river. From Basle downwards it flows between low flat banks, but from a little below Mayence nearly to Cologne it is bordered by steep rocky hills of great height, the slopes of which are covered with vines where the rock allows it, and generally the summit of the crag is crowned with the ruins of some picturesque castle which has been perched there ever since feudal times. In order to see this beautiful scenery to the best advantage, as we thought, we got at Mayence into a packet-boat, which goes, or professes to go, to Coblentz the first day, and to Cologne the second. This plan, however, did not answer very well—a dense heavy fog choked up the valley in which the river runs, till nearly noon, so that we sailed through it without seeing twenty yards on any side of us. Then, instead of reaching Coblentz, we only got as far as Boppart the first day, and had to take up our abode in a paltry inn, where there was no small difficulty in finding provisions and beds for so many people. To mend the matter, they made us get up and set off at three o'clock in the morning, and when it became light enough to see we found ourselves in the same mist as the day before. Besides which, the cabin was so small and so crowded with Germans, who smoke incessantly, that we were on the deck the whole day, though there were no seats there. So we got tired of the Rhine, and went by land from Coblentz to Cologne. From Cologne we came across the country as fast as we could by Aix-la-Chapelle to Brussels, and after staying a day at Brussels and visiting Waterloo, we again made a run by Lisle and St. Omer to Calais.

My lectures were to begin in three days, and I was very much afraid the wind would not have allowed us to get over, as

it was very high and contrary. It did detain us one day, but on the next it dropped, and by travelling without a moment's stop I got to Cambridge in time.

To his Sister Elizabeth] *Cambridge: Nov.* 26, 1820.

Though sick at heart to think of what you must have gone through, I am very much gratified to see that you are able to hold a pen, and that you employ it in writing to me. . . .

I do most heartily rejoice with you, my dear sister, at the way in which your sorrows in this life have fixed your hopes on one beyond it. Wedded as we are to this world by our passions, our senses, and our habits, the tendency not to look beyond it, or at least to look only with an unsteady and wandering eye, is far too strong to be counteracted without some violence in most cases; though in yours I am well persuaded there was an habitual reference to the things which are not of this world, even before your illness, yet we all of us, I am afraid, stand in need of some affliction to fix our views more distinctly upon them. It is only when the gloom closes about us here that we look steadfastly to the Dayspring from on high.

To his Aunt] *Trinity College: March* 28, 1821.

We have been sending an address against the Roman Catholics; that is, the University has: my vote was the other way. We have also had town and county meetings about Parliamentary Reform and the Queen and so forth, at one of which the mob were rather riotous, and I got hustled among them. We have also been instituting a Cambridge Philosophical Society, and have been rather unphilosophically quarrelling about it.

Besides this, we are going to build an observatory and different museums, and we talk of altering our plan of examination, so that you see we make a little bustle in our way.

King, whom perhaps you recollect, has just been spending several hundred pounds in law. There was some uncertainty about the election of the Master of this College, which could not be settled without taking it into the Court of Chancery; and as nobody else did it, he with a great deal of public spirit took it upon himself, and the result has been that the Master is con-

firmed. The proceeding is much to King's credit; but you see I am not the only person who gets rid of his money without getting anything for it.

In the month of May 1821, Elizabeth Whewell died. Her brother's first thought is most heartily to commend to the loving care of his surviving sisters the health and spirits of his aunt, Mrs. Lyon, whose motherly tenderness he highly valued, and who, he feared, would suffer most in the bereavement which had at last terminated a long and anxious nursing.

He went for a short time to the Isle of Wight in June of this year with Professor Sedgwick, and in September he proceeded to the Lake country and improved his acquaintance with Wordsworth, whom he had already met at Trinity Lodge staying with his brother, Dr. Wordsworth, the recently appointed Master of Trinity College.

To his Sister Martha] *June* 18, 1821.

You will, I trust, employ all your powers to comfort and console my dear aunt, who will stand, I fear, most in need of it. Watch over her health, and beg her, for the sake of her who is gone, to continue her care and attention as well as affection to those who are left. And we will pray that it may be long before she is called from us, though it be to join those who have quitted us, we trust in God, only for a time.

I am going for a short time to the Isle of Wight. I expect to join there Professor Sedgwick, a very intimate friend of mine.

A son of Mr. Remington, who was introduced to me by John Whewell, has done very well, and is in the first class of the Freshmen.

To his Aunt]

Freshwater Gate, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight: July 5.

I have been at a small inn for about ten days, with occasional excursions to other parts of the island. I am out in the air

a great deal, and, as is generally the case when I have air and exercise enough, I am in very good health. The surge of the sea is plashing not ten steps from my window, and along the shore each way are cliffs so high that it requires a strong head to look over the edge at the sea below.

Altogether this island is a very beautiful little spot. I shall leave it at the beginning of next week, and, after visiting Christchurch and other places on the opposite coast of Dorsetshire, proceed to Oxford and thence to Cambridge. I hope to visit Lancaster about the end of July.

To his Sister Ann] *July* 28, 1821.

We were very loyal here at the Coronation, and I arrived just in time to join in the manifestations of it by eating a good dinner, which is an easier way than yours and Martha's of feeding 1,600 children, though not quite so benevolent. I am really glad that Martha was induced to write a hymn for them, because I know that she only wants motive and opportunity to show that she has very great talents, and I am not at all afraid in her case of her showing it too much. I shall hope to see that piece of poetry, at least, when I come.

From all that I can learn, the expense and trouble of going to the Coronation were less than I had anticipated, and the show as fine as imagination could conceive, so that if it were any use I should perhaps repent of staying away.

To his Aunt] *Ambleside: Sept.* 1821.

Hitherto I have had no reason to repent setting off when I did. The weather has been fair, and though I was a little troubled by mistiness at first, it is becoming every day finer and finer.

I have already seen several of the lakes, and have followed so far the track which Mr. West recommends. On entering Ulverston I fell in with a party of Cambridge men who were, like me, going to see Furness Abbey. The ruin is very fine, and almost fills the pretty, deep, green valley in which it is situated. These Cantabrigians were a detachment from a party of eleven who are reading at Keswick, where I shall see them again. I set off to-morrow for the latter place, and if the weather continues fine,

of which there is every promise, I shall go by the wild rugged mountain pass called the Stake. To-day I am going to dine with Mr. Wordsworth, the poet.

The following letter is one of a very few selected for publication from a large number written during more than twenty years to Mr. Wilkinson

Keswick: Sept. 5, 1821.

As the time and perhaps the certainty of coming in contact with you become less to be depended upon, I feel tempted to give you some slight indication of my motions, such as they have been, that you may judge how far your advice has been well bestowed upon me. I have been here for about a fortnight, partly geologising and partly excursing in different directions. My operations from this point have taken more time than they otherwise would have done in consequence of waiting for Sheepshanks, by whom I was joined about a week ago. I saw all the other lakes with tolerable facility (except Ullswater, which I have yet to visit), but I found your particular protégé, Wastwater, rather difficult to come at. The first time I went very directly to work, and failed only by untoward accident. I went up Borrowdale and to the highest part of the Stye, but when there I was tempted, by the appearance of the highest mountain top visible, to leave my horse and set about climbing it. It is, I believe, the highest point in England; and though it appeared only about half an hour's work, it turned out a good two hours' business. When I returned, I found my quadruped had broken from his moorings, and treated with disdain all my attempts to get possession of his bridle. Finally, he set off and cantered towards Keswick, and I was obliged to follow him, and, what was most provoking, to open the gates for him and retire whilst he went through them, as the only way of preventing his taking to the hillside like Rob Roy. My next attempt to get at Wastwater was rather circuitous, and, like many other fine-drawn schemes, easily disconcerted. I intended to go by Grasmere and Coniston; then to cross over the unfrequented valleys, which nobody now visits, to Wastdale, and to return by some of the passes into Borrowdale. But after reaching

Grasmere, the weather broke up and made us glad to reach Keswick with dry skins. Our third attempt was again by the Stye, by which we finally effected a passage, though with a rough storm of wind and rain accompanying us, and came successfully down the valley. The lake is certainly fine, but I think the finest view must be from the foot of it on the side under the screes, which we did not see. Ennerdale is a good deal of the same character, but the lakes on that side the hills are not well off in accommodations for 'the tourist' in convenient situations. Perhaps it is partly on that account that I prefer the richer and warmer beauties of the lakes to the east of the hills. Derwentwater is as beautiful as anything in the way can be, and I hardly know any addition or alteration which would improve it. I was with Wordsworth part of two days, and was very much gratified with his company. The only thing to complain of is that he is not half as Wordsworthian as his admirers, and I am more and more puzzled that a man of his acuteness and good sense should write poems with white rabbits and waggon drivers for their heroes. I have since seen him here on an expedition somewhere or other among the hills, which he has great propensities for climbing whenever he can get a fine day. I had almost forgotten to tell you what was one of my principal objects when I began, that I am going to follow up my lakification here with a visit to the Scotch lakes. I shall go to Edinburgh as soon as I have seen Ullswater, and then cross over by Loch Katrine, &c., to Glasgow. I do not suppose I shall be tempted much farther north, as the season will be wearing away and other things calling us back. I still hope to see you on my return. Perhaps if I can plot so as to be in Kendal on a Saturday you will come over, though I broke faith with you so shamefully before. If you can contribute any device to this object, write for the next week to Edinburgh, for the following one to Glasgow.

From Cumberland, Mr. Whewell crossed the border and made a tour in Scotland, returning duly to Cambridge before the end of October. He then begins an amusing series of letters to his sisters on the study of works of fiction. In the following January he enforces

his arguments by a gift of all Miss Edgeworth's tales. No doubt the family spirits required cheering, but he was at least equally anxious to recommend them as counteracting the disadvantages of too restricted and exclusive a family circle, and in some degree supplying the place of good society.

To his Sister Martha] *Glasgow: Sept.* 21.

I am extremely sorry to find your letter here containing so bad an account of my aunt. . . . My principal object here is to attend a sermon of Dr. Chalmers'.

I have been visiting Loch Katrine, a lake which besides its natural beauty has become celebrated by being the scene of Sir Walter Scott's poem of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and other ground in the neighbourhood which is equally famous for its connection with the story of 'Rob Roy,' a very popular novel supposed to be by the same author. It is exceedingly picturesque, but not, I think, superior to the scenery of Cumberland. I am glad you like the 'Excursion'; I was much pleased with the author, to whom, as I think I told you, I had a letter.

> As to your project of having blank verse,
> Only differing from prose by giving
> It ten syllables in each line, it would
> Not make it very harmonious, as
> You may imagine from these last five lines.

You will find in Lindley Murray's Grammar, in the division Prosody, an account of the principles of English versification, including blank verse among the rest, which is as clear and satisfactory as anything which I know on the subject.

To his Aunt] *Lanark: Sept.* 24, 1821.

I have stopped here to see some very celebrated waterfalls, the Falls of the Clyde, which, so far as I have yet seen, are the finest of the kind. To-morrow I think I shall be tempted to go to Selkirk to see Melrose Abbey.

To his Sister Martha] *Cambridge: Oct.* 21, 1821.

Write to me when you receive this, and let me know how my aunt is going on. If she has not been doing well, I trust you would have informed me immediately, as nothing can be more distressing than the plan of waiting till you can send a favourable account. The uncertainty and want of confidence which it produces are greater evils than the pain of knowing at once what must be known sooner or later.

I hope you have gone on with Mrs. Opie. I am really desirous that you should read some of the best works of imagination, because I think they may be of great service to you. In your very retired life they are an admirable means of acquiring, in a great measure, that knowledge of the principles and feelings which appear in human affairs, and the manners of different classes of society, of which you must otherwise be almost ignorant.

Fictitious histories written by persons of real talent and knowledge of human nature give you something of the advantage which their society and conversation would, and supply you with the habits of practical thinking, and consequently of acting, which experience would only give you at a much dearer rate, even if it were to be had. I do not say that good novels can give you all the good effects of experience, but they are an admirable preparative, and may very much shorten the practical schooling, both in action and in manners, which almost everybody must have at some time.

I have hitherto said nothing of the pleasure of this kind of reading, because I think that, in spite of the prejudice which you appear to have against it, you will in time discover. I am sure you cannot be insensible to the extraordinary literary merits and beauties which are to be found in the best of these productions, and of course I would not wish you to read any others.

To his Sister Martha] *Cambridge: Nov.* 27, 1821.

As to the novels, &c., which you have been reading, I did not expect you to like all of them, though I do not think I should quite agree with you as to what are the best stories. The mere pleasure of being kept in suspense, and of having

your curiosity excited, which you say makes you like such stories as you cannot foresee the end of, is no doubt a merit, and one of the strongest, for most readers. It is, however, only an inferior merit; and a tale may be very good which possesses very little of it; as is in fact the case with those which you most admire, 'Cælebs' and Mrs. Taylor's novels. In those and in most good novels, the greatest part of the interest arises from the representation of character, and of the situations in which the persons are placed; and it is a matter of very little importance whether at the end Sir Charles marries Harriet or not; except that of course the consistency of the characters, of the story, and of the moral ought to be kept throughout. As to the improbability of the plots, I agree with you that it is a fault, and a great one; only perhaps what you might consider as improbable is often only a copy of real life, and one of the great advantages of this kind of reading is its giving you ideas of characters and situations which you would otherwise never have supposed.

If I were disposed to criticise, I should remark your telling me at the same time that you always hated stories which are not natural, and that you like those which keep you in uncertainty to the end, which are generally the most artificial and often the most improbable. But I am convinced that you have taste enough to admire what is really good when it is put before you, in spite of your prepossessions; and what I complain of is a want of curiosity about such works, and a disposition to be content with very inferior ones merely because you have seen no others.

To his Sister Ann] *Jan.* 1, 1822.

I hope you will like the new year's gift which I have sent you. It is a collection of all the little books which Miss Edgeworth has published for use in the education of children. As so much of your time is spent, and may perhaps continue to be so, in employments of this kind, it is proper that you should know something of what has been done and thought on this subject by intelligent persons who have turned their attention to it.

I do not mean that you are to adopt her opinions, or that

her methods and notions are more right than those of other people, but her works are good and pleasing, and it will be of service to you to read them. It will enable you to examine and unravel your own ideas upon the subject, and that is in itself no small advantage, for though you, like most other people, act principally from habit, you have, by this time, years and sense enough to look a little into the reasons of what you are doing, and to compare it with what is done by others. Do not be alarmed at my recommending what you may think so bold a thing as forming your opinions for yourself; for whether you know it or not, you must have done it a great deal hitherto, and it will do you no harm to do it still more. It is not one of those things, like making a pudding, which you cannot do because you fancy you cannot, but rather like walking and talking, which if you do not take care to do well you will necessarily do ill.

Those who read good authors, and think on what they read, will find their ideas grow clearer and more consistent, their love of what is right stronger and more discriminating, and their power of distinguishing and rejecting what is wrong more quick and certain; while those whose reading is nothing or is very narrow, and who refuse to consider more than one side of a question, will find themselves confused and limited, will not know what is passing in their own minds. Even when they are right, they will not know how far they are so, nor be able to give a reason to themselves or anybody else; and when any new subject is brought before their consideration, either in speculation or in practice, they will be slow and frequently wrong in apprehending it, and often thrown into great consternation by the novelty and responsibility of having to decide for themselves, as a child begins to cry when it finds itself alone in a strange street.

I am afraid you will think what I have written rather too magnificent and high-flown for an introduction to a few children's stories.

There are some parts where I think the Edgeworth peculiarities appear to disadvantage. Mr. Edgeworth was a man of very singular opinions and conduct, and his daughter appears now and then tinged with the habits he had introduced, I mean

principally the habits of disputation and reasoning perpetually, and of making trials of temper and other trials which are generally dangerous. The 'Nine Days' Wonder,' in the first volume of 'Rosamond,' displeases me on this account. Another and much more serious objection which you and Martha will, I fancy, make to the books, is the absence of all attempts to inculcate religious feelings and motives of action. In Miss Edgeworth's defence it may be said that such attempts did not enter into her plan; that they would hardly be suitable to the tone of amusement and often pleasantry which pervades the books, and that there is a danger of conveying wrong impressions by mixing religious with other instruction. Perhaps this is hardly a sufficient answer, but at any rate everybody must admire the talent with which she shows the importance of, and the means of cultivating her favourite *virtues*—steadiness of principle, evenness of temper, perseverance, patience, consideration for others, a taste for literature and knowledge, distinctness of ideas, power of avoiding awkward habits and manners, &c., &c. I call even these last, virtues; for though subordinate ones, they do produce the effect of virtues, and, in a certain sense, it is the duty even of a Christian to aim at them. I would not set them by the side of more important matters, but I would add them as graces and accomplishments. And, whatever Martha may think of it, I maintain that graces and accomplishments, so far from being inconsistent with the Christian character, are, I should almost say, requisite to its perfection. I would as soon believe, what appears to me almost impious, that God, when He made the magnificent spectacle of external nature, the stars, the mountains, the cataracts, did not intend that we should admire them, as I would believe that He did not intend that we should cultivate those qualities of the mind by means of which we receive pleasure from those displays of His hand, or that we should not enjoy the still more exalted and refined pleasures which arise from considering His works in the minds of men. Even the highest productions of genius are as much a manifestation of the powers which He has given, as the flowers which He makes to grow out of the ground. I can never believe that the imagination, the fancy, the taste of man, would have been so exquisitely constituted as they are, if it

could be a duty not to exercise them. On the contrary, it is only when we consider man with all his faculties unfolded, that we can have any proper idea of his relation to his Creator and of the wonders of Divine Wisdom and Goodness.

I repeat, therefore, that to persons who have time and opportunity, it is in a certain sense a duty to cultivate a taste for elegant literature and an acquaintance with it. It will not interfere with the more important objects, and its immediate effects are most grateful and beneficial. It gives purity and clearness to the thoughts, elevates the mind above the dullness and monotony of every-day habitual life, makes you, as it were, the equal and companion of the best and wisest of this age and the past, and places you far above the 'great vulgar and the small,' all whose superiority is only that of rank, and not of taste and feeling; and is something of the same kind of consoler and spiritualiser in small matters that religion is in great ones.

I am again tempted to smile when I look back and see that the text of this long and lofty sermon was nothing more than 'Harry and Lucy' and 'Lazy Lawrence.'

To his Sister Martha] *Feb.* 14, 1822.

I hope you read Miss Edgeworth. Remember, I do not insist on your liking her, but it is right you should know something of the feelings and manners which prevail in the world, at least so far as *good* novels can teach them. Forester, who puzzles Ann, is not a very common character, but is an illustration of some fanciful ideas upon education which were not uncommon some years ago. His *dislike to politeness* is because he thinks what is commonly practised under that name implies *insincerity* in pretending what is not true, and *servility* in adapting our own sentiments to the ideas of others. His punishments are, I think, exceedingly good.

To his Sister Ann] [*Date missing.*]

Mr. Bankes was elected on Tuesday. He is a very remarkable man, and has travelled more than almost any Englishman living, in Egypt, Syria, and all parts of the East, and is certainly one of the most entertaining persons I ever met with. I did

not vote for him because he came forward making it his principal recommendation that he intended to oppose all further laws in favour of the Catholics, and I am sorry that a bigoted intolerance towards Papists, or an unfounded and irrational terror of them, gained him so many supporters, for he had a very great majority.

Of course the election brought up a great number of persons, and many whom one was glad to see. Among the rest, Legh Richmond has been here for some days, and it has happened that I have had a good deal of talk with him, as he has been in our college, of which he was formerly a member. He talks of sending his son among us by-and-by. I am glad you have been reading more of Chalmers's sermons; I have only read one or two of his astronomical ones, but I think they are all that you describe them.

Tell Martha that when I was in London I went to hear Irving, the preacher of whom the newspapers have for some time been full. He is a man of very considerable powers of thinking, and of a good deal of eloquence of a certain kind, but too vague and violent in his language, and very theatrical in his manner. He seems to be very earnest, which is no doubt one of his great attractions. He is very far inferior to Chalmers, whose pupil and assistant he has been, and, as I think, to some others whom I have heard.

CHAPTER III.

1822—1832.

Letter to Mr. Wilkinson—Mr. Henslow—Numa's Calendar—Wordsworth—Mr. Rose—Mrs. Lyon's depression of spirits—Paris—Mr. Airy—Inundation—Mr. Wordsworth's visit—Miss Kelty—Her recollections—Sir John Malcolm—Hyde Hall—Tour in Normandy with Mr. Kenelm Digby—Mont St. Michel—Laying of stone of New Court—Händel's 'Messiah'—Miller's Bampton Lectures—Father of the College—Tour in Cumberland—Christmas of 1824, in Edinburgh—Tour in Germany—Takes Priest's Orders—Dolcoath Mine—Brasted—Hop harvest—Christmas of 1826, in Paris—'Hermann and Dorothea'—Malcolms leave Hyde Hall—Spinning Maiden's Cross—Professorship of Mineralogy—Dr. Clarke—Dolcoath again—St. Michael's Mount—Drawings for Cologne Cathedral at Darmstadt—Comparisons are odious—Sir Thomas Munro—Jones's book—Bridgewater Treatise—Hambleton Hills—Mrs. Somerville—Tour with Mr. Rickman—Lubbock—M. Rio.

MR. WHEWELL passed the Long Vacation of the year 1822 entirely in England. He expounds his changes of plan in a letter to Mr. Wilkinson, in May. The occupations of 'reading and writing,' to which he refers, seem to have included, as usual, the study of a good deal of poetry, and frequent disquisitions upon it addressed to his friends. As to the 'Ode to Immortality,' he appears to have agreed with Coleridge, who said Wordsworth might have prefixed to it the lines applied by Dante to one of his own 'Canzoni'[1]:—

> O lyric song, there will be few, think I,
> Who may thy import understand aright;
> Thou art for them so arduous and high.

[1] Canzone Morali, lib. iv. canz. 1.

To the Rev. H. Wilkinson]

Trinity College, Cambridge: May 21, 1822.

Your letter found me very undecided as to the disposal of my summer, and I can hardly say yet that my plans are better made up. I was to have gone as far as Milan and Venice with Jones, but he is prevented from leaving England, and that and other reasons will, I think, prevent me from wandering far. As I have no particular object, I should not wonder if I stay here great part of the vacation, simply in consequence of the *vis inertiæ*. I can contrive to employ myself fully with reading, writing, and arithmetic, and have indeed done so little to any purpose of late that I should like to get, in some degree, into habits of industry again. All which being considered, it does not seem certain that I shall come sufficiently near you during your holidays to experience the attraction of cohesion towards you, which force I should otherwise be very willing to resign myself to. Still I think I shall not go through the summer without paying a visit to my friends in the north, and there is a chance at least of its falling in your vacation, but I am afraid it will not.

But to all this intelligence I ought to add my university news. We are making divers alterations, I think improvements, in the examinations, and shall by-and-by have a very tolerable system of it so far as legislature is concerned. We are also talking of making Henslow mineralogical professor to succeed Clarke; but it has just come out that the Heads are going to try to get the nomination into their own hands, and as this is perfectly in the teeth of all precedent in cases exactly similar, I hope we shall organise a very pretty rebellion to oppose it. The Masters of Arts meet to-morrow at the Red Lion to see what can be done. It is hard if Webb[1] and Chafy[2] are to get dominion over us. I have been so little in the way of reading Livy of late that I can throw no light upon Numa's Calendar; neither Montecla nor Delambres illustrate it at all. I do not find that Livy tells you about the months of thirty-one and twenty-three days, though Plutarch and all the commentators appear agreed about that. If they had got such months, it

[1] Master of Clare College. [2] Master of Sidney Sussex College.

is quite clear they could not correspond with the moon's phases. But all that Livy appears to say is that there was a cycle of twenty-four years, which might be, though I do not see how that would be better than the old one of eight. At all events it must have been a very bungling contrivance, and I dare say very bunglingly explained. I believe you know De Wanze's admirable memoir on the Roman Calendar after U.C. 304, which shows that they were not very exact even then. I will get your telescope if I have opportunity and can fulfil the conditions. As to Wordsworth, I do not like any sonnets, and I think most of his faults are aggravated when he takes to that species of writing. His harshness of expression and his determination to dwell upon feelings which are very sincere and vivid in himself, but which he can never be sure of conveying to other people, are all concentrated when he is confined to fourteen lines. Since I saw him, I think I admire his beauties as much as ever, but I have lost that mysterious respect with which I used to look at his faults with a sort of suspicion that there might be something in them. I have not yet found any Wordsworthian to invent a meaning for that strange stanza in the Ode which in other respects I admire as you do. Excuse my haste, though I am afraid it will be all the worse speed for you in the process of reading what I have written, but St. Mary's bell is swinging 'Post-time' in my ear.

During a visit to Lancaster, paid in the autumn of this year, Mr. Whewell's correspondence with Mr. Rose, now established at Horsham, was revived after some interruption. The two friends seem to have been at this time, no less than formerly, eager to amuse themselves with disputations, and agreeing to differ most amicably.

Lancaster: Sept. 22, 1822.

Your letter did not reach Cambridge till I had left it, though it got here before me. I shall not be able to answer it to much purpose from this remote country; for your topographical inquiries I have not at present the means of satisfying, and with respect to your metaphysical ones, if I make the

attempt, it is ten to one whether you will believe what I tell you—I have no doubt my being so near Scotland would carry conviction to your Platonic mind that I must be wrong.

But your letter reminded me that I had not yet told you how glad I was to hear of your elevation to that see; and though I hope you would take that for granted, I do not see why I should delay any longer to certify you of it, which I can do with great sincerity and pleasure. I should be extremely happy to go and see you in your government of Barataria, and I half intended to try when I was with Jones a little time ago; but I believe time and place presented strong obstacles, as you were abroad and I was busy. And it wouid give me great pleasure to meet Townshend, though I am afraid on some points there is little chance of our convincing each other; and it seems somehow or other to be understood that *that* is the object of discussion, though the instances where people succeed are so few that I suppose by-and-by the practice will be discontinued.

I am sorry that you are so much puzzled to choose between ideas and things, that you are making up your mind to be content with words, which, so far as I understand it, is the Platonic resource. I cannot tell you what people in general believe about Berkeley and Reid; but the two appear to me to come to much the same result. Berkeley says that what we perceive are *ideas*, and that there is nothing else. Reid asserts that we perceive *things*, and that there is nothing else. But they both agree that what we perceive exists, and they deny any other objects. The important question is, whether the objects which we perceive are independent of us in their relations and sequences, and of that we have complete evidence as far as the proposition is intelligible. I would never desire to prove a proposition further. But I will tell you what the mischief is (very likely I have told it you before): almost all the quarrelling in the world arises from *prepositions*. Are not all your theological disputes questions of *in*, and *by*, and *with*, and *from*, and so on? So likewise in this instance. People choose to ask whether the objects we perceive are *without* the mind or not. What do they mean? I know what is meant by a church steeple being on the outside of the eye, or a dead dog on the outside of the nose; and if the mind *reside* in the eye

or the nose, you may in the same sense say that these objects are exterior to it; but in point of fact the relation between the mind and objects is not one which can be expressed by any such beggarly part of speech, it is that of *perceiving* and *perceived.* The only externality which is worth lifting an eyelid for is the constancy of the laws of nature, by which certain qualities perceived by the different senses are inseparably connected, and act upon each other in the way of cause and effect.

Have you read Brown's books? They are dashing, and on some material points strangely wrong; but about cause and effect he has an admirable clearness of view and happiness of illustration. Now so much for the external world, as people choose to nickname it, and it is long since I troubled myself or anybody else so much about its existence. Pray if some fine morning you should awake and find you had lost your belief in it, how would your Platonism help you? Do you think you could make another out of all your external ideas and words in *eity*? You may depend upon it, you would never be able to set up so much as a really existing joint stool by means of them. So Coleridge may publish as soon as he chooses. As he takes all the conceivable elements of unintelligibility, it is hard if any envious ray of meaning finds its way through the theologico-metaphysico-etymologico-Coleridge thatch with which he will cover his Platonic hut.

Now be all this said without any disparagement to the Platonism with which you edified the Assize people, which I dare say besides being good Platonism was something better. I shall return to Cambridge in about a fortnight. I am printing, and have been making a vain attempt to carry on operations at this distance from Cambridge. It does not answer; so I must return. I suppose you know that Hare is our new Classical Lecturer. So you wild people may come to have a party in Cambridge.

The letters at the close of this year to his aunt, Mrs. Lyon, are full of sympathy with her depression of spirits, and wise counsels not to attach too much importance to 'these ebbs and flows of feeling.' Part of the Christ-

mas vacation he spent in Paris at a *pension*, and was, as he says, well repaid for some discomforts by finding men of science and lectures easy of access.

A letter to his sister in the following March shows with what eager interest all Cambridge news was studied in the Lancaster home, and how great was his aunt's surprise that any one else could be distinguished and remarkable where her nephew was; a feeling which he never for a moment encouraged, but always met with a rectification none the less decisive because playful and affectionate.

To his Aunt] *Canterbury: Dec.* 29, 1822.

I spent the greater part of last week at Horsham with a friend of the name of Rose. You will be glad to hear that I have done with my book, though you need not be under any apprehensions of my giving myself too much work, for though printing is tiresome enough, it is not very laborious, and I will insure you a stout healthy nephew for a long time if he is to be well till excessive industry makes him ill.

The next year is now very close, and I need not tell you that you have my best wishes, that it may roll kindly over your head and my sisters'. I would pray that it may be favourable to your health of body and peace of mind. The former will depend much upon the latter, and may suffer by your tormenting yourself with fears and alarms about the varying state of your feelings on religious matters. Nobody can doubt that a sense of our own unworthiness, of our dependence upon the goodness of God, and of our redemption by His Son, is of the highest importance. But it is possible to attach far too much importance to the perpetual changes of feeling to which every one is subject, according to his disposition and to circumstances. Our hopes and ideas may be more or less lively, more or less cheerful, at one time than at another; but this variableness is of less consequence than the steady and habitual views, founded upon serious and calm reflection, which these alternations of humour will not affect. It appears to me exceedingly wrong, to

say no more, to suppose that a person's salvation depends on the state of his spirits. As these vary, our confidence in what we hope changes also. We sometimes doubt of the affection of our friends for some melancholy moments. But do not all judicious persons wait for the recovery from such depressions, and trust to a firm and long-tried friendship in spite of them? And shall accidents and caprices overcome the operation of a steady principle in religious matters, when they do not in worldly ones? I believe that people are now doing much harm by making religion depend on these ebbs and flows of feeling. Many of the artifices which are used to keep people in the state of agitation thought necessary may have a pernicious effect, and destroy both the deep humility and the Christian confidence which regular worship and serious reading and meditation are calculated to produce.

I have preached so long that I have hardly room to tell you what *is* the principal object of my letter. I am going to France this winter, and I am here so far on my road to Dover. I stay to see the cathedral. . . . I shall not be at an hotel in Paris, but at what is called a *pension*, where I shall dine with the family, which will be more pleasant, and will teach me more French.

To his Sister] *Boulogne: Dec.* 31, 1822.

We have had a much longer voyage than we expected. At Dover this morning I intended to go to Calais, but I was weak enough to allow myself to be persuaded by the captain of a packet going to Boulogne, that the wind was more fair for that course and the harbour easier to get into. The consequence was, that I embarked in the 'Medusa' at eleven o'clock this morning—did not reach this side till six, when it was quite dark; then found that we were at a great distance from the place of our destination—in fact, it turned out to be at least a mile of water and a mile of land; was obliged to wait some hours before boats came to fetch us over the first half of this interval, and then found all sorts of sands, and stones, and puddles, and custom-house officers, to interrupt our progress over the other half.

Do not be alarmed at my complaints, for one is always

peevish at coming from a voyage. At any rate I am much better off than a fellow-traveller who is at present with me, and whose mischances have been almost as provoking as mine when I was shipwrecked.

He is a lieutenant in the navy, a Lancashire man, who has been in America and India and all sorts of places, and who is finally just returned from a voyage round the world to Liverpool. He has got leave of absence for fourteen days, which he intended to employ in visiting his mother and sisters, who live at Abbeville, and whom he had not seen for nine years. He came over with us to-day, but unfortunately the porters chose to blunder and to put his trunk into the packet which went to Calais instead of the one which came here. The consequence is that he must either travel about looking after his baggage, which may be attended with difficulty, as his passport is in his portmanteau, or he must leave the recovery of it to chance, which will hardly be prudent, as it contains some valuable papers which are of great importance to his family.

The people in France burn nothing but wood, and I almost doubt whether it will keep me warm. However, Mr. Rose, with whom I have been staying the greater part of last week, has burnt it in his dining-room, because it is a good old English custom, which may serve as a preparation for accommodating myself to the habit of the French, who know no better.

To his Sisters] *Paris: Jan.* 12, 1823.

I came here by rather a roundabout way, having stayed two days at Amiens and as many at Rouen. I am tolerably well situated here, not in an inn, but boarded with a family, *en pension* as it is called. The family consists of Madame Durand, a son, three daughters, and some other relatives. Other French people come in to dine with us every day, but the only persons boarding in the house are English.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: Feb.* 2, 1823.

The cold continued very intense whilst I was in Paris, but I did not find it very troublesome, and had too much to do and to see to mind it much. A little before I left, however, the

thaw came on, and the streets were in a terrible condition to walk in, for we had had a good deal of snow—more, I believe, considerably than fell in England. Being out a good deal at all times of day, I finally caught a severe cold, which I have brought with me to Cambridge, and shall get rid of as fast as I can. Nothing could be worse than the state of the roads between Paris and this place. In France they were covered with a coating of frozen snow, so slippery that it was scarcely possible to stand upon it, and the coach when it came to any declivity slid down broadside first, in a way which did not look very safe. Two English ladies who were with me were a good deal alarmed, and it was as much as I could do to take care of them and keep them quiet.

In spite of all inconveniences, I am very well satisfied with my journey, and glad to have made it. The men of science and the lectures, which were what I principally wished to visit, I found easy access to.

To his Sister] *Trin. Coll., Cambridge: March* 16, 1823.

In my aunt's last letter she expresses a most affectionate and aunt-like surprise that people should talk so much about Airy, when they might talk about me. I am afraid she does not know how many mathematicians there are in Cambridge, and how little any one of them is conspicuous above the rest. Airy is certainly a most extraordinary man, and deserves everything that can be said of him, though the newspapers as usual talked nonsense on the subject.

The way in which he was received in the Senate House was exceedingly gratifying, especially as his sister was there to receive pleasure from it as well as himself. The senior wrangler is led with great ceremony up to the Vice-Chancellor's throne, the members of the University falling back on both sides so as to leave a vacant space for him to advance in, and he is then presented to the Vice-Chancellor in a certain form of words. When this was done there was at first a pause of silence, and then suddenly a universal burst and thunder of applause from the gallery all round, everybody shouting and cheering him. You may imagine what an effect this must have had. His sister,

who, I suppose, was prepared to see him receive all the common honours with composure, was quite overcome by this expression of the feeling of the students in her brother's favour. She burst into tears and wept violently.

My aunt complains that I wrote so short a letter after being in France, but in fact I had little to tell. I was running about to different lectures all the morning, and in the evening I was either at the play or sitting by Mademoiselle Durand, and hearing her play French airs on a very bad pianoforte.

To his Sister] *June* 1, 1823.

I cannot quite make up my mind to my aunt's plan of rambling about the neighbourhood of Lancaster for the vacation; and if I did you would probably not see much more of me than if I remained here; for if I got so far I should be disposed to join Sedgwick, who is geologising among the lakes, and to stay with him as long as my time would allow.

My present plan is to set off for France immediately, with the intention of visiting the principal antiquities of Normandy. This will, I expect, take me three weeks or a month, and then I shall return to Cambridge.

I should perhaps have left Cambridge sooner, but I got a hurt on my knee, which has kept me here. It was a sprain received among the adventures of a boating party down the river, and it has been very slow in getting better.

I do not know whether I told you that I shall be joint tutor this year, and tutor by myself afterwards, which will place me in the same situation which Mr. Hudson held when I came up.

Remington is in the first class this year, and is doing very well.

I have lately seen something of the author of the 'Favourite of Nature,' whom I do not like quite so well as her book. She plays beautifully on the pianoforte.

We have got magnificent plans for improving the College. We are going to add to it a species of castellated building half as large as Dalton Square [Lancaster].

Frequent mention of Miss Kelty and her various writings is made by Mr. Whewell to his sisters. To

one of them (Mrs. Newton) Miss Kelty wrote in December 1872, describing their first meeting.

In looking back through the vista of departed years, which the eighty-fourth of my age makes a long one, some prominent points of interest present themselves in the friendships and social relations which exercised a strong and lasting influence over my mind.

Amongst these I number with feelings of grateful regard my acquaintance with the late Dr. Whewell.

It commenced nearly fifty years ago by his sending me a valentine, in which vivid allusions testified to his having earnestly and approvingly read some novels which I had recently published. The style of this communication sufficiently proved that my unknown correspondent was no common person, and I was not sorry when an accidental encounter in company led to his acknowledging that he had taken this step with a view to becoming acquainted with one whose works he said had given him so much pleasure.

The way thus opened led to a friendship of much value to me, but not of many years' duration, for it was arrested in its course, together with others as highly prized, by a train of strange melancholy circumstances, which, by impairing my health, compelled me to shut my door upon even my dearest friends. . . . Amongst the few who gave me credit for well knowing what I was about, I gratefully number my dear friend Dr. Whewell.

In the summer of 1823, Mr. Whewell made a tour in Normandy with Mr. Kenelm Digby. His object was the study of architecture; but he had attention to spare for the caps of the women, and sent his sisters elaborate drawings of one or two of the most remarkable forms.

In August of this year, on the occasion of the foundation stone of the New Court of Trinity being laid, he tells his sisters of a grand luncheon party given by the Master, and of an evening entertainment given apparently by the Fellows. The guest whose acquaint-

ance Mr. Whewell was '*most* glad to make' was Sir John Malcolm, then resident at Hyde Hall, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. This was the beginning of a friendship, or rather series of friendships, with Sir John and all the members of his family, which he valued and cherished to the last hours of his life, and which, so long as the Malcolms inhabited Hyde Hall, enriched his Cambridge life by adding to it the delights of a cultivated and refined home, of which he was always a welcome inmate. To it he introduced Hare, Sedgwick, and others of his friends, and there they proved that, as Hare has said (p. 528, last edition, 'Guesses at Truth'), 'Conversation may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality;' adding, 'The house in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate of, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and thing . . . seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors.'

Congenial indeed must such an atmosphere have been to one who, as Mr. Kenelm Digby says in the letter already quoted, 'never spoke unkindly of any one behind his back, though he was free enough and bold enough spoken when he had you face to face.'

But Sir John Malcolm was not the only attraction to the circle accustomed through these bright years to assemble at Hyde Hall. The spell of Lady Malcolm's presence is described as irresistible. Archdeacon Hare was wont to say, 'There is no chance of tearing one's-self

away when once the hostess appears; one can only fly before she comes down to breakfast.' Professor Sedgwick said, 'There was an irresistible charm in her manner, and in her house were spent some of the happiest days of my life;' in fact, as Archdeacon Hare expressed it, 'it was impossible to leave Hyde Hall without being, not indeed, like the wedding guest, a sadder and a wiser man, but certainly a wiser one, and if one were not going away, a gladder.' The daughters of the house and Miss Manning—frequently spoken of by her pet name 'Ma-man,' afterwards Mrs. Alexander, and then a member of the household of Sir John—were sharers in this cordial intimacy, and a playful copy of verses addressed 'To Miss Kate Malcolm on her tenth birthday' remains to show how early the children were admitted to the friendship which my uncle entertained for them to the last hour of his life. The lines referred to run as follows, and must have been written by Mr. Whewell about 1825:—

Though, dearest Kate, this ancient College
Has never seen you to its knowledge,
Ne'er saw you shake your clustering hair
Within its battlemented square,
Nor ope delighted eye to gaze
Upon its odd collegiate ways,
Yet know this College views you still
With deep respect and warm good-will;
And hearing (walls, you know, can hear)
Your honoured birthday now is near,
It bids, its high behest to fill,
My artless fingers hold the quill,
And write, and lay (as is most meet)
Its best good wishes at your feet.
For an historian tells, dear Kate,
In history of ancient date,
How on a lady's birthday once,
Who lived in joy and innocence,

A friend, her best and dearest one,
With mild benignant eyes looked on,
And, sighing as she sometimes would,
For she was not so gay as good,
'Oh, might nine years, dear child,' she said,
'Roll over thy beloved head
As free from care, and grief, and sin,
As those that have already been;'
And how in turn the lady raised
Her head and somewhat gravely gazed,
As wondering whence that sigh began,
And asked: 'And pray why not, Ma-man?'
Now you, dear Kate, an age can claim
Far above this historic dame;
Yet if a birthday wish you hear
Which still may be for many a year
Happy as hitherto your lot,
Sure you may ask, like her, 'Why not?'
Why should not beaming smiles continue
To make their radiant dwelling in you,
Undimmed their shine though changed their trace,
From infant glee to maiden grace?
Why should *not* peaceful thoughts and pure
In your unfolding heart endure,
And shed their sunshine on your way
From childhood's dawn to woman's day?
And though no more the baby figure,
We see the little fairy bigger,
Why should *not* all around you yet
Greet you with looks affectionate,
And still about your pathway press
With thoughts of love and tenderness?
Oh, dearest Kate, be still your lot
To wonder, and to ask, 'Why not?'

To his Aunt] *Rouen: June* 13, 1823.

I left London on Sunday evening, after getting your letter, and passed from Dover to Calais next day. My companion is Digby, a friend and old pupil of mine, who was with me in

Wales. He has travelled with his sketch-book in his hand over a considerable part of Europe.

We came over from England in about three hours, which is a very good passage, especially as it was in a sailing boat, not a steamboat. From Calais we set off next day to Abbeville, where there is a cathedral, which induced us to stay half a day; and from Abbeville to Dieppe was our next journey. To come from Dieppe hither was the employment of yesterday, and here we shall stay till Monday morning, when we set off to go to Lisieux and Caen.

The part of the country to which we are travelling, besides being full of abundance of ruins of castles and abbeys, and objects of that kind, is, I believe, very beautiful; and it is there that a great number of the English have settled who have retired to France from motives of economy. There are said to be twenty or thirty families at Caen. It is usually reckoned that by living here they can save about one-third in the expenses of housekeeping.

Nothing is so remarkable here as the dresses of the women. They wear caps of an enormous height, something like a sugar-loaf with a child's cap at the top of it, and large flaps of white muslin spreading out on each side backwards. It is said that the inhabitants of every village have a particular head-dress, all of them of very large dimensions; and I have seen a series of fifty or sixty prints representing them. For my own part, I have hitherto seen only two or three different forms, but all of them perfectly unlike anything you ever saw. Next to the dresses in Switzerland they are the most extraordinary vagaries that I have seen, and some of them will bear a comparison for oddity even with the Swiss costumes.

To his Aunt and Sisters] *London: July* 14, 1823.

My tour in Normandy I enjoyed very much. From Caen my companion and I took a carriage for a week, and travelled to the western extremity of the province. The people seem to me less lively than in other parts of France; but, on the whole, we got on very well. The farthest point of our travels was St. Michael's Mount, a most remarkable insulated rock, surrounded on all sides, and for a great distance, by the sands of the sea,

and covered with very lofty and picturesque buildings, which formerly composed a monastery, and which are at present a prison. It was considered a place of extraordinary sanctity, and an immense number of persons have, at various times, come in pilgrimage hither. They give you the names of kings and queens of France and England, princes and statesmen, bishops and warriors without end who have visited the shrine of 'St. Michel au péril de la mer.' Even yet the reputation of its holiness is not quite gone. Many persons still come in a spirit of devotion, and I bought there a little book which related a great number of miracles which had been performed by the assistance of St. Michael, and which the good priest who narrates them maintains to be quite as certain as those of Scripture. From St. Michael's we returned by another road to Caen, visiting Falaise, the birthplace and castle of William the Conqueror. I have no room nor time to give you any further account of our travels. My journeys were all safe and prosperous, without accident, except that in consequence of a contrary wind we had a long passage from Calais to Dover, which made me very sea-sick, so that I was hardly quite recovered the next day.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Aug.* 13, 1823.

I promised to send you intelligence of my arrival here, and of the proceedings of our foundation day at the same time, and I am now just able to do it.

Yesterday, which was our great day, was very busy and bustling, very crowded and very hot, but upon the whole everything went off very well, and all the world appeared exceedingly well satisfied. We were afraid that St. Swithin and his rainy propensities might be in our way, but fortunately the day was one of the most gorgeous that ever was seen, and though the sun was too powerful to be comfortable, he did what he could to make everything as brilliant as possible. I will send you a Cambridge paper if I can, in which you will find a more detailed account of what was done and said than I can give you.

Before the ceremony began the Master of the College had a large party of ladies to a collation of fruit and such matters in a large state room which we call Henry the Eighth's room, and

when we had paid our respects to our visitors there, we formed ourselves into a procession and went to the gate of the College to receive the Speaker and the Vice-Chancellor with the rest of the University. Then our procession, so increased, went winding back in a long black line that would have reached round the great court. Our lady spectators say that it was very pretty to see the ranks of gownsmen moving across the great quadrangle; after which the procession went round two of the pillared sides of the cloister court, and so to the place where our new buildings are to be. The place where the stone is laid was surrounded with booths, which were filled with ladies and University men, and all the windows and tops of the houses in the neighbourhood were occupied by spectators.

The ceremony of laying the stone consists in putting certain coins and other memorials into a hole in the stone, after which it is raised by machinery, the mortar spread under it with a silver trowel by the King's representative, who seemed a good deal amused at finding himself employed in such a manner, and it is then let down. This was accompanied by a Latin speech from one of the Fellows, which was answered by an English one from the Speaker: then a prayer by the Master and an anthem by the choristers, after which we sang 'God save the King,' and went to dinner. Our dinner was of course large and sumptuous. I believe we had four bucks, and turtle in proportion.

By way of concluding the evening, we some of us contrived to collect an evening party of ladies and gentlemen, or what in London is called a rout, when we had music and cards, with tea and coffee and ices. My bed-maker tells me that we had about 200 people at our rout, and I can answer for it that it was hot enough to make one believe so. However, our lady guests seemed well satisfied with the meeting.

We had several persons of consequence there, but the person whose acquaintance I was most glad to make was Sir John Malcolm, an officer who has distinguished himself much, both by his conduct in the East and by his writings upon it. He is a fine tall manly figure with a bald head and the broad red ribbon and star of the Order of the Thistle. I have no time to tell you more at present, nor to give you any particulars of my journey hither. I could not get nearer by coaches than North-

ampton, and the stage beyond it, and then came forty-five miles across the country in chaises rather than go round by London.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Sept.* 18, 1823.

[The letter is begun on the fourth page of the sheet of paper.]

I begin this letter with a notable piece of economy. Having written the date in the wrong place when addressing another correspondent, I have thought I might take the liberty of sending it to you in spite of its defect. I suppose your perplexity when you get to the bottom of the page will be something like that of our old purblind Vice-Master, who was seen the other day trying to open a door on the side where the hinges were.

Since we got fairly into the stream of the vacation, we have glided on in a course of monotonous inactivity that makes it impossible to know how many days and weeks have passed. Sheepshanks has been here, and living in the same set of rooms with me, so that I have been spending my time very pleasantly, and am only sorry to see the golden days of the vacation running so fast to their end. I shall very soon have to begin my employments of book-keeping and lecturing, and must lead a very different life of it. And, as I told you, I manage so ill in taking care of my own money, that I am quite alarmed at the idea of having to look after other people's.

However, before all this begins, I am going to indulge myself in one little excursion by going to the Birmingham musical meeting.

To his Aunt and Sisters] *Nov.* 2, 1823.

I forget whether I have written to you since my journey to Birmingham. I was exceedingly gratified with what I heard there, and thought my trouble well bestowed. Especially I was delighted with Händel's famous composition of the 'Messiah,' which I had only heard once before, and which I think is one of the most wonderful of uninspired productions. The words are beautifully selected from Scripture, first from the prophecies and then from the narrative of their completion, and the music is almost as divine as the words.

I have got some college offices conferred upon me which will make it necessary for me to stay here all the vacation; so that all our fine schemes of visiting Scotland are quite blown up. I resign them with the less regret because Sedgwick, who was to have been my companion, is also prevented from taking the journey. I have been hearing Mr. Simeon to-day. He is University preacher for the present month. I dare say Martha would have liked his sermon, but I cannot say that I was much pleased with it. Robert Hall, the great Baptist minister of Leicester, has lately been here, and I heard several of his sermons. I certainly consider him as one of the most eloquent and striking preachers I ever heard or hope to hear.

The following letters to Mr. Rose are interesting, not only for their lively exposition of what Mr. Whewell called 'my school' and 'your school,' but as showing that both the 'golden days of the vacation' and the 'wise passiveness' of the October term which followed it, and all the toils of the tutorship, left him full leisure to consider and to attack the principles of his friend and his supposed manner of carrying them out, as well as to sympathise with him in the increased anxiety caused by his health.

Trinity College: Dec. 16, 1823.

If I had answered your letter immediately, which I intended to do, and should have done if the business of the term had not come too thick upon me, I should have had some answer to give to another part of your letter; but all one's pungent disputatious feelings evaporate by standing still. I do not mean that I should have quarrelled about the character that you give to Miller's Bampton Lectures, for I have not read the book, though the account you give of it has excited my curiosity to look at it. But I suppose I should have asked you what you mean by *your* school and *my* school. I do not know that my views and opinions are those of any class of people, and they certainly are not those which have often served as a basis for the jokes of our common acquaintances. *Your* school is, I

presume, the Wordsworthian, and I believe that many of the persons whom, I imagine, you would include in it have exceedingly amiable and deeply seated religious and moral views and feelings; but what these have to do with 'Peter Bell' or 'Betty Foy,' or even with Coleridge's rant of etymologico-Platonic speculations, is what I have never been able to make out, and what, with your leave, I would say you will find it more difficult to make out to your own satisfaction in proportion as your good principles become more clearly seen and more tranquilly possessed. It is fortunately true that when the intellect has exercised its vagaries on the subject of general principles till it is tired, it finds that, after all, the affections will take their share in making them, and this fact is not applicable to any school exclusively.

However, I will read Miller, and then you shall see how very much other people are in the right as well as yourself.

Mr. Rose appears to have invited his friend to come and talk over these matters at Horsham, but Mr. Whewell could not go, and so we have the discussion continued in the next letter.

Trinity College: Dec. 29, 1823.

I shall hardly be able to leave Cambridge this vacation for a single day; the office of Father of the College and the employments of the tutorship together hold me fast by the leg. If I were more at liberty, I should hope to be able to convince you that I am not so unreasonable as to require more than the society of an old friend to please and interest me. To tell the truth, though I must be flattered by the character you give me, I should be alarmed if I thought it made me more difficult to entertain than other people. The fact, however, I am afraid, is, that you are at present judging both of yourself and your friends under the influence of low spirits, and I am sorry to see it. There is only one consolation in such a case, that when you know it to be so you may be confidently convinced that the gloomy conclusions which the mind seizes upon are invariably false.

I am sure if you had been here the last term you would have had a much more mitigated idea of my zeal for knowledge. Instead of being ravenous after information or incessant in intellectual exertion, I have been abandoning myself in a state of wise passiveness to the impulses of Cambridge drawing-rooms and pianoforte performers, and can hardly accuse myself of gnawing at the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge for two hours together for the whole time.

This is but an indifferent account to give of one's-self, but such a course is not without a sort of kindly influence in its way, and therefore, for anything I see, it may do me as much good as Sir Robert Filmer and Malebranche will do you. Indeed, I cannot help suspecting that you are taking more violent remedies than are required by any contagion of a rebellious and disobedient spirit that you ever contracted. Are you not doing what our worthy friend Hare and some others do to an extent which I should not have conceived possible in men of sense? Finding that Reason alone cannot invent a satisfactory system of morals and politics, are you not quarrelling with her altogether, and adopting opinions *because* they are irrational? It is, seriously speaking, what some of *you* do, and seems to belong to an ascetic system of mortifying the common sense, much more extraordinary than the most severe discipline for mortifying the flesh. You are like St. Peter, who would be crucified with his *head* downwards. Do you not see that this very spirit of exaggeration is exactly contrary to that tranquil possession and *equilibrium* of the faculties which you rightly consider as the most healthful state of the mind?

Why will you not see that in speculative matters, though Reason may go wrong if not guided by our better affections, you cannot do without her? All your efforts not to reason at all will only end in your reasoning very ill. So pray do not pay your philosophy so bad a compliment as to make it appear that your initiation must needs be accompanied by some kind of intoxication, and that its inspiration is the result of your giddiness. I beg your pardon for all this blasphemy; but what can I say when I see men of sense adopting obsolete follies merely because they have been so completely confuted? And I tell you again that a person's affections may be in as kind and tranquil and

humble a state without any of the peculiarities of your school as they are in any of you.

I should have been very glad to see Sharpe, and delighted again to meet Paynter, whom I saw during the vacation, after an awfully long separation.

During the summer of 1824, Mr. Whewell was again in Cumberland, 'rambling about the country with Sedgwick and examining the strata,' as well as visiting both Southey and Wordsworth. He contrived as usual to part with most of his possessions in the course of his journeyings, but remarks with satisfaction that his misfortunes are no longer of the same irremediable character as formerly; his portmanteau in course of time returned to him. He spent Christmas in Edinburgh. He writes to his aunt and sisters from Lincoln:—

Aug. 6, 1824.

I am at present on my way into the north, though, as you will see by the date of my letter, I am not taking the shortest course to Lancaster. I am travelling with some Cambridge friends, principally with the object of seeing cathedrals and churches. We have been looking at the very fine cathedral here these two days, and we are now setting off for Hull, and thence we shall go to Beverley and York, and probably to Durham, and thence turn down to Lancaster.

Kendal: Aug. 25, 1824.

I am afraid you will be sorry to hear that I have determined to go direct from this place to Cambridge, without taking Lancaster on my way. I find from the sheets which you have sent me that my printing is going on indifferently in my absence, and ever since I left you I have been afraid that I had left matters to themselves too long without sufficient preparation, so that I shall not feel easy till I get back to college.

I got here on Thursday last, and next day saw Wordsworth at Rydal, and Southey at Keswick, by whom I was informed

where to look for Sedgwick. I found him on Saturday at the back of Skiddaw, in company with Gwatkin, as I had expected. I stayed with him three days rambling about the country and examining the strata, and parted with him this morning between Penrith and Carlisle.

We had fine weather on Sunday and Monday; and though we got wet yesterday, I am no worse for it. As he was not exactly among the lakes, I have not seen anything more of the good scenery hereabouts; but I preferred being with Sedgwick, and as it was I saw the floating island in Derwentwater and the Poet Laureate.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Sept.* 2, 1824.

I find reason to congratulate myself on having come here without delay, and the next time I visit you I will try to make my motions more regular and considerate, and in the meanwhile you must try to persuade yourselves that there is not anything very shocking in these rapid manœuvres, as they will take place now and then.

I got to Leeds, as I intended, very prosperously, but for the remainder of my journey I made more haste than good speed. Being resolved not to stand still, I did not stay an hour at Leeds, but got into a mail immediately, though it did not go exactly the way I wished it. However, I consoled myself by thinking that I should see Nottingham, which had never fallen in my road before. Accordingly next morning I did reach Nottingham, but it was only to make the unpleasant discovery that I had brought with me some other person's portmanteau and left my own. As I could not consent to take this loss without some attempt to rectify it, I resolved to go back two stages, and the whole of that day was I employed in going three times over the same everlasting piece of road in pursuit of my baggage.

My chase was quite unsuccessful, so that after leaving directions to have the thing sent after me if it should turn up, I moved by such cross coaches as I could find towards Cambridge without a single article in my possession except my cloak and umbrella. The succeeding night I was obliged to travel all night on the outside, and finding myself in the morning aground again within two stages of Cambridge, I was so impatient of my

want of baggage and want of sleep that I got into a chaise and arrived here about half-past seven on Saturday morning.

So far my expedition had been rather unprosperous; but it appears that my misfortunes now-a-days are no longer of that irremediable kind which they used to be. On Tuesday morning last arrived the portmanteau which you sent, and with it, I am happy to say, the other, which had somehow joined company with it on the road, so that I am now as rich as ever again.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: Christmas Day*, 1824.

I am intending to spend the greater part of the Christmas holidays in Edinburgh. Professor Sedgwick goes with me. There are a number of places and things to see there, and particularly a number of remarkable men of science, with several of whom we hope to get acquainted. I have got a book for you and one for Martha, which I shall send down by the coach. Yours is Southey's 'Roderick,' which is a very great favourite of mine, and I think one of the very finest poems of modern times. For Martha I send Wordsworth's poems, some of which she saw and seemed to admire much in one of my visits to Lancaster.

During the summer of 1825 Mr. Whewell went to Germany, chiefly with the object of visiting mineralogical collections. He tells Mr. Rose, July 11: 'I am on the point of setting off on my travels, which I intend to continue, like the prince in the 'Arabian Nights,' till I meet with some one who drops rubies and diamonds from his mouth at every word.' 'I hope to return full of crystallography.'

The following letters to his aunt and sisters tell of his travels in pursuit of professors, mines, and minerals:—

To his Aunt and Sisters] *Brunswick: July* 21, 1825.

I left London on Saturday in the Hamburg steam packet, and after being at sea four days and three nights arrived at Hamburg on Tuesday. Nothing could be more delightful than the voyage; the little wind which blew was against us, but the sea was so smooth and the weather so superb that we sat on

the deck under an awning all day long and half the night, and nobody on board suffered the slightest inconvenience from sea-sickness, an exemption which I was never fortunate enough to share in before. We had a very pleasant party on board: an Admiral Baker, who married a Swedish countess, and was going with his family to visit her relations; two English gentlemen, also going to Sweden, to visit an estate belonging to one of them; several merchants, and a young English lady of the name of Duff, who was coming to visit her brother-in-law, a physician in this city. This lady and I came together to this place, where she found her brother waiting for her about two this morning. She had never been abroad before, and spoke no German, so that I dare say she was glad to get to the end of her journey, independently of the discomfort of German travelling, which in this part of the country is somewhat serious. For a great part of the way the road, or rather the track, for road there is none, lies over endless moors of loose grey sand sprinkled with a little heath, and the heavy diligence grinds its way at the rate of less than two miles an hour, with such rolling and tumbling and jolting from one side to another as you would suppose no human frame and no coachmaker's work could ever stand. I believe that matters will now mend, and a little further on travelling becomes very good.

I am here going to quit the main road for a day or two, and to turn aside to visit a mountainous tract of country called the Hartz Wald, very celebrated for its picturesque beauty and its mines, and still more for the stories of the fairies and demons which are supposed to inhabit it. If I am so fortunate as to see any such persons I will let you know.

After this deviation I return to the main road, and go by Leipsic to Dresden and its neighbourhood, where I hope to find letters from you.

To his Sister Martha, Mrs. Statter] *Vienna: Aug.* 23, 1825.

I believe you will have the distinction of receiving a letter of mine which has travelled farther than any that you have ever received before, and for which, therefore, you will, I presume, have to pay more than you have previously paid. Of course you will hear of me whenever my aunt and Ann do so,

but it is a long time since I wrote to you or heard of you, and I do not see what better I can do than give you the office of announcing to them my safe arrival in this imperial capital. I wrote to Lancaster from Dresden, the metropolis of Saxony, a letter which, I hope, has been received by this time; but communication by post, so far, is at best uncertain, and generally indefinite as to time.

I left Dresden on the 18th, and travelled to this place through Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria: a journey which occupied five nights and five days, during which I never took my clothes off, except in the middle of the day at Prague. All this time we were rumbling along incessantly in a huge waggon-like coach, except once when we were detained four or five hours by the breaking of the wheel, and on one or two other occasions when we were stationary for about the same length of time, waiting till the diligence was ready to start, which is quite as tiresome as travelling in it. I was heartily glad, as you may imagine, when we fell in with the broad and hurried stream of the Danube, and saw the lofty Gothic spire of St. Stephen's at Vienna rising in the distant plain. I have not yet had time to establish myself for the month that I intend to stay here. I intend to take a lodging if I can find one which suits me; in the meantime I am staying at an inn.

Far as you may suppose me from you, I had not been in the city above an hour before I met with two young men, students of Trinity College, who were returning from a much more distant excursion, having been in Turkey, Greece, and various parts of the Mediterranean for some months.

This letter did not reach England till fourteen days after it was posted at Vienna. His next letter is dated from the 'Lady Nepean' packet, October 15, 1825, and is addressed to his aunt.

I have been tossing about upon the waves for the last seven days, and am heartily tired of it, but hope to get into harbour to-night or to-morrow morning. Ever since I embarked we have had a succession of contrary winds and calms, which have made the voyage uncommonly long and tedious, and last night

the weather was stormy according to a landsman's ideas. I must proceed to Cambridge without a moment's delay as soon as I set foot on shore.

You have had a letter from the capital of Saxony and another from the capital of Austria, and I intended to have written to you from the capital of Prussia, but I found my letter was not likely to reach England sooner than I should do so myself.

Berlin is a place with which I was not much pleased. The streets are wide and straight, and well-built, but tiresome from their sameness.

The early letters of this year contain, besides some discussion of a new work by Miss Kelty, which, as usual, Mr. Whewell sent to his sisters, lively expressions of concern and sympathy at the intelligence which reached him from Lancaster of the failure of a bank there.

He had been ordained Deacon several years previous, but I am not certain of the precise date. His admission to Priest's Orders took place on Trinity Sunday of this year. Immediately afterwards he went into Cornwall with Mr. Airy, and spent several weeks underground in Dolcoath Mine carrying on pendulum experiments. In an undated letter, written probably at the close of this year, he playfully consoles his aunt for her disappointment at Mr. Airy being made a professor whilst he received no such honour, assuring her that Mr. Airy was the better mathematician of the two, and besides that, that he was on other grounds ineligible for the appointment.

To his Sister Ann] *Trinity College: Feb.* 12.

I take the opportunity of Mr. Mackreth's return to Lancaster to send you a work which my friend Miss Kelty has just published. She is afraid of alarming the very religious people by calling it a novel, and has therefore entitled it, 'The Story of Isabel.' After it was published she began to fear that it contained too much of religion for the worldly public, and too

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little of that and too much of other things for the decidedly religious, so that between the two parties it might find no readers at all.

Feb. 13.

When I wrote last night I did not know of the stoppage of Dilworth's bank, which I find stated in the paper I received this morning. I am afraid you must have money there to a considerable amount, and in every respect I fear it must be a most calamitous business, absolute ruin to many persons, and severe distress and loss to all concerned. However, when we know what the state of the case is we must look it in the face as well as we can.

March.

I am excessively grieved to find all my worst anticipations realised with respect to the bank.

I think you are right in almost every respect about 'Isabel.' Miss Kelty, with various talents, has not a very fertile invention, and the resemblance between this story and 'The Favourite of Nature' is exceedingly close in the general characters and story, and extends even to the details of scenes. The leading character in both novels, with her quick sensibility, high talents, ungovernable temper, and ill-regulated affections, must, I suppose, as you say, be drawn from feelings of which the author herself has at some time been in some measure conscious.

My aunt says I should not have told her that my horse fell with me. Tell her that it was not the fault of St. Andrew (for that is his name), but that the ground was slippery with a recent thaw, and he was very excusable for not helping it.

To his Aunt] *April* 20, 1826.

I have got a project which I shall set about executing as soon as I am at liberty, which will occupy me during the early part of the summer. I am going with Mr. Airy, one of the Fellows of our College, to make some experiments in one of the deepest mines that we can find, either in Derbyshire or in Cornwall, we have not yet ascertained which. We shall set out, I suppose, soon after May 20, and shall be busy with our underground operations till some time in July.

I am glad the sum I sent to Martha escaped the general ruin of that wretched bank. I cannot yet think without indignation as well as sorrow of the way in which the people must have been going on.

To his Sister] *Dolcoath Mine, Camborne: May* 24, 1826.

I have had time to-day to go out upon one of the hills here with an observing instrument. To my great surprise, though I went to a place where there seemed to be only a single house within reach, by the time we had been there half an hour we had at least a hundred men, women, and children round us. I suppose by-and-by they will become more accustomed to our proceedings. The people seem to be very intelligent and civil. The country is very wild and uncultivated, covered with furze and divided by very rude inclosures.

To Lady Malcolm] *Underground chamber, Dolcoath Mine, Camborne, Cornwall: June* 10, 1826.

I venture to suppose that you never had a correspondent who at the time of writing was situated as your present one is. I am at this moment sitting in a small cavern deep in the recesses of the earth, separated by 1,200 feet of rock from the surface on which you mortals tread. I am close to a wooden partition which has been fixed here by human hands, through which I ever and anon look, by means of two telescopes, into a larger cavern. That larger den has got various strange-looking machines, illumined here and there by unseen lamps, among which is visible a clock with a face most unlike common clocks, and a brass bar which swings to and fro with a small but never-ceasing motion. I am clad in the garb of a miner, which is probably more dirty and scanty than anything you may have happened to see in the way of dress. The stillness of this subterranean solitude is interrupted by the noise, most strange to its walls, of the ticking of my clock, and the chirping of seven watches. But besides these sounds it has noises of its own which my ear catches now and then. A huge iron vessel is every quarter of an hour let down through the rock by a chain above a thousand feet long, and in its descent and ascent

dashes itself against the sides of its pit with a violence and a din like thunder, and at intervals, louder and deeper still, I hear the heavy burst of an explosion when gunpowder has been used to rend the rock, which seems to pervade every part of the earth, like the noise of a huge gong, and to shake the air within my prison. I have sat here for some hours, and shall sit for five or six more, at the end of which time I shall climb up to the light of the sky, in which you live, by about sixty ladders, which form the weary upward path from hence to your world. I ought not to omit, by way of completing the picturesque, that I have a barrel of porter close to my elbow, and a miner stretched on the granite at my feet, whose yawns at being kept here so many hours, watching my inscrutable proceedings, are most pathetic. This has been my situation and employment every day for some time, and will be so for some while longer, with the alternation of putting myself in a situation as much as possible similar, in a small hut on the surface of the earth. Is not this a curious way of spending one's leisure time? I assure you I very often think of Sir John's favourite quotation from Leyden,[1] 'Slave of the dark and dirty mine! what vanity has brought thee here?' and sometimes doubt whether sunshine be not better than science.

If the object of my companion and myself had been to make a sensation, we must have been highly gratified by the impression which we have produced upon the good people in this country. There is no end to the number and oddity of their conjectures and stories about us. The most charitable of them take us to be fortune-tellers; but for the greater part we are suspected of more mischievous kinds of magic. A single loud insulated peal of thunder, which was heard the first Sunday after our arrival, was laid at our door; and a staff which we had occasion to plant at the top of the cliff was reported to have the effect of sinking all unfortunate ships which sailed past.

I could tell you many more such histories, but I think this must be at least enough about myself, if I do not wish to make the quotation from Leyden particularly applicable.

[1] Dr. Leyden. Poet and Orientalist. Died 1811. A Life of him was published in 1819.

Underground, Dolcoath Mine: June 13, 1826.

I have had one or two expeditions underground, which have given me an idea of some of the work that the miners have to go through, which is much more severe than the common labour of going up and down.

In a part of the mine which is called the engine shaft, the water drops, or rather streams, down so fast, that it is impossible to keep a candle alight when it is carried in the usual way. The manner in which they manage it is by wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and holding the candle, stuck in a piece of clay as usual, in the mouth. I came up the part I speak of the other day, but finding that I was quite defeated in all attempts to keep a light in my hand, I contented myself with the light given by the candles of my companions, who employed their mouths in this manner, not being quite able to make up my mind to such a mouthful.

When I have finished my labours here to-day, I shall have no underground work any more for some days, as my companion will take his turn, and I shall take that part of our observations which is made above ground. Our operations consist principally in comparing pendulums with clocks and watches, at the surface of the earth and here below, in order to determine whether the force of gravity is the same above and below.

To his Aunt] *June* 25.

I shall leave this place, I believe, towards the end of the week, and return to Cambridge. Our experiments are drawing to a close.

It is very likely my name may have appeared in the newspapers as having taken Priest's Orders, for I did so just before coming down here. Martha is wrong in not wishing to see my den below ground, which is more curious and extraordinary than anything she will be able to see in the regions of common daylight.

A letter dated August 23, 1826, Burford Bridge, Surrey, and addressed to Mrs. Statter, congratulates her upon the birth of a daughter, and then passes on to

describe the place whence he writes with the warmth of a true lover of Nature in all her moods, and with the limitations to such admiration which loyalty to the larger features and broader effects of the North imposed upon him.

I am writing in an arbour wainscoted with moss, in the garden of one of the prettiest inns, lying in one of the prettiest valleys, in this part of England. Not so beautiful, you know, as your part of the world, where you have sea and mountains, and distant towers, and winding rivers, but what the good people here in the south look upon as very delightful scenery. There is an endless expanse of rich plain country bordered in different directions with long lines of hills, and when you mount some of the most prominent points of these ranges you have under the eye a prospect quite inexhaustible in its details, consisting of a patchwork of light-green fields, dark-green hedgerows and woods, and neat houses and villages. The hill which we have been visiting to-day is Leith Hill, and is estimated to command a view not less than two hundred miles in circumference. I came here with Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

I do not know if I have given you or my aunt any account of my motions since I returned from my Cornish expedition. I was obliged to stay at Cambridge for some time, and since I have been able to leave it I have been several times between London and Cambridge.

I hope somebody will write to me within the next fortnight. I want much to know how you are, though I hope I may take for granted that as I have heard nothing, both you and your baby are going on well. I feel quite proud of my character of uncle, which seems to me to give an additional shade of gravity and importance to my person.

After staying with Mr. Jones at his living at Brasted, he wrote to his aunt:—

Hops are grown here in quantities, and when I came away they were busy with the hop harvest. The people who live in this valley are very proud of it, and maintain that it was never

conquered by any of the invaders of England. They have a proverb to this effect, which says, 'The winding vale of Holmesdale was never won nor ever shall.' I left this winding vale with great regret, for I have been living there very agreeably and very quietly.

To his Aunt] *Autumn*, 1826.

. . . You mentioned a difficulty which had occurred to you in one of your late letters; how Airy should be made Professor while I was here, who, being your nephew, must of course, on that account, deserve it better than he could. Now it is a thing which you will think odd, but it is nevertheless true, that Airy is a better mathematician than your nephew, and has moreover been much more employed of late in such studies. But besides this, there is another reason which may perhaps satisfy you better, and which was in fact the real cause of my not being a candidate, namely, that this Lucasian professorship cannot be held by a person who is a tutor of a college; so you see the University are not quite so much to blame for their blindness and bad choice as you imagine. Seriously speaking, Airy is by very much the best person they could have chosen for the situation, and few things have given me so much pleasure as his election.

It is possible that by-and-by I may be appointed to the Professorship of Mineralogy, but that business is at present in the hands of the lawyers, on whom the time and the election depend; and it is therefore to be looked upon as very uncertain in all its circumstances.

To his Sister] *Dec.* 7, 1826.

Sedgwick and I shall start from here about the 18th, and shall, I suppose, be in Paris before Christmas Day. If we only find the people half as hospitable and agreeable as we found them in Edinburgh two years ago, we shall have a very pleasant visit of it.

It was at Edinburgh that we fell in with the phrenologists, who, as you have been told, have taken my head for one of their examples, though, to tell the truth, I do not think they showed much discrimination in their remarks upon it. We

have at present here in Cambridge the leader of the sect, Dr. Spurzheim, who is giving his lectures every evening to a considerable audience. I am myself writing with a phrenological bust standing on the table close to my nose, thinking it right to understand something of a science which gives a good account of me.

The intention expressed in this letter was carried out. Mr. Whewell and Professor Sedgwick spent a week or two in Paris at Christmas. Writing to his aunt January 18, 1827, he says: 'I spent my time pleasantly enough whilst in Paris, seeing almost all the remarkable men of science who are to be found there, and besides these mental luxuries feasting my body in a moderate degree upon French wines and French cookery.'

In the spring he writes from Cambridge a defence of his favourite 'Hermann and Dorothea.'

In the summer Mr. Whewell seems to have established himself somewhere near Lancaster, probably at Poulton-le-Sands, in order to carry forward his 'writing and reading' in 'a cot which o'erlooks the wide sea,' and at the same time to be within easy reach of his family. The autumn of this year brought the removal of the Malcolms from Hyde Hall; a real grief and loss to himself, to Mr. Hare, Mr. Sedgwick, and all their Cambridge friends.

To his Sister Ann] *Cambridge: April* 12.

I send you along with this an edition of 'Hermann' with prints. I am glad you like Hermann. I think you hardly allow him fair play when you imagine him to talk in a manner above his condition. Who is fit to be the hero of a poem if he is not? The son of the principal innkeeper in a city, and a man of large landed property besides, would be even in England a man of education and position, still more so in Germany, where professions are less elevated above trade. You see his father is on a footing of equality with the clergyman and the

doctor. As to your difficulty about the minister's religious reflections, I am not quite sure that I rightly apprehend it. But you may consider, I think, that even supposing our own reflections could carry us as far as he goes, there is still quite enough left for Divine teaching to do. The author may have thought, too, that it was not suitable to the character of a mere fanciful narrative to introduce any particular religious doctrines.

The great beauty of the book is the truth of the characters and the admirable manner in which the story is brought out; the last canto in particular is very beautiful in this way, always excepting Dorothea's long account of her former lover, which I think would be better omitted.

To his Aunt and Sisters] *Cambridge: June* 7.

I am much disposed to the plan which I mentioned of taking lodgings on the sea-coast somewhere or other, and riding over to see you every day. I want particularly to live in the country for a little while, and however quiet I may be with you, it would not be exactly the same thing. I have been fancying, as I have been looking forward to it, that my writing and reading would go on much better in that which is described in a line of an old song, 'a cot which o'erlooks the wide sea.'

To his Aunt] *Cambridge: Oct.* 6, 1827.

I have been nearly stationary here since I returned from Brighton and London, and have been lately employed in electing six new Fellows of the College, being for the present so far advanced in age and dignity as to be one of the eight seniors of the College.

This elevation of mine is, however, only for a short and holiday time, and I shall be again deposed as soon as my elders return into residence.

At present I am grieving for the removal of the Malcolms, a family whom I think I have mentioned to you. They have left Hyde Hall, which was within a ride of Cambridge, though not a very short ride, being thirty miles off, and their departure will subtract much from my pleasure here.

If I have an opportunity I will send you a new book which Miss Kelty has published, called 'Religious Thoughts.' She is persuaded that it is more consistent with her principles to write in such a form than to publish works of fiction as she did before. Perhaps you will agree with her in this, and I hope in some other things.

A number of letters written to Lady Malcolm at this time show the keen regret with which Mr. Whewell dwelt upon the departure of his friends from Hyde Hall. After taking her children to Eastbourne, Lady Malcolm returned alone to Hyde Hall for the final arrangements, and appears to have passed there some rather sad and lonely weeks. Mr. Whewell had undertaken the duties of Moderator for the ensuing year, and these, added to the usual cares of his tutorship, tied him very closely to Cambridge, and made it impossible to him to go and visit Lady Malcolm. In a letter of October 11, he says:—

After the great pleasure of receiving your letter I have been looking forward to the little pleasure, by no means to be despised, of writing to you again. But the quiet hour in which this was to be enjoyed, instead of coming nearer, is drifting away faster and farther every day. All beautiful visions of a few more days of happiness and idleness and independence are melting into air, and I am now obliged to make up my mind to belong to the persons and things that are crowding in upon me on every side. But I cannot help, as you perceive, trying to make the accents of my misery heard before these waves of affliction close over my head and extinguish my feeble voice, at least for the present. Of my coming to Eastbourne it was indeed too true that it could *not* be; and I was very soon obliged to make up my mind to solace my evening rides with the recollection of Hyde Hall, and the thought of what Eastbourne might have been; and I am persuaded that if you listened intently enough you must have heard Beachy's chalky Head, like Friar Bacon's brazen one, utter the doleful sounds, 'Time

is past.' The golden days of the Long Vacation, the happy hours of Hyde Hall are over, and an age of business and pupils and calculators has succeeded.

He then passes on to describe his evening rides in terms similar to those he had employed in the letter to his sister already quoted.

During the last week I took a solitary ride every evening, and considering what a country I live in I seemed to myself to have hit upon no despicable plan for beautifying these pensive wanderings. I went forth westward when the sun was setting, and rode towards him and the glories that marked his fading path, till they had ceased to be glorious, and then I turned round and rode back towards the quarter where the yellow moon was rising over the yellow woods. I must needs confess that I felt very strongly the sentiment which you describe. I mean a great indignation that the woods should show so little sensibility to the changes which they must know had been taking place during the summer. With the present week the autumnal moon has gone away, and a marvellous collection of men possessing or desiring wisdom has come to occupy our time, and to preclude our evening rides.

I cannot help thinking you will see something very absurd in my turning with repugnance to employments which must be my main business for many months to come, but I assure you I shall bear them and go through them as well as another when I have made the plunge; only the transition from that which has been excites some regrets.

I have been talking about myself as people love to do who get into a bustle; but one reason, besides, is that I cannot tell you anything about your goings on at Eastbourne, though I could ask an endless number of questions. I hope by this time you have felt more advantage to your health from the place than when you wrote you appeared to have done. Is it quite established that for invalids the night is the best time to take an excursion on the water? Does Miss Manning lend her sanction to such proceedings? To be sure nothing can be more delightful than the waves with the moonbeams twisted among them as they are to be seen at such times.

In the next letter he tells Lady Malcolm:—

It is very true, as you conjecture, that we do not begin the term nearly so well as we should have done under your auspices; and for my own part I think I shall find a sensible consolation in knowing that you are so near as Hyde Hall, though without any chance whatever of diminishing the distance between us. At any rate, as you perceive, I cannot help trying the old experiment of sending a despatch by the Fly to diversify the cares and perplexities which surround me here. I fear you will have but a joyless journey to Hyde Hall, the beloved and happy as in my memory it must ever stand; only one consoling thought there is—that the pleasant days which IT has witnessed are not utterly gone, since they have left some portion of their sweetness in the feelings and *attachments* which have been cherished and fostered there, and which I trust are not likely soon to fade. I cannot help imagining to myself that there must be another small comfort of your wretchedness in visiting Hyde Hall just at present. Its woods and bowers must have assumed by this time that appearance of advanced decay and departing beauty which it becomes them to wear on such an occasion, and which one might, to please a melancholy mood, take for that sympathy which you complained that Beachy Head did not offer. I dare say that your groves shower at your feet, not barbaric pearl and gold, but leaves of every shade of the favourite colours; and I think one can easily find in their bright but cheerless tints an expression like the smile of a broken-hearted person. I believe, however, that such fancies, even if I could communicate them to you, would not tend much to exhilarate your sojourn; and probably you will be far too full of employment while you are there to encourage such musings. I most heartily wish you rapidly and well through all the disagreeable part of your errand, for such a part I suppose it must have. Hare I expect to see to-morrow. He will be surprised to find that you are so near. I shall expect from him an account of all that relates to you at Eastbourne. As soon as my days have become a little less crowded, I shall send my acknowledgments for the Eastbourne 'pacquet.' This you know is only a Hyde Hall letter, and does not reckon. I should be very glad to know that you

had finished your present task with tolerable ease and comfort and in good health.

On October 27 he writes as follows:—

It would indeed be a pleasure and delight to me to spend a day with you at Hyde Hall, and if it had been at all possible I would have ventured upon some slight desertion of my employments here for the sake of such a happiness. But I am for to-morrow bound here with chains quite adamantine. I have to preach before the University at eleven o'clock a sermon [1] on the commemoration of our benefactors. If you could hear me I think you would be edified by a document which I have to read after my sermon, in which our benefactors are enumerated, beginning with 'that most glorious king of the East Angles, Sigebert, in the seventh century; after him Offa, king of the Mercians, in the eighth century; then that mighty monarch and most excellent Prince Alfred in the ninth,' &c. Does not this sound well?

I grieve with much affliction at the state in which you are left at the once happy hall, and at the effect on your feelings, so natural, which you describe. But pray do not become ill in consequence. Hare joins me in most earnest entreaties to this effect. I can but wonder in anger and indignation at the unknown person or persons by whose fault you are condemned to your solitude and discomfort. Hare had observed lights in the windows when he passed Hyde Hall on Tuesday, and had speculated on them with fruitless ingenuity till I solved the riddle for him. I am obliged to conclude, but pray do not be unhappy. Adieu, dearest Lady Malcolm.

This is followed next day by a letter inclosing verses to be forwarded to little Kate Malcolm as a gift on her twelfth birthday; of which verses the covering letter to her mother explains the origin. They have sometimes been supposed to be a translation from the German.

[1] Of this sermon Mr. Hare wrote in a letter to Lady Malcolm which has been preserved: 'Whewell's sermon to-day was of course full of thought and of power. He had to glance over a very great variety of subjects, and threw light on them all; his account of the way in which the ordinances and institutions of religion act upon mankind was exceedingly beautiful.'

To Lady Malcolm] *Trinity College: Oct.* 28, 1827.

Kate's birthday, a day by no means to be forgotten or confounded with other days, must account for the multifarious contents of this packet. I presume that you are likely to be sending something to Eastbourne, so that it will be possible to have my homage conveyed at or about the time when it is due. One part of it is a long and doleful ballad,[1] which, if you are tempted to read it, will not perhaps dispel the gloom which hangs about Hyde Hall at present; but it may be some alleviation to your vexation, if you have not, as I hope, already dismissed it, to refer a portion of it to two poor lovers who died in the fourteenth century. The story is one which was told me at Vienna as belonging to a very pretty Gothic building, consisting of a cluster of niches and pinnacles in the form usually called a cross, which stands in the road near the city. When I repeated the legend to Miss Manning she appeared taken with it, and my ballad was begun with the intention of laying it at her feet. I was at that time very reasonably dissatisfied with the performance, and left it half finished, in which condition I found it a few days ago. I have written a few additional lines to it, and venture to offer it as a tribute on Miss Kate's day of queenship. I am obliged to come with a present, I fear, so unworthy, for in truth last week has been by no means a week with me adapted to the fabrication of such matters; I have at present as many employments and offices as a single man can well deal with, all which, at their beginning, make demands upon me in a manner rather imperious and exigeant.[2]

I do not cease to grieve at your loneliness and annoyance at Hyde Hall; hoping, however, that there is some good reason for it, and some greater inconvenience avoided thereby. Hare informs me that you had an intention, or at least a speculation, of going to Harrogate. In the ancient times of Hyde Hall such a circumstance would have made it very probable that you would not go there, but to some place quite different. Perhaps we are so changed that we may come at last to do what we intend.

[1] Spinning Maiden's Cross.

[2] Mr. Whewell was Moderator. In a letter to his aunt of December 27, he says, 'My colleague in this employment is King, whom you may perhaps recollect as one of my early acquaintances at Cambridge.'

If you are there at Christmas I am afraid I shall not see you then, for the amount of my holidays this winter will not be more than a few days about that time, and the extent of my excursions will probably not be further than London. I suppose that sooner or later you will reach that destination, and then I may hope again to have the satisfaction of seeing you. Sedgwick is here, full of Scotch stories, as I told you, and delighted with all that he has done and had done to him. The latter portion of his adventures seems to have consisted in his having two or three large breakfasts given him every day, and a superb dinner late at night when his work was over. He is at present proctor, in virtue of which office he on Sundays goes to church in a silk *slip* and sash, carrying a large book by a brass chain; and on other days walks about the streets with three tall men following him who are called 'bull-dogs,' and taking cigars out of the mouths of all the dissolute young men who use them.

We commemorated the glorious Sigebert and the excellent Alfred to-day, as I told you we were to do. To-morrow begins a new week of lectures, some on triangles, some on late hours, as the case may be. The worst of it is that we can no longer break this succession of things by making a truant expedition to Hyde Hall twice a month. I hope that respectable hall continues the seat of good health at least, if not of good spirits. Pray do not carry away a hostile parting impression of the poor old house. Leave it in sorrow, if it must be so (and not otherwise), but not in anger. All the unpleasant feeling that your expedition may have drawn on will, I hope, vanish at the first gleam and sound of Eastbourne faces and voices.

The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

Beneath Vienna's ancient wall
  Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
  That seek the Holy Land.

And from the wall a little space,
  And by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
  A tall and slender shrine.

It seems, so standing there alone,
To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
But toucht with joy and woe;

Seems to the stranger on his way,
A friend that forth had set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveller,
Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
Of joy or sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted, by
The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

For many have parted there and met,
And many a year has run,
Since Wenzel there met Margaret,
Since Margaret there spun.

Young Margaret has the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever failed her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath morn had smiled,
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Margaret, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side,
In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
Or in the Augarten's shade.

'Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Will link my lot with thee.

And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
Where distant Donau shines,
He gives a cot where we shall dwell,
And tend his spreading vines.'

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er;
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath-bell
Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
And Margaret to hear.

'Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
Joy yet;—but patience now;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
Hath bound him with a vow.

And he must to the Holy Land,
Our Saviour's tomb to free;
And I and all his faithful band
Must with him o'er the sea.'

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
But calm was she to view;
Meekly she bore her happiness,
Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came
Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred marks of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single mark of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
Each day she took her stand;
And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

But all in vain it grew, alas!
Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
The travellers once more.

And when to her their news they said,
All cheer and hope were gone;
For Wenzel is in prison dead,
His captive sorrows done.

Then on her face what woe was set!
Yet still she spun and spun,
As if her hands could not forget
The work they had begun.

And still beside th' accustomed stone,
Each day she took her stand,
And twirl'd the thread till day was done,
With unremitting hand.

Through shine and rain, and heat and snow,
Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonth so,
And then she gently died.

They took the treasure she had won,
Full many a varied coin;
And o'er the stone where she had spun,
They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
Her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall,
The Spinning Maiden's Cross

On November 9, Lady Malcolm appears to have been re-established at Eastbourne; and a fragment of a letter addressed to her there survives, in which Mr. Whewell says:—

It gave me pleasure, though of a very sad and melancholy cast, to receive your short and kind note written when you were about to leave poor Hyde Hall. It could not but give me pleasure to find that you thought of me at such a time and with such feelings; and I shall consider the date of my receiving that memento as the period of my final separation from that darling place, if, indeed, we are never to meet there again. I trust that you found at Eastbourne all that you wished, and enough to dispel the gloom which your solitary sojourn so naturally gathered.

I hope Miss K. W. Malcolm, aged twelve, is well. Of course it was not to be doubted for a moment that I should be more gratified with a letter written on October 31 [1] than on any other day, and I am most particularly obliged to Miss Manning for complying with Kate's wise and kind suggestion. For that, and all the kind words and thoughts of that day, I shall have a place in my memory. My dear Lady Malcolm, do not fancy I write so very ill out of pure caprice, for it is really all that I can do to find half an hour for such a pleasant employment—I do not mean as writing ill, but as writing to you at all. My occupations have lately come so fast, and so completely choked up the day, that I have been ready to say with Damien, on the morning when he was to be tortured, 'Le jour sera fort, mais il finira.' I read nothing, except that I have got Scott's new book on my table, which is a book that will read itself. I have only begun it, but I am much pleased with the wise philosophy of the account he gives of himself: the resolution he formed to avoid resting too much on his literary fame that he might avoid the jealousy and inquietude of literary life. Adieu. Romilly[2] will rave! My very affectionate remembrances to all.

[1] Miss Kate Malcolm's birthday.

[2] This portion of the letter began with 'I shall borrow a few minutes longer, and Romilly's dinner-party may wait.'

To his Sister Ann]

Though I have written to you so seldom I have sent you the Cambridge paper, which contains every fortnight an article written by me; I mean the article about the Philosophical Society, which, being the secretary, I am bound to furnish. I think you will be in no danger of being proud of this my authorship if you look at the last article; where, having written very hastily, I have talked of a deformity in the teeth of a rook instead of saying its bill. Is not this an absurd mistake?

The following letter refers to Mr. Whewell's appointment as Professor of Mineralogy. This took place early in the year 1828, the appointment having been delayed for nearly three years owing to legal difficulties respecting the proper mode of making it. He held the chair for ten years, and then resigned it on his appointment as Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistry—or, as he preferred to call it, Professor of Moral Philosophy.

To his Aunt and Sisters] *Cambridge: April* 4, 1828.

You would probably see in Mr. Hodson's last paper that I had been appointed Professor of Mineralogy. My new dignity is more a matter of honour than of profit, for there is no salary attached to the office except 100*l.* a year, which is given by Government to all our Professors who lecture, and which I suppose I shall receive, as I shall lecture on minerals some time next year.

My forerunners in the professorship were in the first place Dr. Clarke, for whom it was founded—the celebrated traveller who went into Russia, Norway, Turkey, India, Egypt, and various other countries about 1797 and the following years, and wrote five or six large quartos on the subject of his travels, which were very much read and admired. In the course of his travels he made a considerable collection of minerals, which he brought to Cambridge, and gave lectures upon them. After having done this for two years he was appointed Professor, and

held the office until 1822, when he died. I knew him for some time before his death, and considered him, as everybody did who knew him, as one of the most delightful companions and most highly gifted men that had ever come among us. Nobody who did not know him can conceive the charm of his eloquence and vivacity and good humour. He was followed in the professorship by my very intimate friend Henslow, who has since been appointed to the Professorship of Botany, and so given up that of Mineralogy.

Dr. Clarke's collection of minerals was after his death purchased by the University for 1,500*l.*, and of this I have the care. I have been for some years employing myself a good deal on matters connected with this subject, so that I have been desirous of making it my business as far as I have time for it, and this it is now become.

To his Aunt and Sisters] *Tan-y-Bwlch Inn, N. Wales: June* 15, 1828.

I am travelling with my friend Jones, and having left London last Wednesday we have been exploring the most picturesque parts of this country for the last four days. We have taken up our headquarters at a place called Capel Curig, which is an inn standing alone in one of the wildest and most desolate parts of Wales, very near the steepest side of Snowdon. The whole district consists of vast black moors; and rugged stony hill-sides, and little threads of streams tumbling along their rocky beds; and broad cloud-like mountains above. At a small distance in every direction are valleys full of woods, and pastures, and prettily situated houses, and everything which makes a beautiful landscape.

We shall probably return to-morrow to our temporary home. We have had beautiful weather and everything which could make our travelling delightful. In a few days I must return to Cambridge.

About this time Mr. Whewell wrote to Mr. Rose:—

I am sorry to hear of your asthma. If it arose from spending your breath in preaching to us here, let it be your comfort that it was not thrown away. You produced no small impres-

sion on people's minds, and, so far as I can judge, have no reason to complain of being injured by juxtaposition with other luminous bodies.

I have only just begun Napier's 'Peninsular War.' Sedgwick has read it, and is delighted with the military views which it contains, but he is not insensible to the faults you mention. He seems to think, and Peacock also, that it may change people's opinion of Cintra and Moore. I think it was very bad reading for a man with a weak chest, and so you seem to have found it.

I shall be in London in June for a day or two, and might possibly make my way to Horsham, if that were likely to suit your convenience; but I am sorry to say that this is not certain, for I have to spend most of the month in making my pendulums rehearse the parts they will have to perform in Cornwall in July.

Mr. Wordsworth and his womankind and brother leave us to-morrow for London. I wish I had seen more of him than I have.

To his Sister] *Cambourne, Cornwall: July* 14, 1828.

I am here with my former companion, Professor Airy, to complete the experiments which we left unfinished before, and we have this time a larger party than we had on the former occasion. Professor Sedgwick and Sheepshanks are with us, and two others.

I came here by a very pleasant road through Salisbury and Charmouth, which is on the coast of Dorsetshire, and then along the coast of the bay there, through a succession of pretty watering-places to Torquay, and so across the country to Plymouth, where the opening of the river which forms the harbour and the surrounding hills are very grand.

I shall probably be here for some weeks, as Sedgwick and I are going to examine the rocks of this country, through a considerable extent, probably along the coast to the Land's End.

The next family letter from Cambourne, August 10, is addressed to Mrs. Statter, and expresses his warm sympathy with her recent sorrow in the loss of her baby. He continues:—

I thought a few days ago that I had finished all that I had to do underground in the mine where we carry on our operations, but in consequence of some imperfection in what we have already done [a letter to his friend Mr. Richard Jones says: 'A rascally piece of steel deviated $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch from a straight line, by the fault of Thomas Jones, of Charing Cross'] it may possibly be necessary to repeat our experiments in part. In the meantime the people here are very civil and obliging, though most of them are sadly puzzled to make out what our object is. They wonder exceedingly at the quantity of instruments which we have brought with us, and, to tell the truth, very naturally, for our apparatus consists of three clocks and about ten watches, large and small; besides a great variety of telescopes and measuring instruments with large iron and wooden stands, some of which machines we have had to send down a pit about ten times as deep as Lancaster church steeple is high. One report which was circulated among the miners with regard to us was that a star had fallen, and consequently been missed in the sky, and that we had come to look for it in the mines of Cornwall. The gentry in the neighbourhood have also been very civil to us, and we have all been to dine with Lord de Dunstanville, who is the great man in this part of the world.

As soon as I am at liberty here I intend to make a little tour round the Land's End, and so through a different part of the country back into the regions nearer home. My aunt, who likes flowers, would be delighted with this climate, which is remarkably favourable to them. Myrtles grow in the open air, and geraniums so exposed will live through the winter. Hydrangeas grow as large as apple trees, and many other greenhouse plants require no shelter. There is a very pretty heath which is, I believe, peculiar to certain districts in this country, and various other luxuries for florists of which I know nothing.

Remember me kindly to your husband, who I hope is well. You have a new bishop[1] of Chester, it appears; he is, I believe, a most excellent person. His books are very good. Give my love to my Aunt and Ann.

[1] J. B. Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

To his Aunt] *Cambourne: Sept.* 1.

Several parts of this neighbourhood are exceedingly beautiful, and remarkable on various accounts.

Two or three nights ago we were at a very striking place, called St. Michael's Mount. It is a castle of Sir John St. Aubyn's, situated on an insulated rock as large as a mountain, in the middle of Penzance Bay. We paid him a visit there, and I slept in a room which had a door opening upon the leads, and thus giving me a view by moonlight of the sea on one side, and of the shores of the bay on the other.

The castle itself is a curious old building, with immensely thick walls, and winding passages, and narrow staircases. The dining-room is a hall exactly like the dining-hall of a college, with dark oak arches supporting the roof, and heavy curious-shaped wooden chairs, one of which was a long time ago the chair of the Abbot of Glastonbury.

Sir John keeps two boats, with rowers to manage them who wear a very peculiar dress. They have red coats with gathered skirts, and white short petticoats over their white trousers, a large plate of metal with his coat of arms on the left arm, and leathern helmets on their heads.

In a boat manned by these sailors we went a mile or two to see the catching of pilchards, which is one of the principal employments of people here, and is a very curious and lively sight.

We afterwards, at Penzance, went to see the way in which these fish are cured. The quantity of them is quite enormous, a large yard being filled with them so deep that it would take a person up to the middle; and all round this heap women are employed in building the fish in stacks, with layers of salt between them. After they have lain there some time they are put into barrels and the oil squeezed out, and they are then ready for eating. They are very like a herring, but fatter, and most people think not so good.

When they are stacked, the smell is so offensive, and the filth so disgusting, that you would wonder how the women bear it. They receive threepence an hour, and are obliged to drink a glass of brandy every three hours to enable them to support the labour.

To his Sister] *Milton: Dec.* 25, 1828.

A happy Christmas to you, and many returns of it. I came here yesterday, and expect to be able to finish my letter this fine Christmas morning, before other people come down to breakfast.

I am sitting here with Milton Park spread out before my window, a beautiful lawn extending to a great distance (tenanted by an abundance of deer), and with a piece of water close by, where, I believe, if I were to go and look, I should find water-fowl of various kinds, tame and wild, taking their morning swim.

I agree very exactly with what you say of Miss Kelty, but I should like much to know what are the particulars in which you think she reasons ill. I always considered it to be a defect in the book that its reference to Madame de Staël's writings would only be understood by those who had read them and been much carried away by them, which I believe was Miss Kelty's case formerly, but which cannot apply to any large portion of her readers. However, there may be many who may be profited by the book in various ways.

The Christmas of 1828 and of several subsequent years was spent by Professor Whewell at Milton. In the course of January 1829 he went to London to be present at the marriage of his friend Sir John Herschel to Miss Stewart. In April he wrote to Mr. Wilkinson:

I think I am scarcely likely to be in the north this year: it seems to me that I must absolutely revisit Germany and Switzerland. I have been living for the last eight years upon my recollections, very imperfect ones, of the Alps; and really I cannot be such a bear as to go on sucking my paws any longer. I have not yet traced the detail of my intended course; but I shall, as soon as the business of the year begins to fall away from about me, put on my travelling cap and turn its visor towards the south. In the meantime I have got enough to employ the 'shining' hours of May; for, besides the usual work of lecturing men in Newton, and scolding them for keeping late hours, I have to give my first course of lectures in Mineralogy.

I have got several nice things to say upon this latter subject which it would do you good to hear.

These inevitable employments come upon me so fast that I must give up the earth's density to others, and go on walking about upon its surface without knowing how much denser it is than its inhabitants. No doubt this is humiliating enough; but really the mining experiments are such hard labour, and take so much time, that I have not courage to resume them. Moreover, our pendulums have taken to such bad ways that I cannot tell how to set about reforming them. I have no clear notion where the fault was, and till that is made out I see no good in repeating the experiment.

Nothing seems yet settled about our chance of an election. Some talk of Cavendish, the future Duke of Devonshire, who last year was second wrangler, first Smith's prizeman, &c.; but he seems to be considered too young.

June 3, he writes to the same correspondent that Mr. Cavendish

Is now a candidate, and I can truly say that there has never been a young man under my notice who offers a better promise of the qualities that we should desire. If you think that we ought to have something more than promise, I can only say that to elect Cavendish now seems to me the only chance of electing him at all; that it must be considered as a proof that we rest his pretensions entirely upon his academical character. He is really a very excellent mathematician, both as to talent and acquirement, inventive as well as solid; and, with regard to his character, he is more candid, modest, and reasonable than any pupil I ever had; utterly free from the exaggeration and love of novelty which our clever men often have. I cannot pretend to say what his opinions may be on particular points; but I am sure that he will never want respect and attachment for the University, or any other portion of our inherited institutions, and that no shade of weakness, concession, or dishonour will ever visit his name.

His opponent, George Bankes, comes forward with some attempt to make himself the representative of the no-popery men, though, in fact, he is supported by the pro-popery Ministry,

or, at least, some of them. I cannot but feel some indignation at the carelessness which some of these gentlemen show with regard to the dignity and consistency of the University; but I hope we shall leave them only the merit of having attempted to sacrifice it to their own fancies.

I hope you will come and help us to show that we wish to select our representative on higher grounds. I believe the election will be at the end of next week, and I shall be quite rejoiced to see your face before I set forth for foreign parts, which will be my next employment. I hope you will be able to come.

Whether or not Mr. Wilkinson came up from Sedbergh to vote, we know that Mr. Cavendish was returned member for the University of Cambridge at this election.

The pocket-books of this year contain a brief pencil diary, and also a number of votes and memoranda, chiefly mineralogical and architectural, made during the tour in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, upon which Mr. Whewell started on July 4. In the course of it he went to a certain Herr Ober Baurath Moller, at Darmstadt, to whom he had letters, and heard from him the story of the discovery of the original drawings of the cathedral at Cologne. Herr Moller told him, as we learn from a note book:

He had already studied Cologne, so that he was familiar with its details; he also knew that there had formerly been belonging to the church many of these drawings. It was a well-known fact that there had been such, but nobody knew what had become of them. It was naturally enough supposed that the French had got hold of them, and that they had been carried to Paris, and (if I understood him well) a search was made there, but with no success. In fact the drawings seemed to be a hopeless history. 'One morning,' he said, 'a young man came to me, a painter whom I knew, and offered me some old rolls of parchment, drawings of architecture; he had told

me of them before: he described them as drawings of Strasburg Cathedral. I began to unroll the parchment. From a small portion of the lower part I recognised Cologne. I had before drawn it, and I knew that the original drawings had disappeared. My wife, who was sitting by making coffee, said that I turned quite pale immediately. I told my friend that I should be glad to have his parchments, that I would pay him for them, which he declined. I had them unrolled then, found them what I had expected, and was overjoyed.

'As to the history of this affair it appears to be this. The treasures of Cologne were saved by being sent to Prague. At the peace of Lunéville, the commissioners who were to settle the interests of the conterminous states met at Darmstadt, at the Grape. All official papers were brought there; and among the rest it would seem these Cologne ones. After the arrangement of affairs, the French ambassador, who had the management of these matters, left a quantity of papers and documents, which appeared to him useless, to be disposed of by the waiter at the Grape. Among these was this Cologne drawing. It was stuffed into a granary, was used for some time for drying beans, and might have lain there till now but for an event (query, the peace of 1814?) which brought about an illumination. Parchments were then sought out for transparencies, and among the rest it would seem that my friend the painter got possession of this one, which I had from him.'

The diary shows that Mr. Whewell habitually talked to all his fellow-travellers and extracted from them all the information he could. Sometimes a servant girl going to place tells him about wages; or a Belgian laments the high duty upon distillation, which shuts up all the smaller stills; or an ex-Franciscan or Benedictine monk tells him how the convent land was farmed, the wages of the lay brethren, &c. He always offered a seat in his hired carriage to any intelligent person travelling in the same direction. At Spires he notes that he fell in with a Frenchman who had been quarrelling with the Douane on occasion of his bringing from Baden a musical

instrument with keys, the notes of which are produced as in the wind harmonica, and adds: 'The difficulty of getting on with a German in conversation strikes one more on meeting a Frenchman. The German answers all your questions with the most sincere goodwill, but there you stick—you never set him off.'

At Cologne he says: 'The architect at Beauvais seems to have tried to do that in which the architect of Cologne has succeeded—enormous clerestory, open triforium, double tracery in both I think. The effect is delightful and majestic.' And at Strasburg he remarks 'that the cathedral there is the realisation of what Cologne was intended to be, so far as transparency is concerned. The proportions are very different, but the triforium, made into window with double tracery and coloured glass, makes the whole like the inside of a particoloured jewel. Nothing can be more rich and vision-like, though it has not the sober and proportioned dignity of a building with a triforium.' After visiting the source of the Danube in Prince Fürstenburg's grounds, he mentions his arrival at 'the edge of the great basin of Switzerland—a most glorious prospect. The Lake of Constance spread out on the left, the cloudy and uncertain Alps in the distance, and in the midst of the scene six grand castled eminences scattered over a space of five or six miles. The summits bold, and rising abruptly from the more level land, and the rüins one more picturesque than another. If the snowy Alps are seen from hence, as I am told is the case in clear weather, I cannot imagine a more magnificent view. I hope for a fine morning to-morrow—and then!'

The entry next morning unfortunately is: 'August 7—Wretchedly bad weather'; however, after quarrelling with tailor and shoemaker, he adds: 'Off to Schaffhausen—

went immediately to the fall. It is grand in all aspects, but standing in the gallery, all the surrounding objects confused by the blinding spray and a sort of eternity of waters hurrying past and filling the eye, one can scarce believe that the solid universe is not drifting away with immeasurable violence. They have managed also that the water leaps *at* you, and only seems just to fall short by a foot.'

To the Rev. Hugh James Rose] *Grimsel: Aug.* 18, 1829.

I am living an exceedingly pleasant vagabond idle sort of life, walking twenty or thirty miles a day among the highest parts of the Alps, and, as I have nothing to do in the intervals of gazing at snow mountains and waterfalls but think about my friends, it is only reasonable that I should write to them, or otherwise how should they be the wiser for my thinking? To tell the truth, I cannot promise you that you will be the wiser for my writing, for I have nothing to talk about but myself and my whereabouts; and the circumstances that are to me most striking and important are such as it is not easy to convey in description.

I am just arrived here after seeing on my road the glacier from which the Rhône issues, and a magnificent sight it is. When first I began to travel amongst picturesque scenery, I had a great desire 'to hunt the waterfalls,' as the poet hath it; and I pursued this chase till I found that it generally ended in disappointment. All the celebrated waterfalls are either too low, like Schaffhausen, or too scantily supplied with water, like the Staubbach; and at last I came to the conviction that a proper and complete waterfall is not to be found. Nature has got an abundance of water in the highest valleys of the earth, and on the very tops of her tallest and wildest mountains, but she does not choose to amuse mankind by tossing a river half-a-mile abroad down a precipice a thousand feet high, though it would be no trouble to her to do so. She either leads the rivulets down into the plains by an endless number of small leaps, as if she were educating them for a large plunge just as they lose the opportunity of making it; or she splits them into small

filaments till they have hardly weight enough to drop down the hill sides when it becomes necessary for them to do it. And these being the courses she pursues, I had, as I have said, despaired of seeing a proper waterfall, complete in its dimensions and proportions.

From the sight of the Rhône-glacier, however, I have learnt that nature has a love for the form of a waterfall such as I desired to see, but that for some good reason (possibly to prevent the valley below from being inundated) she turned the waterfall to ice as soon as she had set it a-going. You are to imagine (if you have seen it you are to *recollect*, which will have the advantage of giving you a still more distinct conception) a waterfall half-a-mile broad and a thousand feet high, leaping down between mountains, gigantic even when compared with its dimensions, and laden with eternal snows; and you are to suppose that this vast sheet of water, as soon as it touches the bottom of the valley into which it plunges, boils up and spreads itself over a far wider space as it rushes away. You are then to wave the wand of your imagination a second time, and to turn all this cataract to ice, and you will have the glacier of the Rhône. You are to suppose all the partial torrents and bounds of water which are woven together to make its expanse to be modelled in strange and fantastic pyramids of ice with deep blue chasms between; and the lines of the water below, as it diverges and hastes away, to be pencilled with the same deep crevices. I am afraid that all this is not much in description, but to look it in the face under a beautiful blue sky is a good employment for an August morning.

I have been living with all sorts of odd people for the last week or two. My regular guide is a proper patriotic guide of Schwytz, who has sent his son to learn French at Lausanne, and is doubting whether he shall make him a guide like himself, a waiter at an inn, or a priest. Besides him I have had an old merry chamois hunter, a cowman from one of the highest châlets of the Alps, and a Grison crystal hunter, from whom I got much valuable information in the way of my craft. My hosts have been either worthy landammans or priests. Last night I established myself in a little village under the shoulder of St. Gothard, considerably above the line of trees and corn,

and a little below that of snow. When I had been there a little while, my host appeared in the shape of a Capuchin friar, with a brown beard, coarse wrapper and hood, and a knotted rope round his middle. He discoursed to me concerning his parishioners, whom he explained to be a milk-eating people, without want, superfluity, or disease; with no meat, firing, or summer. There is no secular clergyman there, and my friend with the hood is clerk, parson, and schoolmaster for the village. The provincial makes his visitation every now and then, and if he finds that the Capuchin has too much butter or cheese, the only articles in which he can be superfluous, he sends the excess to some parish or convent where there is too little. In such cases as this (Realp is the name of the village) one can understand the advantage that there is in having a body of clergy under vows of poverty and obedience, who may supply the want of a sufficient national establishment.

I have been clambering over the backs of glaciers and up to the tops of divers horns and culms with much gratification. A very idle life it is, but I expect to return not a 'sadder and a wiser man' perhaps, but rather less sad and more ignorant. I do not know whether I can do anything for you among those very worthy people the Germans; but if I can, write to Heidelberg. There is to be a marvellous Gesammlung of Naturforschers there, which I, all unworthy as I am, shall try to attend. I hope you are well and prosperous, pummelling the Germans and the heterodox as much as is good for them and you, and no more. I shall be rejoiced to meet you in Cambridge again, and by that time, having talked with divers Germans, I may be enabled to discourse to you about faith and reason more obscurely than ever but perhaps with reasonable moderation and good hope of coming to a conclusion. Give my best regards to Mrs. Rose, and beg her of all love to establish herself in a more collegiate part of Cambridge in the autumn. I hope your asthma has ceased to persecute you, and that you are able to execute your duties of Christian Advocate. I grieve that I must turn my face northwards again without 'doing my Italy,' as some of our friends very classically call it, but there is no help for it.

I am writing here, 6,570 feet above the sea (according to

Ebel), in a house full of foolish English men and women. Why should they climb so high? I believe they rise like balloons, in proportion to their want of ballast. Adieu. I am becoming sleepy and peevish I suppose.

The following letter to his sister, Miss Whewell, containing some brief account of the remainder of his tour, is interesting because of a characteristic, and amusingly earnest, protest against the habit of checking admiration by comparison. He was always impatient of it, as of an unworthy attempt to account for or justify an imperfect sensibility to beauty, and used frequently to say we should do much better if we had no comparatives or superlatives in the language—'or were debarred from all use of them except for purposes of mensuration.'

To his Sister] *Nuremberg: Sept.* 13, 1829.

I got your letter at Munich, having previously written to you from Milan.

I am glad you have been seeing the English Lakes, and are pleased with them. They do not much resemble the celebrated lakes and valleys abroad, but we are not on that account to suppose that they are necessarily inferior. Their beauty is of a different kind and on a smaller scale, but in its way is as exquisite and perfect as anything which is to be found in any country. The people of former times who made the proverb that 'Comparisons are odious' were wise and sensible people; for nothing can be more tiresome than to hear people talk as if all beauties at home were to be compared with something in other countries, and to be considered as worthless because they are not of the same class. So, if anybody tells you that our lakes are far inferior to the scenery of Switzerland and Italy, you may depend upon it that they are not good judges of beauty; and that, not having any distinct feeling of pleasure from what they see, they substitute instead of this feeling a habit of considering objects as first, second, third, &c., of their kind.

So you see the end of it is that you cannot do better than

admire our lakes and mountains at home, and if you have the opportunity and taste to do this you need not repine that you cannot visit the regions of Alpine snow and the birthplaces of gigantic rivers.

You may tell my aunt that I have this time had a very delightful ramble in Switzerland, though far too short. So pleasant, indeed, that though I had by no means good weather I was hardly conscious of this at the time. I worked my way through clouds and rain as well as through clear and sunshine, and was only convinced by looking back upon my tour that I had had but an indifferent portion of the latter.

After passing through Switzerland to Milan I went on to Verona, where I saw many things which interested me, but with far too short an allowance of time.

I am here at Nuremberg, in the most central and oldest part of Germany, and am quite delighted with the number and style of the old buildings and with the old-fashioned looks and ways of the people. Throughout the whole of Bavaria this is remarkable: but there is a difference between the Protestant part in which I am now, and the southern portion, which is Catholic.

At Munich I saw a ceremony which was new to me; a young priest was to perform mass for the first time, and it appears that the custom is on such occasions to choose a little girl, of five or six years old, who is called his bride. This little girl, and a very large troop of girls and young women who form the supposed bridal party, attend the ceremony at church. They are dressed in their finery and flowers, and have garlands of flowers round their left arms. They also wore the Munich headdress, which consists of a curious bag of rich gold or silver stuff for the curls at the back of the head, which looks very gay. After the ceremony there is an entertainment, and used to be dancing, but the latter is now forbidden.

To Lady Malcolm] *Trinity College: Feb.* 7, 1830.

I have been reading the 'Life of Sir Thomas Munro,' which has exceedingly interested and pleased me. The man's character and progress, the history of the country, the letters included in the book (several of Sir John Malcolm and of the Duke of Wellington) have given to it quite an irresistible charm,

and in perusing it I have been struck repeatedly with a reflexion which has many times before occurred to me—that the important and responsible employments of our countrymen who manage our oriental possessions give them a practical dignity of character and wisdom of view which few or none of our European statesmen reach. In the East officers have to deal with the characters and conditions and interests of nations; here in England our politicians are wrangling about the projects of parties or the advancement of individuals. I often think that if there be native historians and essayists and poets they must talk of our principal Indian soldiers and politicians as the earliest European poets and historians talked of the great conquerors and lawgivers who were the founders of European civilisation and advancement. I am delighted at the prospect of discussing such matters with Sir John on his return, which I hope will take place safely and prosperously before long.

In January of this year Professor Whewell passed a week with Lord Milton. In June he visited Sir John and Lady Herschel at Slough. August found him at Bristol, whence he went with Mr. Rickman for a tour in Devonshire and Cornwall. Later in the year he was at Lancaster, but this year seems to have been so full of work as to leave less time than usual for letters, and, excepting an undated one to Mr. Wilkinson (accompanying a little book, apparently an architectural treatise), and probably belonging to this time, none have been found which possess much general interest.

To the Rev. H. Wilkinson]

I should have answered your letter sooner, but various matters have prevented it. One of these matters is the accompanying little book, which will tell you its own story—I hope in an intelligible dialect. I did not expect that it would have been so long before I should have been able to send it you, for I began to print it mainly with the intention of getting rid of the subject, of throwing it off my hands and out of my head, that I might attend to other things. But I found, as always happens,

that it is easier to get into the hands of the printer than out of them.

However, I have now put my notions upon arches in such a form that you may perhaps make out something of my speculations. You will find that I have seen arches in various forms, but none, I think, precisely with such a makeshift as you have got. At Bayeux they came nearest to it, for they have stuck in a pier between each two of the original ones, as I have mentioned in my book. I should like much to go about this country, and others, collecting such examples of transition practices, but I believe the fates forbid my doing anything without interruption for some time to come. I do not think I shall pursue my German churches during the coming summer.

It is a journey something like that in the Vision of Mirza, where you have arches more and more obscure, more and more imperfectly formed, till at last you can see them no further.

I believe I am more likely to make a progress through divers parts of England ending with the 'north countree,' and if I do this it shall go hard but I shall see you at Sedbergh, provided you are visible.

I think I must put off till then any detailed account of the present state of progress of most of our friends. Jones's book on Political Economy is in the University Press, and will, I expect, *faire époque* in the science, when it does appear, which I would hope will be this next spring, but he is heinously dilatory.

I write in haste, knowing that the discount upon a letter is to many people (and you may be one of them) calculated at a high rate; that a little and ill written one *now* is better than a long and orderly one two months hence.

Lady Milton died in December 1830, and Mr. Whewell paid no Christmas visit at Milton.

The first letter to his sister of this year contains indications of the various subjects which had been engaging his attention in the busy months of the past year.

Writing to his friend Mr. Wilkinson a little later, he declares, 'We are all becoming wonderfully learned in

architecture here, and the agitation of the question has done more in that way than the erection of a professorship of architecture and two scholarships could have done.'

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Feb.* 16, 1831.

I am afraid you will not find in my packet much to interest you. The 'British Critic' contains two articles which you may place among my other valuable works which you have got, the one on the 'Cambridge Transactions' and the one on 'Lyell's Geology.' The pamphlet about our architectural controversies I have a hand in, but I send it only to make up, for I do not expect you to care for such matters.

I am glad that you like the 'Rectory of Valehead.' It has been very popular, and Evans tells me that he is just called upon for a *third* edition. I mentioned to him the deficiency which you suggested—that the mother of the family was not introduced. He allowed the justice of the criticism, and declared his intention of acting upon it and of introducing such a person in the new edition. It is a wonder certainly that she was not part of the original scheme.

The book occasioned by the Bridgewater Bequest, about which I heard from the Bishop of London when I was at Lancaster, will hardly be written till the Long Vacation. I can scarce find time for my common employments now, and shall want a little leisure for that.

During the journeyings which occupied the summer of this year Mr. Whewell wrote thus to his friend Professor Henslow at Cambridge:—

Edensor, near Bakewell.

I have got so far on my way northwards. I have been rambling about this country with great pleasure, much delighted with the performances of the limestone and its rivers. On the whole I have had beautiful weather, but my last expedition, the day before yesterday, was an exception. I went through Dovedale enveloped in a most persevering rain. In the middle of the glen, and of course of the rain, I met Power, Thomas, and two

other men, I think, both of Cambridge, who were doing their duty as seers of sights no less resolutely than Airy and myself. However, Dovedale is worth a little inconvenience, for I do not think anything can be more beautiful than the closest part of the ravine, with its spires of rock and robes of wood and moss. Mrs. Airy was one of our companions in the expedition of which this was a portion, but she fortunately avoided all the rainy part of our travels.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: Sept.* 19, 1831.

I made a very pleasing expedition after I left you. I went up the valley of the Winning, under Mr. Pilling's management, very prosperously. It is so wide and flat that I daresay you would hardly call it a valley; but with the hills of Bolland on one side and those of Ingleton on the other, though distant, I was very glad to connect it with what I knew before of the shape of the country. Towards the end of my gig-travelling we got in front of Ingleborough, who looked very magnificent, but never got his head quite clear of clouds, and consequently made no signs of intelligence at my having come out of my way to look at him.

My two-wheeled vehicle carried me to Settle, and after a short pause there the coach came and shoved me onwards to Skipton. After that I was obliged to take to an independent conveyance in order to get to Harrogate, which is two stages across country. At the end of the first I was rather puzzled, for the last of the chaises belonging to the place was already taken. Luckily the gentleman who had taken it was going to Harrogate, had not yet started, and was willing to take me with him. What was better: when we had agreed to travel together, I found he was Dr. Lingard of Hornby, the Roman Catholic, a person of no small note in the literary world, the author of a very celebrated history of England. We had met fifteen years ago at a ball at Kirkby Lonsdale, and he appeared as glad to renew our acquaintance as I was.

At Harrogate I found my friend,[1] whom I reckoned on seeing there, at dinner in a gay company of about eighty persons, as fine as people can be at a watering-place. I took up

[1] Mr. Lodge.

my abode there for a few days, but was tempted away during two of them to visit a fine range of architectural remains which I found I was within reach of. I saw Ripon Minster and Fountains Abbey, which are not very far from Harrogate; and then struck across the country into the east of Yorkshire, a part entirely new to me. I found both the scenery and the ruins far more beautiful than I had imagined. The Hambleton Hills are bleak and black, and when I crossed them were vexed with a very fierce storm of thunder and hail; and when I got to the other side I found myself in the most luxuriant and secluded green dells which I ever saw.

These deep valleys go winding and forking in all directions, and in one of the richest and deepest of them I found the magnificent ruin of Rivaulx Abbey. I had hardly daylight enough to see this well, and got late and wet to Helmsley, where I slept. Next morning was all blotted with mist and rain; however, I went back to take another look at Rivaulx, which is, I think, the most beautiful object I ever saw; and then I crossed the hills again by another road to the ruins of Byland Abbey. I got to Harrogate again in time to find my friend Lodge presiding as Master of the Ceremonies at a grand coronation ball.

Next morning I turned my face to the south, and got here in about twenty-two hours, only turning aside at Leeds for an hour to see Kirkstall Abbey—also a very fine ruin. All this architectural sight-seeing was so much clear gain, for I did not reckon upon it when I left you. Since my arrival I have been in Hertfordshire for a few days visiting Mr. Malthus.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: Oct.* 31, 1831.

Besides the common bustle of this time of the year with us, you will have seen that we have had a county election going on.

It ended to-day, the Tory candidate having gone on till he had a majority of 547 against him and then resigned. We expected that there might have been some tumult and disturbance in the town on this occasion, people's minds being so much excited about politics at present. But instead of this it has

gone on, so far, more quietly than a common election, and I hope will pass off in the same tranquil manner.

I think it is since I wrote to you that I have been in Kent. I went after taking my part in the election of fellows which always ends October 1, and was absent for about a week or ten days, partly in London and partly at Brasted, near Sevenoaks. The hop harvest, or rather, I believe I should say, the hop vintage, was over when I reached the hop country; which I was sorry for, for it is one of the most picturesque of country occupations.

The events of 1832 are told with tolerable completeness in the following letters. Work connected with a new edition of his book on Dynamics recalled him to Cambridge immediately after his Christmas visit to Milton, and kept him busily employed all the term. In a letter to Mr. Wilkinson of March 16, he says, 'Briarly has been writing pamphlets on the mathematics of the Reform Bill, in which he makes out that the proper measure of the weight of a borough is $\frac{W^2}{P}$; W being the wealth, and P the population. Gwatkin has written him word that he has altogether left out in his formula the important quantities, I (intelligence), and R (religion).'

In June he attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, going thence with Professor Sedgwick for a few days' tour to Stratford-on-Avon, and other not distant places. During August he travelled, undismayed by cholera, with Mr. Rickman in Normandy, and, along with him, suffered detention as a dangerous character.

An undated letter to Mrs. Statter may probably be referred to this year, and is interesting as giving expression to his admiration and regard for Mrs. Somerville, feelings which long subsequent years of friendship did but confirm and increase.

Among other things I have been occupied during the last week with a very remarkable lady of my acquaintance who has been visiting Cambridge. This is Mrs. Somerville, who is one of the best mathematicians in England, and has recently published a book called 'The Mechanism of the Heavens,' one of the most profound works that has yet appeared on the subject of the Newtonian philosophy of the Universe. It is full of extremely long and difficult calculations, and is not only a very extraordinary book to come from the pen of a lady, but would do credit to any mathematician that England has ever produced. What makes this still more remarkable is that Mrs. Somerville is a very feminine, gentle, lively person, with no kind of pretence to superiority in her manners or conversation; and that she possesses in a very great degree all the usual accomplishments of ladies, such as music, drawing, and various languages. She herself educates her daughters, and there are no girls better taught. Her husband, Dr. Somerville, is physician at Chelsea Hospital at present, having filled medical situations of considerable eminence in various foreign parts. They have been at Cambridge for a week, and everybody has been much pleased to find that a person so celebrated as Mrs. Somerville is, is so pleasing and unassuming, which, however much people may wonder at it, is the most common in persons of the most real strength of mind.

From Cambridge they came to Audley End, Lord Braybrooke's house, fifteen miles from Cambridge, where I am also visiting at present, and whence I write. Audley End is one of the finest and largest nobleman's houses in England; not quite so large as Lord Fitzwilliam's house in Yorkshire, but of a more beautiful kind of architecture.

Perhaps Mr. Whewell's sonnet 'To Mrs. Somerville, on her "Mechanism of the Heavens,"' may appropriately find place here.

To Mrs. Somerville on her 'Mechanism of the Heavens.'

Lady, it was the wont in earlier days
When some fair volume, from a valued pen,
Long looked for, came at last, that grateful men
Hail'd its forthcoming in complacent lays;

As if the Muse would gladly haste to praise
That which her mother, Memory, long should keep
Among her treasures. Shall such usage sleep
With us who feel too slight the common phrase
For our pleas'd thoughts of you, when thus we find
That dark to you seems bright, perplext seems plain,
Seen in the depths of a pellucid mind,
Full of clear thought, pure from the Ill and Vain
That cloud our inward Light; an honoured name
Be yours, and peace of heart grow with your growing fame!

To his Sister] *Cambridge: March* 13, 1832.

I should like much to have one of my aunt's purses, but I have a great belief that anything made of beads is not good to hold money, and I find that purses, even of the strongest make, in a short time let out the money—I mean at the bottom, for as to its getting out at the top there is no help for that, and indeed I believe that people carry purses on purpose that it may do so.

I have been, if possible, busier than usual; for, when I had made up my mind how I would employ myself this year, there came to me the bookseller, and told me that a new edition of one of my mathematical books was wanted; and on looking at it I found that it was quite necessary to write nearly as much more as I had previously printed. This has kept me incessantly employed ever since the 1st of January, and I am only just beginning to see my way to the end of my labour. I shall have to publish two volumes instead of one, and perhaps three. I should have been glad to have been spared this employment of my time, for I want to give it to the Bridgewater dissertation; but I had undertaken the task of teaching our Cambridge folks this branch of mathematics, and must do it as well as I can.

A *lady*, Mrs. Somerville, has been publishing a book on the same subject, and a very good one it is; and I want to make my book correspond with hers, so that they may each help to make the other intelligible and useful.

You mentioned in one of your letters something about the tides in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The tides which are there mentioned are not real tides, but only the effects

of the sea and land breezes, which raise the water at the same hour every day; but if you do find in your missionary books, or any other books, any notices about the tides, let me know, for I believe I shall have to write something about them, and all information on the subject will be useful.

It is even too true that in spite of all my entreaties, which, as you say, were very moving, we have as yet got no museums; but you will see by the last Cambridge paper that they are thinking of making one for my minerals. I hope they will manage it; if they do not, the only way is to beg again, for we get on but slowly with such things in this place.

If you can borrow the last 'Quarterly Review,' you will find an article there on Lyell's 'Geology,' which I hope is not very unintelligible, as it was intended for general readers.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: May* 24, 1832.

I daresay you will recollect that the day on which I am writing is my birthday, and so I take for granted all your good wishes upon it. I do not think it likely that I shall be able to visit Lancaster this summer, for I have a great deal of work to do, which I cannot do anywhere so well as here, and I have two or three visits to pay, which will take up, I think, all the time which I can spare from Cambridge. Almost as soon as I can leave College I must go to the meeting at Oxford, the continuation of that which was held at York last year, and which I could not attend.

In the course of the summer I believe I shall change the apartments in which I live for another set. My present habitation is very pleasant in many ways, and especially at present, for my windows open down to my grass plat, and the lilacs and other flowers are all in full pride. But there are other things which I do not like so well.

So, as a very pretty set of rooms is about to become vacant, I think I shall take them. They are beautifully situated, being on the second story looking along a fine walk of limes, with the nearest pair of trees almost waving against the windows.

I went to London a few days ago, and found Mrs. Somerville and her two daughters walking under the shade of the

trees of *her* College—Chelsea College; a fine place of the style and time of William III., dignified though formal.

To his Sister] *Caen: Aug.* 20, 1832.

I do not think you will suppose me imprudent in coming here, if you recollect that my companion (Mr. Rickman) is a grave, business-like, oldish Quaker, a married man and the father of a family, who would naturally neither wish to expose himself to danger, nor would be allowed to do so by his wife if there were anything to apprehend. In fact, this country is not more afflicted by the cholera than yours.

Hitherto our expedition has answered extremely well; we have had for the most part very fine weather and abundance of curious churches.

Our road has been through Calais, where we landed a fortnight ago, by Boulogne, Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, and Rouen. I have been this morning to see an ancient abbey church which was founded by Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. It only ceased to exist as an abbey at the French Revolution in 1789, and is now used as a hospital, but is still served by nuns. We found a number of these useful persons in every part of the building. They are dressed in white, in a way that gives one the notion of their having a vast quantity of linen wrapped about them, with black veils.

In one room the servants were dining, and one of the nuns, apparently very young, but infinitely grave, was sitting reading exactly in the middle of the hall, I suppose as inspectress. In another place, an ancient church in which the tomb of Matilda still stands, we found several in separate corners saying their prayers. But the greater part were occupied in taking care of the sick. The hospitals in France are much larger than those in England, it being the custom for the poor people to go there more commonly.

It will be about a fortnight longer before we return to England; very early in September I expect to be again at Cambridge.

We are here in a country of wonderful headdresses; the women, especially out of the towns, wear enormous caps, of different patterns in different places, but always exhibiting a

large expanse of muslin and sometimes of lace, and of very odd shapes. The most common here is that of a large grenadier's cap, broken and bent forwards in the middle. The women are in general tall and strong-looking, and with this uniform they look quite formidable. We admire them as we meet them in the street, and the admiration is generally mutual, for my companion is also a very remarkable figure in his way. He wears the Quaker dress, which of itself would draw some notice here, and being a little, round, fat man, with short, thick legs, and a large head, he sets off the dress to great advantage.

It is a difficulty for me to saunter along as slowly as he walks, and as, besides, he is perpetually running from one side of the street to the other to peep into whatever catches his attention, our motions are very irregular and apparently ill connected; and we seldom move far without the honour of some special spectators.

Notwithstanding this I like my companion very much. He is very good-humoured, and very intelligent and active, and I see more by travelling with him than I should do alone, besides understanding the architecture much better.

We are going to set off to-day or to-morrow for Bayeux and Coutances, which is nearly the same route that I followed nine years ago in company with my friend Digby.

To his Aunt] *Winchester: Sept.* 2, 1832.

I daresay you will be glad to hear that I am once more safe on English ground.

Mr. Rickman and I made out our journey in the most agreeable manner, and came over just when we intended to do so, notwithstanding several hindrances that seemed at first likely to interrupt us. We arrived last Wednesday at Honfleur, which is on the opposite side of the Seine, and expected to cross to Hâvre that day; but the weather was so bad that the steam-boat did not venture across, so we were left either to wait or to take some other road. We preferred the latter; and went to a place called Pont Audemer to sleep, and the next day proceeded, with very bad weather, and over roads which I think are infinitely worse than anything in England which pretends to the name, to another point of the Seine opposite

Caudebec, where we passed the river in a ferry-boat, with some difficulty, the wind still being very high.

We were here not able to get anything but an open carriage, which was the less pleasant as we had really a storm of rain during the next stage. However, we managed so as to get only moderately wet; and by posting on as far as daylight would let us, and starting early the next morning, we reached Hâvre in excellent time for the Camilla's voyage, and just exhausted all the bad weather on the land, where, though not comfortable, we could do with it better than we could at sea. We came on from Southampton as soon as the gentry at the Custom House had examined our baggage (which we had to wait for two hours), and Mr. Rickman, finding all the coaches full, went forwards towards Birmingham without delay, as his wife and business wanted him there. I have had a very instructive and agreeable journey with him. We had one amusing adventure. At a place called Norrey we were taken up by the National Guard. We were carried to the Mayor's, a dirty farm-house; and, as his worship was not at home, we were marched off across the country under a guard of three sabres and two fowling-pieces to the next magistrate, who luckily turned out to be a reasonable man. Our convoy declared that they considered us to be dangerous people, that we were drawing their church and had fifty other churches in our pocket-books; but when Rickman produced his printed card, the Mayor of Bretteville sagaciously observed that 'Monsieur n'aurait jamais *improvisé* un timbre comme celui là,' and moreover that it was very important to preserve a good understanding between France and England, and so dismissed us, much to the discontent of the National Guard of Norrey. We found some very intelligent architectural antiquarians at Rouen and Caen. We have, altogether, seen and examined above 130 churches and other buildings in the twenty-five days we have been in France, which is good work.

To Lady Malcolm] *Trinity College: Dec.* 6, 1832.

Lubbock is, as you know, an old and most valued friend of mine, whose excellences and merits I need not tell you of, and

I shall rejoice, with as much joy as any election event can give me, to see him returned as our member.

Do you frown because I can only give him my vote and my good wishes? Pray unbend your brow, for I think you will find these are all I have to give. If, indeed, you can find any persons so extremely sensible and judicious as to ask my advice how they shall vote, pray let me know of them and I shall have no difficulty in dealing with them. I shall tell them that Lubbock and Goulburn will be a most fair and respectable representation of the University, and that Goulburn and a Johnian Tory will not be so; I shall tell them also that Lubbock is a most temperate and moderate person, the most conservative of Whigs, and therefore more likely to conserve than a headlong Tory. But till I have discovered these moderate and open-minded men who will listen to this, I cannot tell how to set about making converts. If I address my arguments to any of our voters who have not taken any interest in our University politics, and who have not invited me to communicate to them my wishes for Lubbock's success, they will probably turn round upon me with some indignation, and ask whether I expect to persuade them that the contest is any other than one between the supporters and the opponents of the Ministry. Very likely they may go further, and ask whether I myself do not consider the Ministry as a dangerous set of people, and how I reconcile it to my conscience to try to add to their strength; and though I may answer these enquiries so as to satisfy myself, I do not think I can do so in such a way as to gain the suffrages of any other person.

I had something of the same sort of task at the last election, when Cavendish was thrown out; and I found then that my efforts were both so ineffective, and so unsatisfactory to myself, that I quite resolved to make no more such, and to leave all the active business of elections to people whose opinions of persons and of principles happen to carry all their sympathies to the same side. For my own part, I try to wrap myself in a philosophical tranquillity which is to last, if possible, till quiet days come back again. Do not despise this my humble endeavour to avoid going wrong; recollect, among other things,

how long it is since I saw any one who bears the name of Malcolm; and then you will the less wonder if my faculties are a little clouded, and my perceptions more obtuse than they were wont to be.

Sedgwick is strenuous, though somewhat grieved by the vehemence of some of his Whig friends here, and truly not without reason. Thirlwall is more staunch still for Lubbock. As for Peacock, I regret to say that, though he has moulted his wig, and rejoices in his own hair, he still does not think with so much liberality as you might expect. He has not yet declared for Lubbock, but I think it very likely he will give him his vote. I do not know whom else you could gain, for I suppose the attempt to bring up Hamilton from (illegible) to neutralize Praed would be even beyond your power. I am afraid you will make out from this epistle that I am not worthy to be your guest; but I will still live in the hope of seeing you before long.

To Lady Malcolm] *Trinity College: Dec.* 27, 1832.

I was delighted beyond measure to receive once more a reasonable-looking crossed letter with such words as Ma-Man and Minny and Kate in the crossings; and should have come to Hastings immediately, to thank you for it, if that had been possible. As matters stand, I must put off for the present, that is for a fortnight, all hope of visiting the beauties and comforts of St. Leonard's. And as I conceive, from what you mention of M. Rio, that a fortnight will be an age lost in his acquisition of information, I will send you without delay such scanty notices as I am able to give which seem at all likely to answer his purpose. I beg to say, at the same time, that I would not send you so much as the title of a Reading-made-Easy, if I thought it would diminish, by the smallest atom, the probability of your bringing M. Rio here, which I think is a most admirable project. We shall not be here in force till the end of January; Sedgwick is gone into the north to rusticate with his own family and with Lodge, for a season; and I shall be very *unstationary* (if there be such a word) for the next three weeks. But after that, only come here, and M. Rio shall

see whether we are not as wise and as learned and as simple-hearted and right-headed as any set of people he can meet with. (I am writing to you who can testify to all this, so you see I do not mince the matter.) We have lost Hare, who certainly was a shining example of some of the qualifications I have mentioned, but still we are as yet far from destitute; and if you will come among us (bringing Malcolms the more the better) you will see us to great advantage, drawing out good qualities that we had of yore, and that have been slumbering for years for want of use. So pray think sincerely and again of that part of your project. I would say that we will talk of it again when we meet; but that I do not wish it to depend on my visiting Hastings, which is not certain.

But I ought to proceed to M. Rio's books before my paper fails me. If I were to recommend limits as well as books, I should say that any foreigner visiting England must be content to read little books and few, except he have an unlimited command of time. And assuming this, I should recommend him to read modern books and popular ones, as specimens of literature as well as sources of information. Taking this line, I should recommend several volumes of 'Lardner's Cyclopædia,' namely the volumes on Cities and Towns. The Reign of George IV. (three vols.), Eminent British Statesmen, Eminent British Military Commanders. A volume on the Iron Manufactories. Another on the Glass and Porcelain Manufactories. I would, moreover, recommend most especially Espriella's letters (by Southey), most amusing and instructive; and Simon's [1] travels in England, full of information. There is an article on the Cotton Manufactory in the Encyclopædia Britannica which gives the history of that extraordinary feature in our economical history. But I should say that the best thing your friend can do is to read the last four or five years of the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews, especially statistical articles. He will find there sound information brought up to modern times, and will, moreover, see something of the spirit of modern English literature. The same works will all give him a view of English literature. Let him

[1] In a later letter he suggests that the traveller's name is Sismonde.

get also a good Road Book, as Paterson's, and perhaps Aikin's England, and I think he will be well provided. If he has a taste for thick quartos, only mention it, and I will give him a list of such, beginning with Colquhoun; but what I have mentioned above are really pleasant reading, and would, I think, set a foreigner a-going to good purpose. I am obliged to write in haste, for I am going out of Cambridge to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

1833-1840.

M. Rio—British Association—Change of Rooms—Charnwood Forest—Tides—Scotch Tour—Mr. Thirlwall—Professor Jones—Favourite Tides—Trinity House Sermon—Ireland—Mr. Airy made Astronomer Royal—Mr. Jones made Tithe Commissioner—Mr. Simeon's Death—Geological Society—Foreign Tour—Sir David Brewster—Sir J. Herschel—Coronation—Brecon—Isle of the Sirens—Château de Meteren—Dr. Chalmers—High Stewardship of the University—Miss Henslow—'Right Spelling'—Stall at Ely for Professor of Casuistry.

THE British Association met at Cambridge in 1833, and Mr. Whewell was secretary. In the autumn of this year he carried out the intention mentioned to his aunt, and removed to a new set of rooms looking across the river and down the lime-tree avenue, which he continued to occupy until his marriage. Short tours with Mr. Rickman and Professor Sedgwick, visits to Mr. Airy and other friends, and an expedition to London to see Sir John Herschel off for the Cape, seem to have occupied all the leisure this year had to give.

To Lady Malcolm]

Brasted, near Sevenoaks: Jan. 13, 1833.

In the list of books which I mentioned at your request (and which perhaps I might improve after conversing with M. Rio on his more peculiar objects) I believe I mis-spelt the name of one of the authors. I think Sismonde, not Simon, is the name of the traveller whose book I recommended. It is one of the best accounts of England which a foreigner can have; full of information and amusement. Of course he will read Count

Pecchio's book (which I recommend to your notice also). And he may read Harriet Martineau's books, which are in wonderful circulation at present, and so, suited to one who wants to catch the current of popular opinion. But if he does, I hope he will have, along with much admiration of her power of inventing and describing, a proper horror of some of her doctrines and feelings. The last, which is about the French Revolution, is positively revolting and bloody-minded. But she is a remarkable person. She is now enjoying the honours of her *lionhood* in London, and is taken into favour by '*Grey*' and '*Brougham*,' as I hear she calls them. However, she is forty, ugly, and deaf.

Mr. Jones, your old acquaintance, at whose house I am staying, is just appointed Professor of Political Economy (Miss Martineau's subject) at King's College, London. I have no doubt he will lecture admirably. He wants me to learn where Sir John is, that he may apply to him for some Indian information.

To his Sister Ann] *Trinity College: June* 5, 1833.

I have been making a little expedition of two days into Northamptonshire with Mr. Rickman, my architectural friend, to see some churches, which he thinks are certainly older than the Norman conquest, though the antiquarians have hitherto held that we have no remains concerning which that degree of antiquity could be proved. Those which Mr. Rickman has fixed upon are certainly very curious.

We are now all very busy in preparing for the meeting of the British Association, which is fixed for the twenty-fourth. I am Secretary this year. Till it is over I cannot pretend even to guess what I shall do with the remainder of the vacation.

Our weather has been beautiful; abundance of brightest of sunshine, with rain enough, now and then, to keep everything green and sweet. I never saw our groves and gardens looking better, and I begin to feel very desirous of going somewhere where there are valleys and rivers worthy of the season; but, as I have said, I cannot yet foresee what I shall do after the beginning of July, when I shall be more at liberty.

Your suggestion about my book and the difficulty in it was,

I believe, too late; the part of the second edition to which you refer was printed already; otherwise I should have tried to make the matter clearer. The law of the inverse square is the law or rule that the forces by which bodies are attracted to one another becomes less, exactly in proportion as the square of the distance becomes greater; that is, at double the distance the force is one-fourth as great, at three times the distance the force is one-ninth as great, and so on. I had tried to explain this in the beginning of the chapter, but probably had not put it clearly enough.

Dr. Kidd of Oxford has published his Treatise, and Dr. Chalmers has just put out his. I will bring or send them as soon as I can.

To his Aunt] *Cambridge: July* 29, 1833.

I sent you, a little while ago, a parcel of papers and books from which you would perceive how busy we have been, but I see you do not mean to acknowledge that for a letter. The bustle which the meeting left behind it for us who were the officers on the occasion has continued almost to the present time, so that I have had little leisure for writing. Besides which, I have been in London and the neighbourhood for a week.

I hope by this time you have got over all the strangeness of a change of abode, and that you are better in Friar Street than you ever were in Brock Street. I do not intend to be misled in this matter, for I shall, I hope, come myself before long and see how you are.

My first move will be into Leicestershire, where I am going with Professor Sedgwick to geologize for a few days; after that I may go either to Derbyshire or to Wales, or possibly to both.

I can at present quite sympathise with any discomfort you may have felt in removing, for I am myself labouring under the same trouble. The house in which I have lived for the last twelve years is half of it pulled down, and the one into which I am going is not yet ready, so that I am all in confusion. I have borrowed three or four neighbouring apartments close to my old rooms; my books are in one of these, my furniture in another, and I myself in a third; and I am superintending the

papering, painting, and beautifying of my rooms that are to be as fast as it can be done.

To his Sister Ann] *Edensor, near Bakewell: Aug.* 20, 1833.

Your letter overtook me at Leicester, where I was staying for the purpose of geologizing the neighbourhood with Professor Sedgwick, which employed us very pleasantly for a week. There is in the centre of the flat rich plain of Leicestershire a comparatively mountainous and moorland patch called Charnwood Forest, and of this my companion wanted to make out the structure and history, according to geological notions. We traversed it in various directions, and finally took up our abode for two days nearly in the centre of it, having made acquaintance with a gentleman who farms his own land and lives there, and who entertained us most hospitably. I slept in a bedroom which looked over a wide rich champaign country, extending as far as the eye could reach, all bright with green fields, and here and there black with hedgerows and forests, over which I could see the sun rise as I lay in bed.

Mr. Alsop, our host, is a person of great literature and good manners, as well as a practical farmer, so that we were admirably entertained. Professor Airy, our celebrated Professor of Astronomy, joined us during part of the expedition. I am staying at present at the house of Mr. Smith, whose daughter Professor Airy married, and where I was two years ago, as you may perhaps recollect. There is a large family, and we are making expeditions every day into one part or other of this pretty country; but I believe I shall leave it in a day or two. I want to see persons both at Manchester and Liverpool, so that I shall probably go by those places.

To his Sister Ann] *Trinity College: Sept.* 28, 1833.

When I left you I went directly to London, staying only an hour or two at Liverpool. I remained in London Sunday and Monday, and then came here, where I found that the demolition of my old rooms had gone on more rapidly than I expected, and that Carter[1] had thought it necessary to remove everything

[1] Carter was Mr. Whewell's servant for many years, and a great character in his way. On one occasion when found fault with for supplying

into my new rooms. I had intended to superintend this business myself; and, in consequence of not having done so, have been sadly puzzled and perplexed to find the various parts of my property, now that they have assumed new and unknown positions. However, I am getting over this inconvenience; and when I have done so I shall, I daresay, like my new habitation very much. It is the upper story of a gateway tower, and from my window I look along an avenue of lime trees which leads up to the tower; and in fine weather nothing can be prettier than the clean swept walk, chequered with the shade of the leaves, and the holiday people sauntering along it. The whole of my view on that side consists of the College grounds, which are meadows and straight gravel walks, with lines of fine trees, and the river with its smooth-kept banks running through them.

You see I am desirous of showing you that I have changed my house for the better as well as you. In two days the examination will be over which made it necessary for me to come here, and I shall then go to London to see Sir John and Lady Herschel, who are just starting for the Cape of Good Hope. His object is to observe the stars which cannot be seen in this country.

To his Sister] *Cambridge, Nov.* 2, 1833.

Since the fellowship election was over I have been to Lord Braybrooke's at Audley End, and since that I have been engaged with the freshmen, above forty of whom are my pupils.

You find me always complaining how much I have to do, and perhaps wonder that I do not throw off some part of my employments if they are so burthensome. And accordingly I have been making arrangements for the purpose of transferring a considerable portion of my employments to one of my colleagues, Mr. Perry, who was Senior Wrangler in 1828.

He is to take all the money department at Christmas: I

incorrect information, owing to which important persons were missing from a College meeting summoned by his master, he interrupted the objurgation by inquiring, 'Had we not better talk of this, sir, when you and I are alone?' Mr. Whewell used to say, in telling the story, 'Of course I felt at once that I was wrong and he was right.'

shall, of course, have a smaller income by this means, but still I retain a large share of the tutorship, and shall hope to feel much more at ease.

My rooms are now quite in good order, and look very pretty, but we have at present a very high wind blowing, and the lime trees are waving their branches close to the windows as if they intended to break into the room.

I have to-day got a letter from Joseph Gurney, the Quaker, expressing himself much pleased with my book, and sending me all his works. As he is, I believe, a good and religious man, I am very glad of his approbation.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Dec.* 21, 1833.

I was very sorry not to receive from you a better account of my Aunt. I am glad you called in the best advice that was to be had, and I trust, with God's blessing, the means employed may be efficacious to restore and preserve her many years.

I am not surprised that false notions of the step I have taken [in transferring to Mr. Perry the financial part of the tutorship] should reach you, for such stories always grow as they travel farther, and even here all sorts of nonsensical reports have been put in circulation. In a week or two I shall have done with the accounts of my pupils, but still remain their tutor in all other respects as to superintendence, lectures, and so on, and I look upon this arrangement as the introduction to a much pleasanter mode of employing my time than I have hitherto been pursuing.

When I was at Lancaster in the summer I desired Henderson to paint me two views of the town, one of which he had begun before I left the place. I wish you would enquire about these same pictures, and let me know in what state of forwardness they are. I have got places on my wall ready for them, and shall be glad to have such memorials of that which I admire so much.

We have lately been in alarm here on the subject of illness. Two very near friends of mine, Professor and Mrs. Airy, have had the scarlet fever at the same time; she more slightly, he very severely. They are now, I am thankful to say, past the danger, doing well and recovering rapidly. You will recollect

that I was staying with them at her father's in Derbyshire in the summer. They are, I think, two of the most admirable and delightful persons that the world contains.

Tell Mr. Satterthwaite that I am obliged to those who have made a bishop of me, but that I had rather they should talk so than that the thing should be so.

The year 1834 opened with a visit to Lord Milton. In a letter of the previous year to Mr. Jones he refers to the Marchesa Spineto as 'one of the greatest of one's comforts here.' Some letters written to her in the August of this year give a lively account of a northern tour undertaken in connection with the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, on which occasion he stayed with Sir John Forbes, the father of his friend Professor James D. Forbes, at Greenhill, near Edinburgh. The most remarkable feature of this tour was the visit to St. Kilda, of which he tells his sister in a letter dated August 21.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: June* 4, 1834.

I send you a few copies of a pamphlet which I have been obliged to publish, sorely against my will, on a matter relating principally to our own College rules. You may have seen something said of it in the newspapers, and may like to see the whole.

You may have seen, too, that the gentleman in answer to whom it is written has been dismissed from his office of tutor. This dismissal was in opposition to my urgent remonstrances, though I disapproved of much of what Mr. Thirlwall had said; but the Master of the College was not to be dissuaded.

Send the packet to Mr. Wordsworth, paying the carriage. The other to Mr. Fisher, of Kirkby Lonsdale. The remaining copies are directed, as you will see, to Mackreth and Morland, and there is one for you and one for James. I send no more, for I look at the whole affair with nothing but sorrow, and am by no means desirous of being widely read out of our own world here.

I am just going to the coast to superintend some tide observations which the Admiralty have directed to be made, at my suggestion, at 500 places at once. I send you some of the directions. I should be glad to have corresponding observations made at any place near Lancaster if it can be done.

To his Sister] *Fort William: Aug.* 21, 1834.

I am detained here by a very resolute day of rain; the first day I have rested from my travels since I entered Scotland, except one day which I spent at Glasgow in looking at the Cathedral.

You will have heard from Martha that I slept at Lindale the day I left you. I then went on to Ambleside, where I spent the remainder of Friday and the whole of Saturday, or rather at Rydal Mount, Mr. Wordsworth's, and upon Windermere lake with him. I went to Keswick in the evening, and stayed there on Sunday with Professor Airy and his family; and on Monday we went up Skiddaw as far as the clouds would let us. The same day I went on to Penrith and Carlisle, and after sleeping at the latter place came on by the coach to Glasgow, passing through Dumfries, and then following the course of the Nith into Ayrshire—a pleasant ride.

After one day at Glasgow I came forward by divers steamboats, coaches, and carts, through some very beautiful scenery to Oban, which is on the coast opposite the island of Mull. This tour conducted me up Loch Lomond, the largest, and certainly one of the most beautiful, of the Scotch fresh water lakes; then by land to the head of Loch Long, and up the secluded dell of Glencoe. The road makes a long and fatiguing ascent at the upper end of the valley, and when you reach the highest point of the pass you find a bank of sod and a stone on which is cut 'Rest and be thankful.'

You then descend to Loch Fyne, a great salt water lake, and so to Inverary. Here the two inns were full of tourists and travellers, and some ladies who arrived in the same boat with me were much dismayed at not being able to procure beds. However, we were all quartered at last in different parts of the town, and slept off our fears and cares. I had a bed provided in a neighbouring garret, where I could have the satisfaction of

standing with my head and neck sticking out of the sky-light, which must have appeared like a chimney to the spectators, if there were any.

Next day the coach carried me up the River Awe in front of Cruachan, one of the highest mountains in Scotland, across Loch Awe, and so to Oban. I arrived there just in time for a steam-boat which was going to St. Kilda. The steam-boat had made one excursion to this island, the most remote of the Hebrides, about a fortnight before; but with this exception it had scarcely ever been visited by any one except the proprietor's agent, who goes there once in every one or two years, which is the only opportunity the inhabitants have of receiving letters, groceries, &c. The number of people who live on this rock is about 100. We found that the account that had been given of the rude and almost savage condition of the people of the island by those who had been passengers in the steam-boat on her former voyage had not been exaggerated. Indeed, it would be difficult to go beyond the reality. They live in huts not at all better than the pictures you see of Hottentot huts, built of rough stones a few feet high and then thatched over with straw. They have a hearth in the middle of the hut, but no chimney, and they sleep in holes left for this purpose *in* the wall of the hut.

During winter the floor of the hut (which is the ground) is covered with peat *mull* (you know what that is) so thickly that the inmates of the house have not room beneath the thatch to stand upright, and this is for the purpose of making it a dung-hill to manure their fields in the spring. You may judge from this of their condition in other respects.

They have a minister, however, who has been there two or three years, and who tries to instruct and improve them—I fear with small success. His wife, unfortunately, is from Glasgow, and does not talk Gaelic. The minister has service on the Sunday and a school on the Sunday evening, and said that he hoped in a short time to have a few whom he might think sufficiently instructed to be fit to receive the Communion.

He appears to be a pious and judicious person, and is sent there by some society. He informed us that he considered our coming providential, for he had a child whom he wished to have

baptized and we had a Scotch minister with us. In the Scotch Church the father cannot administer this rite, as the parents are the only sponsors. So the service was performed in the little church which receives this small and distant flock.

We returned to Oban at the time appointed, and visited on our way the celebrated islands of Staffa and Iona, which are to the west of Mull. To-day I wanted to go to Glencoe, but the weather is very positive in its prohibition.

After the meeting of the British Association the first letter is one to his sister from Greenhill, near Edinburgh.

Sept. 17, 1834.

Everything has gone on and off extremely well except the weather, which for the first three days of our meeting was most overwhelming rain. Since that, however, we have had very pleasant sunshine, and this city, which is as beautiful as you can imagine it, is looking quite charming. I have been staying not in the city, but here at Greenhill, Sir John Forbes's, which is about two miles from Edinburgh.

Our friends here have all of them been very kind, and we have had an uninterrupted string of entertainments since I arrived. To-morrow or next day I must set off for Cambridge.

I think I wrote to you last from the Duke of Gordon's castle in the north of Scotland, where I stayed a couple of days. I then came on by various glens and mountain passes, but with very broken weather; by Dunkeld, Blair Athol, Loch Tay, Loch Katrine and other celebrated points of scenery.

On my travels I fell in with Dr. Richardson, who travelled in North America with Sir John Franklin, and whose sufferings and adventures you may remember, as they were singularly interesting. I also met Mrs. Opie, the novelist, who has for many years been a Quaker, as you probably know, and with whom I made acquaintance. Since I have been here I have seen Dr. Chalmers; but, I am sorry to say, he was so ill that his physicians would not let him receive me as his guest, nor take any share in the business of the meeting. He appears to be very unwell; but the doctors talk very hopefully.

To the same] *Trinity College: Dec.* 19, 1834.

I do not know whether I am, as you say, a worse correspondent than I used to be; but it is certain that I am every whit as busy as I ever was before. My tides give me no small employment. The observations made in June last require a vast deal of calculation, as you may suppose when I tell you that I shall have about thirty thousand numbers to put in order and reason upon. I think, however, that I see already that I shall get some curious results.

I am very desirous of obtaining observations from some of the shores or islands of the Pacific; and I think the persons most likely to be able and willing to make such observations are the missionaries. It will save me the trouble of looking over such books if you will examine the magazines in which accounts are given of the various missionary establishments all over the world, and put down the stations, the names of the missionaries or teachers at them, the societies by which they are sent or supported, and the address of the official persons of those societies.

Do not be shocked at my wanting to make such a use of missionaries; for, if it does not interfere with their more important duties, I dare say they will like very much to be so employed, and of course I should not wish it otherwise.

I believe in the Society Islands the tide is disguised by the sea and land breezes, as you once noticed in some book you were reading; but in the Sandwich Islands there is, I believe, a tide, though a small one; and those islands, or New Zealand, or any part of the Pacific will be of use to me. Moreover, I will gladly subscribe to any society that will help me in this way. Is not this a reasonable proposal?

You will have seen by the newspapers that the Whig Ministry had, luckily, just time before they went out to do something for my Cambridge Whig friends. Professor Sedgwick was made Prebend of Norwich, where he is now residing, and where I shall perhaps visit him soon; and Mr. Thirlwall, my former colleague and my antagonist in print, who was considered a sort of martyr to their cause, has had a valuable living in Yorkshire given him. My only sorrow is that he will have to

leave college, for we have never ceased to be the best friends in the world.

I do not exactly know how I shall spend my vacation; but, when I have worked myself free, I shall probably go to Hastings, where my friend Jones now is, and visit Hare, my former colleague, who has a living on the same coast, with a good house, an old castle, and a fine collection of pictures.

Mrs. Opie, whose acquaintance I made at Loch Katrine, wants to tempt me into Suffolk, but I have not promised to go. Give my love to my aunt, and tell her to send me a screed of politics or anything else when she has time and health to write.

Mr. Thirlwall, being at this time assistant tutor at Trinity College, had published a letter to Professor Turton on the 'Admission of Dissenters to Academical Degrees,' in which he questioned the policy of enforcing attendance at College Chapel on all persons *in statu pupillari*, and Mr. Whewell had written two pamphlets in defence of the College practice. These are the publications to which reference is made in the previous letter. As a consequence of his letter, Mr. Thirlwall had been obliged by the Master, Dr. Wordsworth, to resign his lectureship. It has sometimes been supposed that Mr. Whewell did not sufficiently exert himself to prevent the somewhat arbitrary conduct of the Master. The following letters will give a full and true account of what really occurred.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity College: May* 27, 1834.

I have no doubt that you will hear from others the calamitous events, so far as the College is concerned, of the last two or three days; of Thirlwall's pamphlet and of the Master's proceedings upon it. Both appear to me great misfortunes for the College. I do not speak of any of the political opinions in the publication, nor of his disapproval of College Chapel; but of his principles [as to its being open to him to publish these opinions], which appear to me to be inconsistent with any college management, and any religious establishment. The

Master's request to him to resign the tuition I entirely disapprove of, and expressed my opinion against it to the Master as strongly as I could. What will happen next I have no guess, for I have talked with none of Thirlwall's friends, but I much fear they may attempt some violent and rash measure; and what I wish to beg of you is that you will be our good genius, and moderate instead of sharing in our violence. Your being at a distance may be an advantage in this respect, if it keeps you free of the first burst of angry feeling, and enables you to interfere with calm and clear views. You have more influence in the College than any other person, and have perhaps the power of preventing our present misfortunes being followed by any fatal consequences. If you do not do this, for aught I see, we are likely to run into factions as violent as those of the Jews when they were besieged, and, it may be, with as disastrous a termination. *Absit omen!* but you will have to help to avert it, if we do escape.

Observe that all my expectations of violent measures are conjectural, and I may be (I hope I am) quite mistaken. But if I am not, pray do not let the self-destructive madness of us residents infect you.

To-morrow I hope to be able to send you my reply to Thirlwall (for the most part about chapel). I hope you will not find in it anything which one Fellow of Trinity ought not to say to the rest. Believe me, my dear Sedgwick, yours in great anxiety, but very truly,

W. WHEWELL.

P.S. You know the extreme dislike of several of the Fellows for the Master; this will add to the difficulty of *their* doing *him* justice, or moderating their resentment.

To the Rev. C. Thirlwall] *May* 28, 1834.

I send you my 'Remarks' on your pamphlet, in which I hope you will not find anything which will give you any offence or anything which one friend ought not to say of another. It would be a misrepresentation of what I really feel if there were any such passage, and I have tried to avoid everything of the kind.

To the 'Remarks,' and the 'Additional Remarks,' Mr. Thirlwall replied in a long private letter, in which he expressed himself much aggrieved by Mr. Whewell's misconception of his position (as he himself understood it), re-stated the grounds of difference between them, recapitulated the arguments in favour of his own opinions, and repudiated the inferences which had been drawn from them. The difference was mainly this: Mr. Whewell believed daily worship to be a Christian duty, and daily public or social worship to be a necessary practice of any educational and religious institution, occupying the same position in regard to the college as family worship in regard to a family—to be enforced as much as possible upon the younger members, and diligently inculcated by precept and example by the senior members of the body. He took exception to any expression of dissatisfaction with the practice and proposal to dispense with it on Mr. Thirlwall's part, because, as lecturer, he conceived him to be charged with the commission of inculcating it as a matter of discipline and college rule on his pupils, and incapacitated by his office from publishing his disapprobation of that or any other part of the system he was administering.

Mr. Thirlwall fully admitted the first proposition, that daily worship is a Christian duty, but considered it could not be maintained with regard to *public* worship; objected to its being made compulsory; doubted whether upon any it would produce the effect of family prayer; and at first understood all Mr. Whewell's objections to be aimed at his entertaining, not at his promulgating in a pamphlet, opinions which it was well known he held already when entrusted with the lectureship. The long letter, written mainly in this mistaken opinion, received an immediate answer from Mr. Whewell, who explains

that in his pamphlet he especially referred to the difficulty which had arisen from Mr. Thirlwall's publication of his views, 'in the way of the useful continuance of our common labours.' He intimates that he had most urgently remonstrated with the Master against writing the letter which induced Mr. Thirlwall to resign, hoping that the difficulty might be got over by some explanation or modification on Mr. Thirlwall's part, not of his private opinions as to the salutary nature of the ordinance, but as to his attitude with reference to it as a part of college discipline.

Trinity College: Sept. 23.

I conceive [he says] that more good is done by retaining our College Chapel service than would be done by abolishing it; but if I thought differently, I should think it utterly inconsistent with the retention of my office as tutor to publish an opposite opinion. Those who look for good from such an institution expect it to follow only so long as the institution is spoken of with respect, at least, if not hope, by the managing part of the body. If we whose office it is to enforce observance of all existing rules speak with disapprobation and slight of some of the principal ones, I conceive we are materially diminishing our chance of being useful as administrators of the system of which these rules form a part. I cannot understand in what terms, or on what grounds, I should remonstrate with a pupil for general irregularity after publishing your opinions. If I thought the rules hard ones, I should try and get them altered by reference to the college authorities; if I failed in this, I might perhaps resign my office; I might possibly afterwards appeal to the public, or at least I might do so without then producing the difficulties which such a step taken at first must give rise to. . . .

Without finding myself able to comprehend how you had overlooked the considerations I have mentioned, which appeared to me so plain, and how you had arrived at a view inconsistent with them, I was convinced that you had arrived at the conviction that it was fit for you, retaining your office, to publish your

opinions concerning College Chapel; and I did not doubt that you had arrived at this conviction by some path perfectly suited to a candid and enlightened mind. It was my firm persuasion of this which made me look to your retention of your office as a desirable result, and I was prepared to suggest the means by which the difficulty might be obviated.

I may mention what one of these means was: that you should be liberated by the Master from the stipulation of attendance at chapel, inasmuch as I conceive that, as I have said, the beneficial effect of example, the object which in my eyes the stipulation was intended to answer, was annihilated by your publication.

In the first conversation which I had on the subject I mentioned both my difficulty and my views of its remedies to a few of our Fellows—I think to Sedgwick, Musgrave, Peacock, Romilly, and to no others. I tell you this that you may learn from them, if you choose, how far they conceived me to be distressed with this difficulty, and yet hopeful of surmounting it. If you wish it, I believe I can convince you that I was not the only one of those who most highly admire and warmly regard you who from the first considered the difficulty as a serious one.

. . . The difference of opinion between us was one which concerned not only the value of a college rule, but the propriety of a certain line of conduct in an official person. I never doubted for an instant that your views were dictated by as high and pure a sense of duty and fitness as my own; and I never despaired, so long as my hopes entered into the account, that we might, by understanding each other's feelings, surmount the difficulty which our difference of opinion had raised.

The regret which you express at the change adds to the deep sorrow with which I look back upon it; a sorrow on which I will not dwell, because I *now* see no remedy. But I should think it a still greater calamity than it is, if it had deprived me of the friendly feelings which you express at the close of your letter, and which I gladly lay claim to because I know I have a right to them. If I have not written this letter in vain you will see that I never should have had any difficulty before me, if it had not been for my belief that the consistency of your

opinions and the rightness of your intentions would, under any trial, be found unimpeachable.

I believe that my expressions will be understood by all readers as I have explained them. If I see any indications that this is otherwise, I shall be most anxious to rectify the error. But if, as I believe, your interpretation of them is yours alone, let me beg of you to cast it from your mind as a groundless suspicion. The whole transaction is full enough of vexation without adding to it this further trouble. We have this consolation open to us, that our mutual good opinion and kindness has not been disturbed by it, and that we have done nothing which any honourable mind can think wrong, with our convictions. I believe all our friends and the world at large, with the exception of a few extreme partisans, form this judgment of us. By this I hold fast, and so I hope and trust, and, I would add, I beg, you will, as with right you may. In this trust I remain, dear Thirlwall, yours with strong regard,

W. WHEWELL.

To this Mr. Thirlwall replied :—

Trinity College: Sept. 23.

I cannot suffer a moment to pass without thanking you for your kind letter. I see by it that the greater part of my own was written under an erroneous impression.

With regard to the propriety of my conduct in publishing my opinions, I am well aware that you are not singular in the view you take of it—Hare has informed me that he sees it in the same light—and you may therefore easily believe that I am more inclined to doubt the correctness of my own judgment than to wonder that any one should differ from me on this point. But, after the maturest reflection I have been able to give to the subject, I find myself still unable to assent to the general principle from which he drew his conclusion, or to perceive that I violated any other restraint than those which prudence would have imposed upon me. In the first place, the view I took of my own station was not that which you take of yours; and, in fact, I think there is a very material distinction between them.

I did not consider myself as having anything to do with the administration of the College discipline, and was not conscious of

having neglected my duty, though I never spoke on the subject [of Chapel] to any of our pupils during all the time I was in office; nor do I remember that any one ever hinted at an expectation that I should do so. I conceived that my official duties were confined to giving literary instruction, and that whatever other good I might do, by conversation and advice, to those with whom I stood in that relation, was left to my own discretion.

As to the stipulation that I should myself attend chapel I never understood that such an attendance implied any opinion as to the beneficial effect of the institution [on others], and I think I was justified in this view of it by the consciousness that my opinion on the subject was previously known to the person with whom I made the stipulation. Nor could I conceive that the notoriety of such an opinion was inconsistent with holding the office, because I think I remember that I was informed that some of my predecessors had marked their opinion as the same with my own, by their general absence from the service. The only question then seems to be whether my attendance itself implied anything inconsistent with the publication of my sentiments. I saw no inconsistency in this respect. For though it was true that I might be supposed to go to chapel for the purpose of setting an example, yet the example I wished to set was simply that of conformity to the established institutions of the College. But I may go still further, and add that I do not see anything in the opinions I published which should have prevented those to whom they were known from believing that, though my attendance was a consequence of the office I held, it was not with me merely mechanical; and, indeed, as the stipulation was not publicly known, if there was any contrast between my behaviour and that of any of my predecessors in this respect, the natural inference would seem to be that, though I thought like them of the effect it produced on others, I felt no personal reluctance to attending myself. And—though this is nothing to the purpose, I may add that this was really the case—and as, on the one hand, if no stipulation had been made with me, I believe I should have been no less regular, so I am sure, if I had been formally released from it, I should have made no other use of that liberty. I might add that, even if I had been called upon to recommend regularity of attendance and becoming

deportment in others, I should have felt myself able to do so, notwithstanding the notoriety of my opinions, and by arguments which to my own judgment would not have been the less efficacious on account of them. But I should be content to rest the question on the grounds before mentioned.

. . . Besides the explanations which I desired, your letter has afforded me a still higher satisfaction, in showing me that I am indebted to you for an obligation on which I shall always reflect with pleasure and gratitude—in the attempt which you made to avert the evil which my imprudence has drawn upon me. And as this is the strongest proof you could have given of the desire you felt to continue the relation in which we stood with one another, so it encourages me to hope that I may still find opportunities, before I leave this place, of co-operating with you, though in a different form, for the like ends. But at all events I shall never cease to retain that esteem and regard with which I now remain, yours most truly,

C. THIRLWALL.

1835. This year began with what Professor Whewell was wont to call his 'favourite tides'; and he tries to persuade his sister that his own satisfaction in it is more important than the public estimation of his work as compared with that of others.

One great pleasure of this year was the appointment of his friend Mr. Jones to a professorship (that of Political Economy) at Haileybury, which brought him into comparative neighbourhood to Cambridge.

In May Mr. Whewell sat to Mr. Eddis for a chalk portrait sketch. He preached in June before the Brethren of the Trinity House. Lord Camden's installation as Chancellor took place in July, and later in the month Mr. Whewell attended the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, and paid a number of Irish visits.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Feb.* 13, 1835.

I was much obliged to you for your information about the missions. In consequence of it I wrote to Mr. Jowett, and

have got an answer in which he says he thinks that they can do something for me, if I will give them instructions, which I shall send in a day or two. You must tell me where I must apply to get anything done in the Sandwich Islands. I bought the January number of the 'Missionary Magazine,' but there is some delay which I do not understand about the publication of the next number, which, I suppose, will contain what I want.

In the course of a few years, I have no doubt, I shall collect such information as will serve my purpose; and when that is done, I think I shall be able to put it together so as to make a very curious story out of it; but in the meantime you must not be surprised if those who are judges of such matters bestow their approbation rather on what is done than on what is only doing. Lubbock has been at work on this subject for several years, and has gone through calculations, or at least has superintended and directed calculations, which include as many numbers as those which my coast-guard tides have given me, though of a different kind and of use for a different purpose. But this is of no consequence, for I am pursuing my enquiries for my own satisfaction, and only want to know how things go on in the great ocean, and especially in the Pacific; so, as I said before, if you can find anything in the course of your reading likely to be of use for this purpose, I shall be very glad of it.

You will be pleased to hear that my very particular friend Jones is brought nearer me, by being made professor at the East India College at Haileybury, near Hertford, which is about half way between this place and London. He is professor of Political Economy, succeeding Mr. Malthus, of whom you have perhaps heard, but of whom you have heard wrong if you have learnt to think any harm of him. He was a most mild and benevolent person, and I regret his death very much.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: March* 1, 1835.

We have had such a series of windy weather as I hardly ever knew, and the gales have been almost strong enough to blow over man and horse, and along with this we have had fierce hailstones and driving sleet. But now the direction of the wind is changed, so I hope we shall have something approaching to spring.

I could almost fancy that the wind is angry with me in particular, inasmuch as I am employed in making a machine which is to measure its vagaries better than it has ever been done before. I expect I shall get some good tide observations this year, as the Lords of the Admiralty have taken up the scheme, and are going to apply to foreign States to join it. I am afraid our friends in New Zealand will hardly begin their operations in time to co-operate with this plan. It is to take effect next June.

Jones, whom I told you of, has moved to Haileybury, but you are not to suppose I have no friends nearer. I have abundance here, and some very much valued ones, and when I think I have been confined to their society too long I will take a College living, go and live in the country, and have a house of my own; so you see I have nothing melancholy in my prospects.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: March* 31, 1835.

I was much amused with your conjectures about the Lady Margaret Professor. Mrs. Somerville will be much astonished if I tell her that she has been supposed to be the same person with Lady Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., who founded the Professorship of Divinity.

Our subscription goes on very prosperously, and I hope we shall get money enough to build such buildings as we want. In former times, you may recollect, I wrote a controversial pamphlet on the subject of the plans of this new building, but I am now become a peaceable person, and shall be content with any plan which the majority of the University will agree to, so that we may but get the buildings erected.

I am going shortly to publish a little book about architecture, containing a reprint of my German books, which have been long out of print and loudly called for, with the addition of my Norman tour in 1832, in company with Mr. Rickman. I will send it to you when it is ready.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: May* 8, 1835.

I have been intending to send you my book on architecture ever since it was published, but have not had time to write a

letter with it. I now send you two copies—one for you, my aunt, and Martha (I cannot afford you any more), and one for Thomas Satterthwaite. The remaining one, for Mr. Wordsworth, you must send off by the coach.

I send you also some pictures—likenesses, I hope you will think them, of my valuable self. The drawing was made by a young artist named Eddis, who is reckoned clever; and I believe the drawing is a much better likeness than the print. It is in the possession of my friend Jones at Haileybury. The lithographing has been executed by Miss Turner, the daughter of my friend Dawson Turner at Yarmouth, who has a taste and, as you see, a talent for lithographizing all her father's friends. She has got a portfolio full of such heads. I send you nine, of which you must give one each to Mr. Satterthwaite, Mr. Rowley, Mr. Mackreth, and Mr. Morland. The other five I leave at your disposal.

Tell my aunt I am no great politician, but that I hold it to be a part of wisdom and patriotism to hope for the best. Nobody can deprive us of the Church if they would, for it has the affections of the people in its favour; and, even if it had no support from Government, would be supported by the conviction of its truth and of the good it does to all. Nor do I much fear any serious inroads upon the Established Church in England. The Ministers for the most part do not wish to do it harm, and I do not think its enemies will have the power of compelling them to do so. And I have a deep conviction that Providence, which has guided it through so many dangers, and made it so great a blessing to the nation, will not allow any misfortune to befal it which will permanently interfere with its usefulness as the bulwark of religion and good order.

I do not know whether I shall visit Lancaster this summer. I had intended to go to Scotland, in which case I should probably have taken you in my way. But we are to have a grand fuss in the way of installing our Chancellor in July, so I shall not leave Cambridge for any length of time till that is over, and then I go to Ireland. The British Association meets this year at Dublin. Perhaps I shall make a little tour in Ireland before we meet in August. You have no reason to fear for me, for, though they are fond enough of breaking each other's heads, they never molest strangers.

To his Sister] *June* 2.

I send you some copies of a paper about my favourite tides, and a copy which you must send to Mr. Wilkinson, of Sedbergh, as soon as you can. You will not find, I am afraid, much that will interest you in my paper, for I have not been able to get the clerk at the Admiralty, who does the work for me, to make the requisite calculations to enable me to give the particulars of the various places, which would have made the paper more full of matter; but I was desirous of printing and circulating it before the tide observations of the present month commence.

For the Admiralty have determined to repeat this year the observations made last June; and they are to be carried on for a fortnight, not only in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but all along the coast of Europe; the Governments of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France have been applied to, and have given orders for tide observations at many places along their coasts for this period of a fortnight from June 9 to 27; the United States of America have also taken the project up in the same way, and I hope I shall have something done in Spain and Portugal, though I have not heard from any persons there as I have from all the other places.

When the observations are made, there will be no small labour requisite in calculating them so as to get at the real amount of information they contain; but I do not doubt that I shall be able to get the work done some way or other.

I shall have to return to London again before Trinity Sunday, for I am appointed to preach before the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House on Trinity Sunday. The Trinity House is an ancient institution for looking after light-houses and pilots, and it has a feast and other solemnities on the anniversary on which I have to preach.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: July* 3, 1835.

The bustle of our installation is just beginning, and when that has once set in I shall hardly find time to write to you till it is over; so I will do so in the first place. I have been in London, where your letter followed me. I was there and in the neighbourhood for nearly three weeks, and among other employments

preached my sermon to the Trinity House, as I told you I was to do.

The ceremonies of the day of this sermon are old-fashioned and very amusing. We began with a cold collation at the Trinity House, which is a building in the East of London, among the shipping; and here, besides our own share of eating, we were supplied with bags of cakes for the children we might see, and large nosegays. We went down the river in half a dozen gay barges, all covered with gilding, and each rowed by eight men in red plush breeches and other attire of equal splendour. When we arrived at Deptford, where the sermon is preached, we landed, and walked in procession along streets, which were all strewn with rushes and flowers. I forgot to tell you that we had a band playing in a barge at the head of our line all the way down the river, and ever and anon cannon were fired from ships and houses till my head almost ached.

When we reached Deptford and made our march through the street, the children, who knew well what they were to expect, pressed forwards to receive the cakes which we were prepared to distribute among them. We then went to the Town Hall, where, besides the election of the officers, there was a grand scramble for biscuits which were thrown among the crowd. After this we went to church, and in coming away 'the Brethren' were objects of great attention to the young women who were in the crowd, for it is held that the lady to whom they give their nosegay in coming from church is sure to be married within the year. You may judge that there were many eager eyes and imploring hands! For my own part I had left my nosegay behind me, thinking that this kind of flirtation would not suit very well the gravity of my preacher-character.

Afterwards, in the evening, we dined at the Trinity House, with a large party, among which were several of the Ministers—Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Auckland. There would have been other great folks but for an important debate which was expected to take place that evening.

I want you to send due notice and to have my vote for the county registered. I believe the property in Lucy Street will entitle me to a vote; perhaps William Whewell will tell you what the proper steps are, and do anything which you have any

difficulty about. I believe you must do it soon, as the time is limited and will shortly be at an end.

To his Sister] *Cork: July* 28, 1835.

You see I am writing to you from one of the farthest corners of Ireland, but I came here so rapidly that it seems to me much nearer to London than Lancaster is. I left London on Wednesday evening by the mail; and travelling two nights and the intervening day was half-way across St. George's Channel before dawn on Friday morning. I got to Milford Haven in the middle of the night, and found that I must embark in a few minutes after my arrival. The weather was beautiful till within a few hours of the end of my land journey, though there was a profusion of the most splendid but noiseless lightning that I ever saw after I left Caermarthen, which I was obliged to do at midnight on the outside of the coach; but after a few stages I found room inside, and soon after, I suppose, it began to rain and blow, for I found it doing so when I got into the boat which took me on board the steam-packet, enough to frighten a lady who was a passenger with us. However, being tired, I forthwith crept into a berth and fell asleep, and awoke in the morning, or rather at noon, when we were arriving at Waterford.

I immediately took a place in an Irish car, and set off for Kilkenny, and arrived there in the evening; but I found that I had just fallen in with the Assizes, so that it was by no means easy to obtain a bed, and still more difficult to procure a bedroom for my sole occupation. However, at last I succeeded in this object also, and after looking at the Cathedral of Kilkenny and other antiquities, I went and slep off the impression of the voyage. Next morning, early, I again set off in an Irish car, and after a rather long day's travelling arrived at Cork. In fine weather these Irish cars do very well, except that you cannot conveniently see more than one side of the country; but if it were rainy I do not think I should much like them, though they trot and canter on at a very good pace.

They offer peculiar advantages to one set of people, of whom you may have heard—the Irish beggars; for, while you are sitting preparing to start, you are as much exposed as if you

were sitting in a high chair in the street, and the beggars come and stand face to face with you in swarms, and beg with an earnestness and fluency which are truly overwhelming.

The amount of rags and wretchedness which you see in this way, and, indeed, in all ways in this country, is quite appalling. I believe that the Irish do not find any peculiar wretchedness in being in rags—indeed, I have often been tempted to think that they rather prefer them to whole clothes; but, notwithstanding this, there can be no doubt that a large portion of the people are in extreme destitution, beyond any people I ever saw.

You will by this time have received a bundle of copies of my Trinity House sermon, and you will see that all our firing of guns and marching of processions took place on Monday, and not on Sunday as you imagined. You must send a copy of the sermon to each of my friends in the list below: Mr. Mackreth, Morland, Rowley, Manby, Housman, Hull, Betham, T. Satterthwaite, Paget Gregson, Giles, Dodson, Green Bradley, J. Harrison—to J. Statter, W. Whewell, my cousins at Liverpool, J. Heald, Mr. Wilkinson at Sedbergh, Mr. Fisher at Kirkby Lonsdale, and W. Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

I have found several acquaintances here; Captain Malcolm, the son of Sir John, whom I have known from a boy, is here with his regiment, and several Cambridge friends. I shall set off in a day or two for the Lakes of Killarney.

To his Sister] *Bangor: Aug.* 31, 1835.

I had on the whole a very agreeable tour in Ireland, though the condition of the people is so wretched as to be melancholy to look at, especially in the south-west, which part I first visited. No English pig of the slightest respectability would think for a moment of living in such cabins as you see in long rows in every town and village in that district; and the dress of the people is so ragged that I never could comprehend the possibility of its being taken off and put on again.

In the North, indeed, the aspect of things is much better, and in some of the best parts it approached the look of an English country. It is, however, only an approach. I visited the North after I left Dublin, going right across the country to

Sligo. In doing so I passed Miss Edgeworth's house, and was much tempted to stop and see her. You know I became acquainted with her in London. But I could not make out that I had time to do so, and went through without stopping. My journey was for the purpose of visiting Mr. Cooper, of Markree, near Sligo, a large landed proprietor and member for the county, where we had a very agreeable party for some days.

After this I returned eastward to the Earl of Enniskillen's, who has a fine place, called Florence Court, near the town of Enniskillen. I here joined Sedgwick and other friends, but soon parted with them and went on to Dr. Robinson, at Armagh, and from thence returned to Dublin, from which city I made a tour into Wicklow. There are some considerable mountains and very pretty glens and lakes within half-a-day's journey of the capital, and we had two days of delightful weather for seeing them.

The people of Dublin were as kind as it was possible to be. I was staying in the house of the Provost. Among other compliments paid us we dined with the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Mulgrave); a few of us at least, of whom I was one. He was at college with me when we were undergraduates, and I had some acquaintance with him. His conferring the order of knighthood on my friend Hamilton, the astronomer, was one of the most striking parts of the proceedings, and was done in a very princelike manner.

To his Sister] *Audley End: Oct.* 7, 1835.

I went up Snowdon the day after I left Bangor. On my way to London I stayed a part of a day at Hagley, Lord Lyttelton's. His son is one of our pupils at Trinity. I also stayed a little while at Birmingham with my old fellow traveller Rickman, who has been very unwell, and is still obliged to take great care of himself. I had then a fortnight of quiet to myself at Cambridge, which was what I wanted; and after that came the examination for fellowships, which is just over. Among the five that we elected was Mr. Goulburn, a son of the Mr. Goulburn who was one of the Ministry. The young man is very clever, and of a most admirable character.

To his Sister Ann] *Trinity College: Nov.* 23, 1835.

I believe that during the Christmas vacation I shall visit my friend Sedgwick in his new abode at Norwich, where you will recollect he had a stall given him by Lord Brougham—about the last act he did before he ceased to be Chancellor, and about the best he did in that capacity. This will bring me near some other friends—Mrs. Opie, whom I met in Scotland, and Joseph Gurney, also a Quaker, whom I have corresponded with. It is also possible I may spend a short time at Brighton, where my friend Jones talks of taking up his quarters for a little while.

To his Sister Ann] *Dec.* 20.

I go to Audley End on the 30th, and to my old friend Lady Malcolm on Jan. 4. She has now a very pretty house near Windsor. After I have been there I have several other friends to think of. My friends—I may almost say, my dearest friends—Professor Airy and his family have left Cambridge, he being appointed Astronomer Royal at Greenwich—to me an irreparable loss; but I shall probably go and see how they look in their new abode.

1836. A letter written in April of this year to the Marchesa Spineto is interesting as giving a sketch of Mr. Whewell's theory of intercourse between equals in an intimate society like that of the University; a theory, no doubt, often misunderstood, often but imperfectly carried out, and perhaps unduly modified by a pleasure in discussion for discussion's sake, but surely not unworthy of consideration where based upon the supposition of a 'common love of truth and a mutual esteem,' and productive of[1] 'lessons in candour and toleration as each discovers how most questions have two sides, on either of which good and earnest men are found to range themselves.'

Mrs. Lyon's health caused great anxiety during the summer. Her illness terminated fatally in August.

[1] Cairns's Essays on Political Economy, &c., first series, p. 291.

The British Association met at Bristol in August. Mr. Whewell was present at the meeting. In this year Mr. Jones was appointed Chief Commissioner for the Commutation of Tithes. Mr. Whewell stayed with him in Hyde Park Street.

To the Marchesa Spineto] *Cambridge: April* 3, 1836.

I returned to my work on Friday, and got a good hard day's writing on Saturday, which helped me on famously. I am like a swimmer who, after being out in a wide sea, finds himself nearer the shore at every stroke; and I set great store even by a single day's advance. There are a great number of points with regard to my future course of life which it seems to me as if I should be able to settle much more clearly if my book were fairly published, and its possibility of effecting its purpose ascertained. You have been too much accustomed to my egotism of this kind to be surprised at it.

To-day we had several strangers in hall, and it happened that your friend —— sat next me. I recollected his kind reports with regard to me, and was looking out for some opportunity to read him a lesson. So when he happened to pay me a very extravagant compliment, I told him that he overwhelmed me—that we were not in college accustomed to compliments—that we were straightforward, plain-spoken men, sometimes, perhaps, too much so—that we never thought of saying much good of one another to our faces, though we might think a great deal—that we rather inclined to dwell on the points where we differed, and liked to fight these out in a resolute and uncompromising way, which excited no shade of ill-will, because it went upon the supposition of a common love of truth and a mutual esteem—that this kind of robust argumentation might seem rude to strangers, but that it was, in fact, one of the great privileges and happinesses of college life. All this, and a good deal more, I discoursed to him in a quiet and good-humoured manner (I assure you it is true, and you may ask him if you like), and he appeared to be much edified, for he listened with some deference and assented with great cordiality. He even declared that he had been witness of such disputes with great

pleasure. Still I have great doubts whether he has yet got right notions; I think his mind is too shallow to hold them.

I am vexed to find that we have another election for the Public Oratorship coming on, and that I must take some part whether I will or no. You know, probably, that C. Wordsworth is elected Master of Harrow; Steel and Blakesley (both Trinity men) resolved to come forward as candidates for the Oratorship, but Thorp has just been with me, and told me that he will take the field. This being so, I suppose the others will retire; and though I shall, even for Thorp, avoid trouble and canvassing as much as possible, he is so old and so valued a friend that I must not be too backward in his behalf. I do most thoroughly dislike all work of this kind.

In the course of this summer Professor Whewell wrote to Mr. Rose of the appointment of Mr. Jones to the Chief Commissionership for the Commutation of Tithes. 'It has given me very great gratification; not only because I rejoice at the prosperity of an old and valued friend, but because I think it a most appropriate appointment. His general views and his knowledge of details alike fit him for it; if some one had not acted for us we should have been crushed in the conflict of parties. Jones's vigilance, activity, and resource, which I saw in operation daily, are truly admirable.'

He concludes his letter with a wish 'that your turn will come before long; as for me, I have yet to make out my case (for promotion) by reforming the philosophy of the age, which I am going to set about in reality. I daresay you laugh at my conceit, but you and I are friends too old and intimate, I hope, for me to mind that. What is the use of having friends if one cannot vapour a little to them?'

To his Sister Ann] *July* 10, 1836.

Your letter afflicts me much. Pray write as soon as you receive this and let me know how dear aunt is. I shall not

leave Cambridge till I hear from you again, and then I must, if possible, go to London for a day or two.

Mrs. Lyon's death must have followed very speedily on this alarm. He writes:—

To his Sister] *Bath Hotel, Clifton: Aug.* 31, 1836.

I am glad to hear that Cheshire agrees with you and that you are spending your time pleasantly. I am not surprised at your thinking much of our dear aunt after living for so many years with her as a daughter; but I am sure you may allow yourself to reflect that you did for her, to the last, all that could be done, and helped as much as possible to retain her here in comfort and tranquillity till the time came for her to be placed under a better care.

I suppose you have seen something of our (British Association) proceedings in the newspapers. You will have heard that we have determined to go to Liverpool next year—not, however, without a considerable struggle. The Manchester people were very strong and very urgent, and your Liverpool friends were hard-pushed for arguments. They were obliged at last to plead that they asked our presence, not because they were more scientific than their Manchester rivals, but because they were less so; that they allowed the Manchester people had many philosophers and that they had few or none; but that they hoped to mend. This was really one of the arguments which produced most effect, so you see the Liverpool people are put on their good behaviour. And this is not mere talk, for we really do want a number of intelligent and scientific persons belonging to the place where we meet, in order to carry on the business of the Association. Such persons always must take the most troublesome offices—those of secretaries of the different sections for instance—in order to show that they are in earnest.

We should have no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of such persons at Manchester, so the credit of Liverpool is concerned in providing a stock of men of science before we come. Our president is to be Lord Burlington—a very

excellent appointment if he takes it up in earnest—and we are to meet in September.

I have been staying, during the meeting of the Association, with Dr. Riley and his wife in Bristol, very excellent and agreeable people; but, that being over, I have come to this place, which is picturesque and pleasant, and here and in the neighbourhood I shall be for a fortnight or more.

To his Sister] *Trinity College, Nov.* 14, 1836.

I am glad that you feel disposed to have a home of your own, and think it quite natural that you should wish to have the power over your own employments and actions which that alone can give you. If the house in Friar Street suits you, by all means keep it; and tell me if there is anything else which I can do which will make you more comfortable in it.

I do not expect, nor, indeed, can I wish, that you should immediately cease to think of my dear aunt, with whom you lived so long in intimate and affectionate domestic intercourse. It is not by forgetting such friends and such habits that we retain the happy influence which they are fitted to exercise upon us, and which makes them just subjects of gratitude. But I hope you will soon cease to think of her and her loss with any bitterness or despondency, and find consolation and support where she in her need sought and found it so abundantly.

Mr. Simeon, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter as dangerously ill, died to-day. After some promise of recovery he sank gradually into a state of extreme weakness, of which the termination could not be doubted. Through the whole of this he preserved a tranquillity and sweetness of demeanour which very much affected the few persons who were allowed to see him, and never for an instant wavered in the stedfast trust which he manifested in the hopes and encouragements which it had been the business of his life to cultivate in himself and others. I have not yet heard the particulars of his last hours; but all that I have heard of him has interested me very much.

To his Sister] *London: Dec.* 24, 1836.

I send you, along with this, Dr. Buckland's book, and also some of the sermons preached on the subject of Mr. Simeon's

death, which I think you will like to see. There will be a life of him published. My friend Mr. Carus, of Kirkby Lonsdale, will, I believe, be the biographer.

I am staying here with my friend Jones, who has been appointed Chief Commissioner for the Commutation of Tithes, and has taken a house for a permanent abode. After Christmas Day I go to Lord Lyttelton's, at Hagley, and then to Audley End, and to Norwich. I am busy with my new book, which I hope to publish by the end of February.

I send you the statement of a church which we want to build at Barnwell. My colleague, Perry, has bought the advowson of the living for 1,000*l*., with no chance of any return, in the hope of providing some relief for the deplorable religious destitution of a place thus lying at our own door.

In 1836 the Lowndean professorship became vacant by the death of Mr. Lax. The appointment was in the gift of certain high officers of the Crown, and was bestowed by them upon Mr. Peacock. Mr. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, writing in answer to Mr. Whewell's announcement that he was a candidate for the chair, says: 'Even if your letter had come sooner I could not have assisted you where Peacock was a candidate. We were contemporaries ages ago, we have been affectionate friends ever since, and he has repeatedly, to me and mine, proved the freshness of his early recollections. You know how I love Trinity; guess, then, how attached I am to one of my earliest friends there, and how eager I have felt to seize any opportunity of proving my affection. I know you will not quarrel with this avowal.' Five years after this, Mr. Spring Rice, then Lord Monteagle, and Dr. Whewell became brothers-in-law.

In the early part of this year, Mr. Whewell accepted the office of President of the Geological Society, at the urgent request of his friends Sedgwick, Lyell, and

Murchison. Consequently he was a good deal in London in May and June. In July he went abroad, delighted himself in examining some of his favourite French cathedrals; made a solitary progress in an open boat down the Moselle; spent a week with his architectural friend, M. de Lasaulx, at Bonn; and then joined some friends, Lady Munro, sister of the Marchesa Spineto, and others, in an expedition up the Rhine to Bingen. Before returning to England he spent some time in Holland. In September the British Association met at Liverpool, and Mr. Whewell was Vice-President, returning immediately after to Cambridge for term and its business; being, moreover, employed in printing as fast as he could write the 'History of the Inductive Sciences'; also in preaching sermons, afterwards printed, on the 'Foundation of Morals.'

To his Sister] *Paris: July* 12, 1837.

I think I have now made up my mind as to movements:—I shall visit Chartres to-morrow and its fine cathedral. I shall then return here and proceed to the east, by Rheims, Luxembourg, Trèves, to Coblentz. I shall travel a little up and down the Rhine, perhaps as far as Frankfort one way, and as far as Holland the other. I have never seen Holland, except Rotterdam, which came in my way on my return from Germany. I believe a few days will be well employed in seeing that country, and a few days, they say, are sufficient to see the whole kingdom. I intend to return by Aix la Chapelle and Brussels, and shall probably be in England again in the middle of August.

I am glad to hear that Dr. L—— is still so well. He was always a great talker, and by his bringing you the nonsensical story of my having refused a bishopric I presume he is still more remarkable for the quantity than for the certainty of his information. If you ask any of your friends who read the newspapers whether such a story is likely to be true they will tell you that the present Ministers are not likely to give to any one who is not a steady supporter of theirs any opportunity of refusing

a bishopric or any other preferment. What did surprise me was that the bishopric of Norwich (which I suppose is the one meant) was not offered to Sedgwick, who would have been a good appointment in every way. Adieu. I am just setting off to Chartres. Write to me at Bonn before long.

To his Sister Martha] *Bonn: Aug.* 19, 1837.

I came across the east of France, directing my course especially by Rheims, where is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in that or any other country, and which I had not seen before. I then went by Verdun, where Bonaparte detained the English prisoners at the breaking out of the last war; and by Metz, where there is a noble church which I had only time to see half as well as it deserved. From France I passed into the Prussian territories bordering the Rhine. Trèves is one of the cities which I had not seen before, and is a place very remarkable for its Roman antiquities. I spent a few days there and then came down the valley of the Moselle, which, like that of the Rhine, is very remarkable for its picturesque beauty; and I was glad to see it. But I found it rather a grave than a gay pleasure seeing it alone. I travelled the greater part of the way in a little boat, and the silence of the progress, and the want of effort and variety in the motion of a boat drifting down a rapid stream, naturally makes the deep solitary valley appear more severe and solemn than it otherwise would do.

I thus arrived at Coblentz, where I found an excellent friend with whom I have long corresponded, but whom I never saw before. This is M. de Lasaulx, an architect, who many years ago took a fancy to the little book which I published about German architecture. He received me with great kindness, and I spent above a week in seeing various objects in the neighbourhood in company with him and friends. After that I came to Bonn, where I stayed about a week among various German acquaintances, old and new; and when I was on the point of leaving the place, I fell in with a party of English, or rather Scotch friends, whom I was much rejoiced to meet, and with whom I have been moving about ever since.

We have been to all the most noted points of the Rhine,

scenery which I had for the most part seen before, but which I have seen again with increased pleasure; and we shall probably go on together to Aix la Chapelle, where I have some expectation of meeting some other of my English friends. We have had gorgeously fine weather, almost without interruption, except that the other day we were detained by the rain a couple of hours in a ruined abbey near Cologne, and had at last to walk to our carriage through the rain for an hour, in very dirty roads and wet woods, but I do not think anybody was put out of humour by this little inconvenience, and nobody was the worse for it.

This is to be brought to England by a son of Lady Munro, who is of our travelling party, and who is obliged to return home because he is come to the end of his holidays—I believe it will reach you as soon as if it were put in the post.

Spring Grove, near Birmingham: Aug. 30, 1837.

Since I wrote last I have travelled down the course of the Rhine to Holland, and have employed about a week in travelling through that country. I went from Rotterdam to Delft, and thence to the Hague, where the king mostly resides, and where there are fine collections of pictures and other curiosities. From Hague I turned aside to Scheveningen, which is a bathing place on the sea-coast, in order that I might have the pleasure of seeing the German shore of the ocean, and of looking across towards England, although far too distant to be visible. I then went on to Amsterdam, not stopping at Haarlem. You know from description what a strange country Holland is, when you come to think about it. It is so low that, if it were not protected by great dykes, a great part of it would be under water. Amsterdam is surrounded by such dykes, and the water in the docks and canals within these barriers is lower, though in a very small degree, than the sea water outside. You perhaps recollect Goldsmith's description of Holland in 'The Traveller':—

> Methinks her hardy sons before me stand,
> Where the tall[1] ocean leans against the land.

[1] In all editions of 'The Traveller' I have been able to consult the epithet is '*broad*.

This is a very spirited expression to describe the ocean being higher than the land and pressing against its boundary. The whole description in 'The Traveller' is very exact and very prettily expressed. The Dutch are far more like the English than any other people, both in their way of dressing, their great love of cleanliness, and, I may add, in the very high charges at their inns. I think at most of the inns I spent as much money as I should have done at first-rate inns in England. And besides this, instead of being as civil as the English innkeepers are, they are often as disobliging as the German innkeepers, who are frequently very consequential folks, like Hermann's father. At Arnheim, the first town in Holland at which I arrived, I had to stay all night, the steam-boat doing so. I had some difficulty in finding room in any of the inns; this was not surprising; but what amused me was that at the inns where they could not receive me they were so sulky that they would hardly give me an answer. I returned from Amsterdam to Rotterdam by Utrecht and Gouda, and then came over to London. I am here lodged with a most amiable family (Mr. Chance), one of whose sons was formerly my pupil. Instead of being in smoky Birmingham, which I was afraid I should be, I live in a very pretty house, with fields and trees, and gardens and conservatories, and come into town, about two miles, to the business of the day.

To his Sister] *Trinity College, Cambridge: Oct.* 12, 1837.

Our examinations here came close on the heels of the British Association meeting at Liverpool, and it was only whilst I was at Liverpool that I learnt that I could find a day or two at my own disposal on the road hither. These two days, which I thus came into possession of, I spent very agreeably at Sir Philip Egerton's, at Oulton, near Northwich; but I found myself unable to catch any of the music of the Birmingham musical festival, which I wished much to have done.

I was particularly desirous of hearing the Oratorio of St. Paul, of which my musical friends tell me great things. But I could not have achieved any opportunity of hearing that, except by leaving Oulton at five in the morning; and such a vigorous proceeding, considering the trouble it would have given my hosts, and the uncertainty of obtaining a ticket of admission when I

reached Birmingham, I had not the energy to attempt. Sir P. Egerton's is a very fine gentleman's house and park, and we had a very agreeable party there.

The day after my arrival we went, a large party, to visit the salt mines near Northwich; a sort of repetition of the party which went for the same purpose during the week of the meeting of the British Association. The spectacle of the salt mine lighted up by between 2,000 and 3,000 candles was very pretty. From Oulton I came as fast as railroads and coaches could bring me (which is very fast) to this place, where I have been ever since, with the exception of a visit of two or three days to a friend in Suffolk.

To the same] *Trinity College: Nov.* 18, 1837.

My old complaint of being overwhelmed with business, especially at this time of year, is at present, I think, rather more severe than ever. For besides all my usual employments I have to go to London two days every fortnight as President of the Geological Society, and am printing a book which I have not yet written, so that I am obliged often to run as fast as I can to avoid the printers riding over me, so close are they at my heels. I am, in addition to all this, preaching a course of sermons before the University; but this last employment, though it takes time and thought, rather sobers and harmonises my other occupations than adds anything to my distraction. I shall probably print these sermons, and when that is done will send you a copy immediately.

You will see by some newspapers I sent you that the 'Edinburgh Review' has declared war against me once more. The writer is Sir David Brewster, a man of considerable scientific genius, but who thinks, I suppose, that I have not done him justice; and who is by nature fretful and irritable. But you are not to suppose that I am disturbed by his carping. If I wanted anything to compensate for it, I should have found it amply supplied by a letter which I got this morning from Sir John Herschel, who speaks of my history with the warmest pleasure and admiration, and for a book of its size, price, and subject, it has sold remarkably well.

I must tell you of a great honour I have just received. The

Royal Society of London have adjudged me the Royal Prize Medal for my papers on the Tides.

Professor Whewell made frequent visits to London during the spring of this year, drawn there partly by the necessity of officiating once a fortnight as President of the Geological Society, partly by other objects, one of which was to consult Sir Benjamin Brodie about injuries sustained in a fall with his horse, during one of the late spring frosts. It was one of many experienced in similar circumstances, for he was an unfortunately careless and fearless rider. He used to say that he had personally measured the depth of every ditch in the neighbourhood of Cambridge by tumbling into it. He accompanied Dean Milman's party to Westminster Abbey, to see the Queen's coronation. He was present at a dinner given to Sir John Herschel on his return from the Cape. He succeeded Dr. Barnes as Professor of Casuistry and Moral Philosophy. After attending the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, he paid his first visit to Hallsteads, the Cumberland home of his future wife, and returned to Cambridge in time for the fellowship examination.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: March* 25, 1838.

I have, indeed, been very much employed in moving about for the last few weeks, having been in London several times, partly to fill my president's chair at the Geological Society, and partly for other purposes. On Saturday week I went to town to dine with the Duke of Sussex, at whose table I met the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Robert Peel, and several other eminent people; and in the evening almost all the distinguished persons you ever heard of were there, with a great many more whom I dare say you never heard of.

These visits, and the time spent on the road, have cut my leisure into such shreds and scraps that I have hardly been able to do anything which was not absolutely necessary; espe-

cially as my usual employments have been going on as actively as usual.

There is another circumstance which has somewhat hampered me. I had a bad fall with my horse in the frosty weather, and hurt my right arm very much; so much, indeed, that it is yet very far from well. The horse slipped down sideways on a hard-frozen slope, and I fell on my shoulder, which was much bruised. I had, however, great reason to be thankful that I broke no bones; and I am told by the doctors that there is no doubt of my recovering perfectly the use of my arm, although the recovery will take some time. The hurt interferes with my writing, and indeed with all my motions, so that my time is not so much my own as it used to be.

To his Sister] *London: April* 12, 1838.

My arm is, I believe, improving. I have consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie, and he expects a complete restoration of its use.

It was a great pleasure to me that, as President of the Geological Society, I had to assign our prize medal to a Lancaster man, Richard Owen—the son of our former neighbour, Mrs. Owen—who is considered to be one of the first anatomists in Europe.

It was indeed a great shock to me to hear of Mr. Wilkinson's death. The news came to Cambridge just before I left it; and though it appeared to me but too well authenticated, I tried to believe that there must be some mistake. I had heard from him not long before, and then he spoke of himself as perfectly well, but was in some anxiety about his wife. He was a man of excellent qualities, and to me his loss is a deep grief; for the friends of our early college days are very dear to us and cannot be replaced when they are gone.

I hope Martha's baby and all your other concerns at Lindale go on well. I am glad you have good hope of the school and the parish. Pray recollect that, so far as money goes, whenever a few pounds can be of use in any of your plans of that kind you may reckon upon me. I know that in such a district as yours money alone can avail little; and it is only by giving one's own labour and thought to the work, as James does, that any blessing can be expected.

Towards the end of the summer I shall be in the north, as I intend to attend the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle; and then I hope I shall see you and Martha.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: June* 9, 1838.

I am to be in London on Friday, the 15th, as one of the stewards of a dinner which is given to Sir John Herschel by his friends, to congratulate him on his return to England after being four years at the Cape of Good Hope. I shall then probably have to return here about the end of the month, to be elected into a professorship again. This is a professorship vacated by the death of a very old man who died lately, Dr. Barnes, the Master of Peterhouse. He was a north-country-man, and lived to the age of ninety-four. The professorship, which he held as a sinecure, and which I wish to make useful, was that of Casuistry, or, more properly, of Moral Philosophy. It is not worth much, but the subjects which it directs me to will fall in with my plans, as you may see by my sermons which I sent you. I believe there is little doubt of my being elected to this office on the 27th.

To his Sister] *Trinity College, Cambridge: July* 3, 1838.

I did not intend to have made my absence from college so prolonged, but I was tempted by the Coronation, which I found I should have a good opportunity of seeing. I had a ticket given me which procured me a good place in the interior of Westminster Abbey, and there I saw the whole of the ceremony very distinctly and agreeably. Everything went on well—at least the Queen performed her part admirably; I am told that she complained of the other persons who had to figure on the occasion not being very perfect in their duties; but, so far as a spectator could judge where I sat, the whole affair passed off in a very splendid and suitable manner.

The only accident was what you perhaps have seen in the papers. A very old and infirm peer, Lord Rolle, bent nearly double, who was supported to the steps of the throne to do his homage, when he got so far tried to go up to the Queen without sufficient assistance. He fell backwards on the floor quite help-

less, and was taken up by the people who stood round, looking as if he were half-killed. However, he again made an effort to approach the Queen, and she rose from her throne to make their meeting easier. This was done very promptly and gracefully, and produced great applause. I believe she was well acquainted with him, and had often been at his house when she was a girl and lived for some time in Devonshire, where his seat is.

I had seen the Queen much nearer a little while before; for I went to her with the Duke of Sussex and the other officers of the Royal Society, and had the honour of kissing her hand. She then looked very amiable and very girl-like, and her manner to her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, was exceedingly pretty and affectionate. I am glad you succeeded in making a festival for the poor people at Lindale. I hope everybody has enjoyed the occasion as much in your part of the country as they seemed to do wherever I have been. It is pleasant to think that these peaceful celebrations have, in our time, taken the place of rejoicings for victories and triumphs, military and political. I hope we shall never live to see any of the war festivities return.

I return to London in a few days, and from thence go to Bristol, and if I can find that I can read and write at any quiet place in the north of Devon (where I have business) I may stay there for some weeks, for I have of late had no time to myself.

To his Sister] *Bath Hotel, Clifton: July* 12, 1838.

I am always glad to come to this place, which is very pretty and very pleasant. Although it is so near the great black city of Bristol it is quite secluded and rural, with an open bushy down of great extent and a most picturesque river valley.

To-morrow I am going to see the Great Western steamboat, which has just come from America in twelve days and a half, and is now lying in the Bristol Channel. Pray ask William Newton how it has come to pass that the people of Liverpool, who are generally more active and enterprising than the Bristolians, have allowed their rivals to get so much the start of them in this matter of American steam-navigation. The

success of the experiment appears to me to be complete, and the people here are going to build another ship for the same service.

To Mrs. Somerville] *Hallsteads: Aug.* 29, 1838.

I was greatly obliged by your letter, and thank you very much for the trouble you have taken about my tide scheme. I hope to show you, in a few years, that the pains taken with this subject has not been wasted. I had heard from Mrs. Murchison of Dr. Somerville's illness, and was extremely delighted to learn from you that his recovery is in progress. You would, I think, have enjoyed the 'wise week,' as the Newcastle people called it, if your plans and engagements had led you into it; for everything (at least of a public nature) went on very satisfactorily, and the arrangements were better than they have been before.

Among the tasks we have proposed for the future, the most interesting, perhaps, is a grand scheme of magnetic observations, combined with an Antarctic expedition, which we are to recommend to Government. There seems the strongest probability that we shall be able not only to determine the magnetic poles at present as a basis for future observations of their changes, but also find a very easy method of determining the longitude, by means of the simultaneous small changes of the variations. We are also to have a reform bill for the stars: improving the representation of the skies, putting a number of constellations in schedule A, and arranging the boundaries of others according to their star-population. So you see we venture to charge ourselves with earth and heaven at the same time.

Early in this summer Mr. Whewell made a tour on the Rhine, in North Germany, and in Belgium, and after staying with Mr. Chance, near Birmingham, he made a tour in Wales during September with Mr. Jones. The scenery surrounding Brecon afforded him the opportunity of recalling feature by feature the beautiful circumstances of river, sea, and distant mountain, amid

which his native town of Lancaster is placed. In April 1840 he sends his sister the 'Isle of the Sirens,' and explains its meaning. He paid a visit to Madame de Barnevelde at the Château de Meteren in June, and another in July to the Bethmann Holwegs at Bonn. Whilst in Germany he had a sharp aguish attack, but he returned to England in time to go to Glasgow for the British Association, and to make various visits in Scotland.

In February of this year Mr. Hare wrote to Lady Malcolm from Cambridge:—

I have been spending a month here with great delight, from the exceedingly kind affectionate reception I have met with from my old friends, especially from Whewell; and one of the greatest pleasures I have enjoyed has been from seeing the very remarkable improvement in his character in point of gentleness and self-control, which lets his innate kindness become more evidently the ruling principle of his conduct.

To his Sister Ann] *Builth: Sept.* 15, 1839.

From Birmingham I went to London, and after staying there a week I set off for a little tour in South Wales with my friend Jones. He is a Welshman, but had seen little of his own country, and I had never seen South Wales, so we agreed to make a holiday together. We have found it very pleasant—although we have had a great deal of rain—for it has been fair during a part of every day, so that we have been able to see the country pretty well. Yesterday we came up the Towy from Caermarthen—you will recollect Towy's flood in the pretty little poem of 'Grongor Hill.'[1] The hill itself makes no great figure for size or beauty as you pass it, but I can easily believe that the view from it is very pretty.

I still, however, hold to my former opinion, that there are few places where the views are prettier than some of those in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and I do not think any river that

[1] Dyer's poem.

I have seen on my tour is more beautiful than the Lune above the Aqueduct. One view which I have just seen reminded me most strongly of the Lune, looking down from the Aqueduct, or rather looking from the meadows between that and the end of the 'Ladies' Walk.' It is just above the town of Brecon. There is there, just as there is at Lancaster, a weir which crosses the river obliquely above the town, and makes the water above it as smooth and bright as a mirror; the upper part of the river runs away among meadows and hedges and green hills, and then far beyond them you see absolute mountains, vast and grey and blue, like the hills towards Ingleborough, though there is nothing so fine as Ingleborough itself. Then looking down the river you see the stream, broken and rapid where it has got away from the weir; and a little way downwards you see the town, looking very picturesque, as Lancaster does, except that, instead of standing on a hill and making a fine outline, it is placed in the gorge of a valley with high hills on each side of it, the towers of the castle and church all mixed with trees and white houses, and of course nothing beyond to compare with our bay and its grand mountains. Still, the relative position of the river and the town and the inland mountains, and the rough and the smooth parts of the river, give it the same kind of beauty which our scenes have. I have talked so much about this that I cannot describe to you any other parts of our tour, which has been to me a very delightful one.

This little outbreak of mine into Wales has put an end to all chance of my visiting the north this summer.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: April* 8, 1840.

I send you a book, which I do not think you will make much of or admire much, but which you may like to see out of regard for 'the Author.' In order to understand it at all, you are to know that Mr. Carlyle has published a strange book called 'Chartism,' in which he represents the present evils of the country and its disordered state in a most alarming manner; refers to the proposed remedies, and, among the rest, to church extension, and laughs at this by recommending that there should be a supply of cast-iron preachers set up all over the country;

and finally he himself recommends teaching reading as the first step to improvement.

The Hexameter writer has taken passages out of the pamphlet (those which are put in the mouth of the 'Seer') and has turned them into verse with as little alteration as possible—actually only a word here and there; and with a few other alterations to make the allusions Greek, turning the English and Irish into Ithacans and Sybotians, and so you have the poem. The Chartism appears to have fascinated some of our young men, and perhaps the 'Isle of the Sirens' may serve to disenchant them.

I have not heard from you since you read beyond Miss Austen's first two novels, 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Sense and Sensibility.' In my opinion those two are decidedly much the worst. I should like to know what you think of my other favourites, for, as I think I told you, they are great favourites of mine.

I am glad you like my books, and think the Bible handsome. I am glad, too, that it is to make you remember me on Sunday evenings. At the time you mention I am generally in the College Chapel, and shall call your family circle to mind in the intervals of the service.

To his Sister] *Düsseldorf: June* 28, 1840.

There is very little to describe in the country through which I have passed. I must say, however, that the line of banks of the canals is prettier than one might expect; for the Dutchmen build themselves extremely neat houses, with lawns, shrubberies, groves, and flower gardens facing the canals; and everything is so trimly painted and kept that it really has a sort of beauty in spite of the want of natural features. They surround their houses with ditches, which are generally covered with an even green coat of duckweed, and over these ditches, at the corner of the garden, you have always a summer-house, where they sit and smoke their pipes and look at the world as it passes by them.

During part of the time that I was in Holland I was staying at a country-house, the Château of Meteren. It is very like an English country-house, except that it is surrounded by such

ditches as I tell you of, which are crossed by bridges, some of wood and some of stone; and then the grounds are laid out in square fields, with straight rows of trees running betwen them, for the people here aim at straight lines in laying out their grounds as much as they avoid them in England. One of the alleys at Meteren consists of six rows of trees nearly a mile long. Madame de Barnevelde, my hostess, has also a very ample poultry yard.[1]

My companion is Mr. Thurtell, a fellow of Caius College. His object, or at least one of his objects, is to see how schools are managed in countries which are supposed to excel our own in this respect, and accordingly we went to see several schools in Holland, but our ignorance of the language prevented our profiting very much by this inspection.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Cambridge: July* 31, 1840.

I am glad you have got my book; when your white-paper-mind, which you speak of, is disposed to take any impression from my printed paper, I am afraid you will find the first volume rather dry, but the second, I think, is not heavy reading. We had the Bishop of Norwich[2] and the ladies here for an hour or two during the Agricultural Meeting, and you, I suppose, have the pleasure of their society now. Talking of Bishops we have to rejoice in another one[3] among our friends. Hare is to preach his consecration sermon.

To his Sister] *Hillermont, Glasgow: Sept.* 18, 1840.

Your letter reached me at Kinwoody House, in Forfarshire, where my friend Mr. Lyell's father lives. I made my way to Edinburgh, when I left you, as soon as I expected. Many of my Scotch friends were gone to their country-houses, but several of these are not far from the city, and I visited them in their summer-quarters. I staid for about a week with Professor Forbes, and then went to Kinwoody, which is a bare country almost at the edge of the Grampians.

[1] Madame de Barnevelde was a sister of the Marchesa Spineto.
[2] Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich.
[3] Bishop of St. David's.

At the request of Mr. Lyell I preached in the Episcopal chapel at Kirriemuir on Sunday, and a great number of the frequenters of the Kirk were drawn by curiosity to hear me. I was told afterwards that they liked my discourse very well, but that some of them 'thought it would ha' been better if it had na' been read in a book.'

From Kinwoody I came to Glasgow, where I slept two nights, and dined with an old pupil of mine named Ramsay, who is one of the professors there. I then came on to the house of Mr. Colquhoun, who is member for the county. It is a charming country-house, and at present full of visitors. Among other persons, we have here Dr. Chalmers and his wife. I am delighted to meet him again. At present he is full of the controversy about the relative merits of the Scotch and English ways of relieving the poor, a question which has been raised by Dr. Alison, and has excited great notice. I believe they are likely to get into a discussion on the subject to-day in one of our sectional meetings, although it is against the rules of the Association to allow questions of such a kind to be debated amongst us. I must leave them to settle this and all other points among themselves, for to-morrow morning I take my departure for the south, and run to Cambridge as fast as coaches and railroads can carry me.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: Oct.* 24, 1840.

I was very glad to receive your account of your Welsh tour. It is very true that I have seen the country, but that does not make me at all less interested to hear of the impression which it made on you; but very much the contrary.

I hope you went over the Menai bridge to Beaumaris. The great range of Snowdonian hills looks more majestic from that side than from any other position. The lake of Llanberis is still very beautiful and wild; but it was much more so, to my thinking, before the broad road was carried through the valley and the great inn built close to it. I recollect it when it was a scarcely passable defile between Snowdon and Glyder Vawr. As you say, it is quite a foreign country; the temper and habits of the people, as well as their language, are different from those of the 'Seisnig.'

I am glad you did not like Mr. A.'s (picture of) Hermann and Dorothea. It is beyond measure stupid; both, as you say, in the feeling of the situation and—what was easier to hit—the costume and condition of the figures. The artist piqued himself upon giving the genuine costume of German peasants. It never seems to have occurred to him to read the poem, in order to see what the costume was, or to recollect that neither Hermann nor Dorothea were peasants. He was the son of a rich man whose father was burgomaster, and she had a French education, and was handsomely dressed. The only solution I can think of for Mr. A.'s stupidity is that somebody told him the story and that he never read the poem.

I have just been spending a week very agreeably with my friends Professor and Mrs. Henslow at Hitcham, in Suffolk. He is Professor of Botany and also Rector of Hitcham, and to my great sorrow about two years ago they transferred their habitual abode from Cambridge to Hitcham.

On my return I find my friends all busy about the election to the office of High Steward of the University. The candidates are Lord Lyttelton, for whom I vote, and Lord Lyndhurst.

Towards the end of the year 1840 a contest took place for the High Stewardship of the University. The candidates were Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Lyttelton. Lord Lyndhurst was elected, his election apparently having been recommended mainly by political considerations. Mr. Whewell supported Lord Lyttelton, a former pupil of his who had just completed a brilliant career at the University. The grounds on which Mr. Whewell was led to give his vote in contests of this kind are set forth in a letter to Lord Lyttelton, from which the following is an extract. After observing that he did not look upon it as a matter of any material consequence whether he gave a general support to Ministers on subjects unconnected with the Church, he goes on to say:—

Trinity College: March 10, 1840.

Perhaps I shall make myself best intelligible if I tell you what my own view of the position and value of our Church is. I think that the blessing of having a Church such as ours, so interwoven with the Constitution, so beneficial in its influence upon religion, morals, manners, and politics, is so great that we can never enough value it, and ought not to trifle with it. I think that this Church, having been so interwoven with the spirit of the country, must be continually identified with that spirit by the prevalent system of education, and that when this ceases to be done, the Church cannot but speedily fall—which would be the greatest evil the country could suffer. I think therefore that it must be the business of our statesmen to secure the permanency of a sympathy between Church and education. I allow for the existence of great bodies of interests and feelings alienated from the Church. I would treat these with all respect and deference consistent with the constant testification of a belief in the value of the Established Church. But if I saw a Ministry who treated the Church only with decorous neglect, if in all indifferent cases (exactly the cases which supply a test) they gave their preference to dissent, I should then hold it impossible to go along with them. Observe I do not say that these suppositions have any present application, and I do not say it because I have seen no certain ground to think the case is so. But as you have had the kindness to say so much with a view of showing me your course of thinking on such subjects, you will, I do not doubt, excuse me for showing you what are the points which must influence me. Having said so much, I have only to add that if you come forward as a candidate for the office of High Steward on the next vacancy, I shall have great pleasure in giving you my vote and support; and I should hope for the satisfaction of seeing you come in successful without difficulty.

An interesting letter to Miss Henslow[1] contains a brief account of the theories of spelling with which Archdeacon Hare had indoctrinated Mr. Whewell.

[1] Daughter of his old friend Professor Henslow, and afterwards married to Dr. Hooker of Kew.

Trinity College: Oct. 29, 1840.

I was very much obliged to you for your account of the fire-works. As I came along in the coach I thought of you, and was glad to see that you had so fine an evening for the display, and I was glad to see, too, in your description of the event that you have made so much progress in right spelling. Still I think you are not quite perfect in the lesson I tried to teach you, and I must tell you a little more about it.

The good old writers, as Shakespear, Spenser, and Milton, did put *t* instead of *d* at the end of several participles; and as this is both the old English way, and the way we pronounce, there is a good union of reasons for keeping it up. But then it was not in all cases that they used *t*, but only after certain consonants, which I call *sharp* consonants, *p*, *k*, *s*, *sh*, not after the corresponding flat consonants, b, g hard, z, g sôft. I will give you some examples from Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

There he says:

307. Worshipt in Rabba and his watery plain.
459. Maim'd his brute image, head and hands *lopt* off.

But we should say:

He robb'd his pocket while he dubb'd him knight.

Milton says in his own edition of his poem:

126. Vaunting aloud but *rackt* with deep despair.

But we should say:

Bang went his gun and so he *bagg'd* his hare.

Milton says:

509. Gods, yet con*fest* later than Heav'n and Earth.

I say:

He quizzed him well and made abundant mirth.

Milton says:

209. So *stretcht* out huge in length the arch fiend lay.

I should write:

He dredged for oysters in Algoa Bay.

The poet says:

His face
Deep scars of thunder had intren*cht*, and sin,
Sad on his faded cheek.

And we should say: And wedg*ed* or plung*ed* it in.

All the Miltonian examples are from the first book of 'Paradise Lost,' and I have markt the number of the line at the side. You will find them differently spelt in modern editions, but they are spelt as I have given you them in the edition which Milton himself superintended, and he was very careful about spelling.

Do you not see that there is a difference in the two sets of cases? You cannot say *wishd* if you try, nor plun*get* (dropping the e, and keeping the g soft.) You say wis*ht* and plunged, and it is better to write so. Can you say di*pd* or ro*bt*? I think not; so be content to say and to write di*pt* and *robbed*. Sometimes you have *tugged* at a bough and pric*kt* your hand; but never tu*gt* at anything, nor pric*kd* even your little finger except you tried to talk so. We see and hear that there is a difference in such classes of words, and as good writers have acknowledged the difference by their spelling, why should we try and keep it out of sight?

And so ends my lesson about participles; for I will not write about other branches of spelling at present.

I hope neither Mama nor Miss Brind will be angry with me for trying to spoil your spelling.

While the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill was under discussion, Professor Whewell made an attempt to secure for the chair of Moral Philosophy an increased endowment in the shape of a stall in Ely Cathedral. In the Bill, as it left the House of Commons, there was a clause assigning two stalls at Ely to two out of certain four professorships at Cambridge, of which that of Moral Philosophy was one, the others being the professorships of Hebrew and Greek, and the Norrisian professorship of Divinity; the holders of the two stalls were to be selected by the Crown.

An attempt was made in the House of Lords to give to Cambridge four stalls at Ely, on the principle that Oxford enjoyed four stalls at Christ Church, and if the Prime Minister would have consented to this it is prob-

able that Professor Whewell's exertions on behalf of his professorship would have succeeded. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners seem to have recommended that if there were to be but two stalls they should be definitively appropriated to the chairs of Hebrew and Greek. This was the course adopted in the Act, and the professors of Hebrew and Greek came after a time into the possession of stalls at Ely.

At a later period Dr. Whewell, having received from the Cathedral Commission a letter of enquiry respecting the advantage of annexing canonries to professorships, expressed his opinion that no serious inconvenience had been produced or threatened by this measure, and that the annexation of two more canonries to two theological professorships would be a still more appropriate application of such preferment, and a great benefit to the University. This suggestion produced no result, but it is perhaps worth mentioning that the commission appointed in 1877 to revise the statutes of the University have recently proposed to transfer the Greek professor's stall to a new professorship of Divinity.

CHAPTER V.

1840 TO CLOSE OF 1841.

Letters to Hare—His Charge—'College Rooms no Home for Declining Years'—Hare's Reply—Pew—Lady Campbell's Death—Masham decided against—Seal with a Strange Device—Engaged to be Married to Cordelia Marshall—Marriage—Dr. Wordsworth's Resignation—Professor Whewell appointed Master of Trinity—Coniston—Mr. Wordsworth's Visit—Arrival at Cambridge—Verses on a Chain of Hair—Theological Instruction.

THE best introduction to the history of the year 1841, the most eventful in Dr. Whewell's life, is contained in the letters written at the close of 1840 by him to Archdeacon Hare and in the Archdeacon's replies to them. A growing conviction was stealing upon him that his task as a resident fellow of Trinity College was nearly completed, and that 'college rooms were no home for declining years.' On the other hand, the only alternative which then presented itself for choice was a college living. Many another man in his place would probably have accepted that alternative without much scrutiny of his capabilities for fulfilling the duties involved, trusting vaguely to the probability that his would equal those of others similarly circumstanced, and to the hope of procuring a good curate who would supply all deficiencies. More characteristic of him, however, than any one other quality was a sense of duty, which made clearer views on this point absolutely necessary to him. Though longing for the quiet and leisure of the country, and feeling that 'such a life would be more wholesome

to the heart and spirit' than that he led at Cambridge, he sincerely doubted his qualifications for it. With perfect candour he lays the whole question before his friend, and the answer to this letter seems to me equally remarkable for its affectionate sympathy and its courageous frankness.

A visit to Masham, the college living in question, and subsequent consideration of all the important points involved, decided him finally to decline the living, and left him with the persuasion that the work 'for which Providence had mainly fitted him lay in the University, and was not yet quite completed.' Besides the discussion of this matter the following letters to Archdeacon Hare contain the announcement by Professor Whewell of the death of Lady Campbell, one of the Hyde Hall friends so dear to both, and also an urgent entreaty that Mr. Hare, when called upon to republish his Charge, would modify his praise of him in the preface, which Professor Whewell considered so exaggerated and erroneous as only to 'make him ashamed.' Mr. Hare promises to soften it, but denies that it is the 'abominable story' Professor Whewell thinks it.

To Ven. Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity College: Dec.* 13, 1840.

I have just received your Charge and read it with great delight. I had already begun to think that it was time I should see it; and having seen its publication advertised was on the point of sending for it, but, as you may imagine, I would much rather possess it as your gift. I should perhaps differ with you on one or two points of minor importance, and I am utterly unable to imagine what has moved you to insert that piece of extravagance and mistake about Professor Whewell. But almost every page contains opinions which I am rejoiced to have exprest, and still more to have them well exprest by you. I am especially pleased with your note about the terms of union with

the National Society. But I will not discuss any of the points with you now; I hope the time will come when I may do so face to face, which will be more satisfactory and expeditious. I want at present to employ a few minutes of your time in another way, in the consideration of matter which personally concerns myself. I want to ask your counsel. I will not say that your opinion will mainly determine me, for I must, of course, decide on my own consideration of the subject; but there are few persons, if any, whose judgment I shall receive with so much interest and willingness to make my own agree with it as yours. But I must leave off my prefaces and begin.

The matter, in short, is this. Shall I take a college living? Waddington[1] gives up Masham, which now, as improved by commutation and other circumstances, is a tolerably good living as livings go. Now I will tell you the main considerations which weigh with me, and I want you, who know me, and know both a college life and that of a country clergyman, to tell me how the matter appears to you. My main view is this—to express it in the form which it takes in my thoughts—that my *task* in college is well nigh ended. I have done what I could, or at least in a few months shall have done all I can, to improve the mathematical studies of the college and of the university. I have written my 'History and Philosophy of Science,' which I could not have written anywhere but in college. I have introduced the Philosophy into our Fellowship examination, the only examination in philosophy which exists in the University, and after another year I think I shall have done in this way all that becomes me.

My inducements to stay in college diminish. Friends depart or become separated from me by change of habits. I do not make new intimacies easily, hardly at all. College rooms are no home for declining years. The examples we have seen, and see, of such a close of life are not such as we should wish to follow. If I stay here, I see already that I shall soon be compelled to be Vice-Master; which I shall dislike from its confining me to hall. The governing power of the Vice-Master also would not suit me; authority enough to compel you often to

[1] On his appointment to the Deanery of Durham.

interfere, but not enough to enable you to carry your point, at least while differing with many of the Fellows on points of college government, which I do.

But then, on the other hand, am I fit to take a cure of souls? I like to have the disposal of my time. I cannot look to giving up my literary occupations. On the contrary, I look to making or preparing the way for an improved system of Ethics. I contemplate keeping my Professorship, even if I take a living, and residing in Cambridge one term in the year. Shall I be able to do this with justice to my parish? Am I at all fit for the business of a parish? Am I not too averse to business? too unsympathizing with common people? I have heard of persons like myself taking a college living and then repenting bitterly of the change. May not this be my case?

I have given you the thoughts that suggest themselves to me, and should like to know which you think the juster side of the soliloquy. I have given you the matter under a merely prudential and selfish aspect, because if it will not bear examining in that way, the decision can hardly be right. If I were to decide on an enthusiastic view, I certainly should have moments of repentance. My affections do not yet turn much towards parochial ministrations, but I should trust by God's blessing to find strength for such employments, and comfort in them, when once entered upon them. And one of the considerations which recurs to me is that such a life would be more wholesome to the heart and the spirit than the present life I lead. The change might be a source of happiness in other ways now unforeseen.

I look at you, who on entering on your ministrations have almost given up your literary labours. This I admire, but do not envy. For, in my case at least, to do this would mar the scheme of my life and lead me to neglect what appears to be my real task in life. If I can do anything, it is that I can systematize portions of knowledge which the consent of opinions has brought into readiness for such a process. I think I can do this in some important branches of morals, perhaps of other subjects. I cannot give up this design.

But then I see many others of my friends, who contrive to pursue a large amount of literary labour among the cares of a

parish. I think I could, for several years, if health were spared me, do what they can do.

I think you have now nearly the whole of my case before you. I am anxious to have your opinion upon it, because you have known me long and well, and have, I never doubt, a regard for me. The matter does not press very much. I am to meet Waddington on January 1, at his living, which he resigns on that day. I shall then see how the external argument looks. In the mean time it may be as well to say nothing of my having such a plan at present in my head. So, to put an end to this selfish letter, I will only write myself, as always,

Yours affectionately,

W. WHEWELL.

Archdeacon Hare to Professor Whewell]

Hurstmonceux: Dec. 17, 1840.

Your letter is not an easy one to answer, but so you must have known when you wrote it. Even those who know you best can only form a partial judgment on such a question. There will be much in you, there will probably be much in your outward circumstances, which ought of right to be taken into account, but of which they will be ignorant. However, I will give you my thoughts, such as they are, confident that you will not be offended if I intimate any doubt of your having the universality of the Admirable Crichton. I doubt whether any great man ever had, least of all when he was approaching to fifty. Most fully do I agree with you that college rooms are not a home for one's latter years, and in my late visits to Cambridge I have felt that you were outliving your contemporaries. It seemed to me too, at least last March, that the intercourse with your juniors, many of whom had been your pupils, was not altogether wholesome to you. One of the greatest delights I had during my stay at Cambridge last year was to perceive that the vehemence of your nature had been greatly subdued. This year, on the contrary—I know not whether anything had happened in the interval—you seemed to me to have become quite as vehement as ever. And this reason, along with others, such as the departure of most of your friends, led me to wish that some change should take place in the out-

ward form of your life. And yet I have never been able to think with satisfaction of your undertaking a parochial cure. I can neither fancy that you would suit it, nor that it would suit you. It *hardly* seems to me right to enter upon such a cure unless one does so with the purpose of making it the primary object of one's thoughts and interests. At least, I am sure no man of right feeling can enjoy peace of mind unless he has a satisfactory conviction that the people committed to his spiritual charge are duly taken care of. Much may, indeed, be done by an able and zealous curate; such a one you may find, and if you take the living you must unquestionably have one.

Thus, since so large a part of my own time has been withdrawn from my parish by my new office, I have felt a daily increasing comfort and blessing in Simpkinson; and you too would be rightfully withdrawn from your parish by the duties of your professorship, which, from their great importance to the Church and to the whole nation, might most justly take the precedence. At the same time, unless you could feel a considerable sympathy with the new objects of your care, unless you do feel a strong interest in your new duties, and not merely in your regular Sunday ministrations, but in the schools, in visiting the sick, in talking to the poor about the petty concerns of their daily life, your life would be a very unsatisfying one. Many blessings attend on these labours, when one does take a hearty interest in them; but when one does not, they become an intolerable weariness, until by degrees one grows to neglect them.

Now at your age it is most difficult for a man to change the whole current of his daily thoughts and interests—above all, when the mind has been constantly habituated to look at all things from a speculative point of view. You who stand atop of a mountain cannot see the clouds in the valley, still less can you care for them. Nor is it desirable that you should. All are not meant to be pastors; some are to be apostles, some *doctors*. This is what our blundering Church-reformers could not understand. Your ministry in this world seems to me to be that of a doctor, rather than a pastor; and what I should wish for would be a post where you might fulfil that ministry—the Mastership of Trinity, a deanery, or something of this sort.

I would have you pursue your work in moral philosophy; there is an ample field, a noble one; and it would be an evil thing for England that you should abandon it.

But you would not. True, you would not give up literature and philosophy as I have done. My course in this matter has not been determined by my own will; it has been forced upon me by causes which I could not resist. Some of them lie merely in individual peculiarities. I have always been called exclusive; Ma Man told Miss Ferrier: 'Mr. Hare cannot care about anybody except Kate'; and I believe there is a narrowness in me that disqualifies me for taking a deep interest in more than one thing at once. Besides, as you know from my etymological vagaries, I can never rest satisfied until a thing is done as thoroughly as my faculties and means will enable me. This is almost a disease; and hence I have been forced to leave so many things incomplete. But you are not so hyperscrupulous about petty details, nor do you allow yourself so easily to be monopolized. Therefore I doubt not that you might be able to pursue your speculative studies amid the cares of your parish. Thirlwall has done so, and his work is perfect. A—— has done so; B—— has done so, even with the care of a London parish and the distractions of London society. But then their books seem to be much as if a painter were to dash his brush across his pallet, after which, if he were wise, his next thought would probably be to obliterate his daub. However, Thirlwall's example is an encouragement; and I know your energy. I doubt not you would find time. But I do doubt whether you could ever refashion your mind according to your new calling—whether you could unravel the whole network of your thoughts, to weave them anew; whether you could descend, like Apollo, to become a shepherd.

I am the more urgent on this point, because I myself felt the misery of the distraction occasioned by an uncongenial calling during the two years I was in the Temple. And many a hard struggle have I had, many a long fit of despondency, since I came to Hurstmonceux, from the reluctance to forsake my old pursuits, from the difficulty of adapting myself to my new ones, and from the impossibility of reconciling the two. From my misery in the Temple you rescued me, and so were one of the greatest

benefactors of my life; but from my struggle here I have gradually been freed by God's grace, and by the infinite blessing He has given me in my sister-in-law. Still it was an exceeding delight to return to Cambridge, and to recur to the speculations of former years, and to find the opportunity of using the knowledge it had been the chief business of my life to acquire. And now in my new office I find myself again engaged in work for which it seems to me that the habits and frame of my mind qualify me better than for pastoral ministrations. Hence my happiness in these last years has greatly increast. The great lesson of my life has been that there can be no true happiness except when one is walking in the path of duty. Then alone 'can love be an unerring light, and joy its own security.'

I have written unconnectedly, it may be contradictorily, as the thoughts have risen up. You would not expect a determinate answer; and no one can determine the question but yourself. I have merely suggested such reflexions as my knowledge of you and of your present position, as well as of that of a parochial minister, called forth. Whatever your decision may be, you must keep in mind that your calling is rather to be a doctor than a pastor, and you are bound not to do what would hinder your efficiency in that calling. At the same time God may give you strength to fulfil both. And humanly speaking, with a good curate, and a wife, such as there are many, well fitted for the charge of a parish, you might look with contentment on the condition of your own flock, at least in some measure, even while your thoughts are mainly turned toward that larger flock who have been more especially committed to you. Whatever you decide, may it be right, and may the blessing of God prosper it!

There is another consideration which I would just hint at. A country parson's life is almost infallibly one almost devoid of everything like intellectual society. This to me, who was always a good deal of a recluse, is no intolerable loss. But how would you reconcile yourself to it?

If the alternative lay between continuing in college and taking a living, I should indeed feel little hesitation. A college life seems to me so unwholesome for a man after he has outlived his contemporaries, and abandoned practical work, that I would

quit it, trusting that I might be enabled to discharge my new duties, without abandoning those which the whole course of my life had imposed upon me. But, as I said before, I should wish to see you in a different post.

With regard to my Charge, I am very glad it meets with your sympathy; and shall also be glad to learn what are the points of difference, that, if I find myself in errour, I may correct it. One I know, from what you said about the Duke's acceding to the Irish Emancipation. My note was then just gone to the press; and the difference amused me. But on the measure itself I do not take upon me to pronounce, so far as it was a question of expediency. I was merely referring to what one hears perpetually among the country clergy—that he sacrificed principle to expediency, because he admitted Roman Catholics into the legislature.

The etymology of pew you may be disposed to question, as I did at first; but the passages in Du Cange, Charpentier, and Menage settle the question convincingly. Still I should like to be better satisfied about the meaning of the word in the passages in Shakespeare.[1]

You talk of discussing things with me 'face to face.' It will always be a very great pleasure to me to see you; but I feel some scruples about inviting my friends in winter; because then my sister is away (she always goes to her father); and I fancy she must be the charm of the place to others, as she is to me. However, if you like to come now, you shall be received with much joy, only I must leave home in January, having to preach at Chichester on two Sundays in that month.

J. C. H.

Was not the removal of Golgotha and the inversion of the pulpit in St. Mary's effected in our time? I have an indistinct notion that I remember the change. My imprudence, I suppose, will exclude me from it henceforward.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Ely: Dec.* 26, 1840.

I must not delay long to thank you for your friendly and reasonable letter, though I shall have to think about it a good

[1] 'Pew-fellow.' Richard III., act. iv. sc. 4.

deal longer before I have done with it. I am glad to find that the points which strike you as most important are those which had already presented themselves to me; and nearly in the same light in which you see them. I need not pretend to give you any further indication what my decision may be; the state of the case being that I have not advanced further than those general principles which you express. I only add this in addition: that I am sure I do right to leave out of my consideration all prospects except those which my college offers me. I have not the smallest belief that I could, in common worldly prudence, look to any other quarter for any motives to direct my choice in such a matter. But even if the event were to falsify this belief, I should still wish most carefully to keep my decision on my own conduct uninfluenced by such probabilities. And if my age be somewhat late to enter upon a new form of the exercise of my profession, it is also late to defer any longer escaping from a position which we both agree ought not to be final. My unfitness for the life of a pastor, my need of the best assistance that can be had, and all the rest that you say, I cordially grant. With regard to my deficiencies I hope that, if I choose as well as I can the task which seems to be assigned me by Providence, His blessing will strengthen me to supply them and give me comfort in the course of employments to which I am directed.

I am here at the deanery, with a large Christmas party from Cambridge, and have not your sermon with me, so that I cannot discuss any part of it in detail. But, in truth, when I said that I differed with you on some points I think it must have been rather a remnant of my disputatiousness, which you know of, than any serious difference of thinking. For I have read it since and find scarcely anything with which I did not agree cordially, only, in the way of my own trade of system-making, I doubted whether you could establish a tenable distinction between maxims and principles; and whether there could be any solid ground for a moral decision in talking of matters of principle till we had got a *system* of principles established—if possible demonstrated. Then, of maxims, which I see no reason to limit, this appears to be one: that the governors of a state are not to acknowledge that they act from *fear* of those who threaten to violate the laws. And on this ground I

condemn the Duke of Wellington's *manner* of passing the Catholic Relief Bill. For I, with you, do not pretend to decide the rightness of the measure itself by means of such maxims.

But, as I said before, I hope we shall have some opportunity of personal talk about such matters. When I said this, however, I thought of London or Cambridge, rather than Hurstmonceux. It would be a great pleasure to me to visit you there: but I must not meditate any such move at present. In two or three days I go northwards to meet Waddington at Masham itself; and to receive on the spot such information and advice as he can give me. The matter of pews and benches and the rest I must discuss some other time. And now goodbye; and God bless you with all blessings that belong to the season.

To Miss Henslow] *Lancaster: Jan.* 8, 1841.

I am here a long way from the Public Library, so that I can tell you and aunt Ella nothing about the 'Prisoners of State' at present. I was myself very near becoming a 'Prisoner of State' a few days ago—I mean a prisoner of the *state of the roads*; for in Yorkshire, where I was then travelling, the snow lay so thick on the roads that six horses could barely drag us through. I shall return to Cambridge in a fortnight or thereabouts, and then I will try if I can answer your aunt's question.

From this place I go to Grange, near Milnthorpe, which is about twenty miles off, where I have two sisters and a family of nieces and nephews (you see I put the nieces first).

Have you, or has aunt Ellen, made any new riddles this Christmas time? If you have, pray send me them, for I like to see them. I have written nothing of that kind lately, for I have been obliged to employ myself very busily in writing and printing mathematics, which I do not like so well as translating fables, or making hexameters, but which I must do notwithstanding.

The next letter is one from Mr. Whewell to Archdeacon Hare, announcing the death of Lady Campbell, daughter of Sir John Malcolm.

Feb. 14, 1841.

One whom we have always lookt at and thought of as the

example of all that is most lovely and admirable in woman is no longer with us on earth. I have a short note from Ma Man this morning, inclosing one from Olympia Malcolm, which gives some particulars of the last days of her sister. Ma Man begs that I will write a few words to you.

You will not expect me to say any more. We can think of her now as we always thought of her, but more steadily than ever when the first shock is past.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity College: Feb.* 26, 1841.

It was a very kindly thought of you to recollect that I was the first person that brought you into the company of the dear and excellent lady whom we have lost, when I wrote to tell you that we must see her, on this side the gates of Heaven, no more. I have since had one or two notes from Ma Man, with brief notices of the state of the family. Lady Malcolm has been overwhelmed; but was beginning to rise from her bed when I was in town a week ago. Sir Alexander is full of grief, as you may well suppose, but full, too, of religious trust and consolation.

When I wrote to you I had not given my decision respecting Masham, but I had nearly made up my mind to the purpose which you conjecture. I should have found it difficult to reconcile such a charge with my employments here; for I have still something to do in the University. I think I now see my way with tolerable clearness to the construction of my system of Morality, and shall set about it as soon as my present course of lectures is over. I shall be very desirous of having your opinion upon some parts of the subject when I have got it into a form in which it can be laid before you; and I hope I shall be able to obtain the aid of your views and feelings without giving you much trouble or making any oppressive demands on your time, which I know is pretty well filled up with employments not lightly to be interrupted.

Are you likely to be called upon soon for a new edition of your sermons? When that period arrives I have a petition to you which I hope you will not reject. You have mentioned me there in a manner which I am obliged to say is so extremely erroneous that it distresses me. The character which you have

given me is as far as possible from that which I deserve. You know, I think, that I am very ignorant in all the matters with which you are best acquainted, and the case is much the same in all others. I was always very ignorant, and am now more and more oppressed by the consciousness of being so. To know much about many things is what I never aspired at, and certainly have not succeeded in. If you had called me a persevering framer of systems, or had said that in architecture, as in some other matters, by trying to catch the principle of the system, I had sometimes been able to judge right of details, I should have recognised some likeness to myself; but what you have said only makes me ashamed. You will perhaps laugh at my earnestness about this matter, for I am in earnest; but consider how you would like praise which you felt to be the opposite of what you were, and not even like what you had tried to be.

I was very fortunate in my journey from London last Monday. I travelled hither in company with Madame Caradori, as you did many years ago in a journey to York. When I recalled myself to her recollection she forthwith enquired about you, and seemed glad to hear of you. She was as gentle and sweet-mannered, and almost as pretty as ever; and it was a great pleasure that evening and the next to hear her sing some of her little playful songs as she used to do. It brought back ancient days very agreeably.

Worsley is in town; at least, so I believe, for I have not yet seen him here. He put his shoulder out of joint the other day skating on the Serpentine, but did not seem to be much shaken in his general health by the accident.

I hope your churches grow large, numerous, beautiful, and pewless. I have not yet been able to get any models of benches for you. Perhaps something may come in my way soon.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity College: March* 5, 1841.

I send you two lectures—two 'lean and flashy' songs I am afraid you will think them; for I do not think much otherwise of them myself. But I wanted to put some stamp of activity upon my professorship before it became late; and I was pleased to think of expressing to Worsley the feeling he so well deserves

from me. He is still in London, only now convalescent from the fall, which I think I told you of, in which he dislocated his shoulder.

Digby has been here, looking and talking much as ever; and since his return to Bath has written to me complaining much of the place. He has been painting a St. Michael, like the one he painted for you, on a much larger scale, and applied to me to know what is the real order of the colours of the rainbow in nature. You think, perhaps, that this was in order that he might make his mystical rainbow *unlike* a real rainbow. But not so. He was ready to condescend to the actual. See how age tames a man's spirit!

Extract of Letter from Archdeacon Hare to Mr. Whewell]

Stoke: March 18, 1841.

Your vehement remonstrance against my unjust attack on you in my Charge did indeed somewhat amuse me; for of course you must have meant my Charge, there being nothing in the preface to my sermons, which you mention, of which the most sensitive man has any plea for complaining. As I believe it is to be reprinted, I will try to soften your objection, though I cannot admit any man's right to quarrel with the praise one may bestow upon him, or to judge of its propriety, which of course must always be relative. When one asks one's conscience one shrinks from all praise; and so, from a feeling of indesert, I should have begged you to cancel a good part of your dedication to me. But as the expression of friendship, however partial and erroneous, I accepted it thankfully. As to what I say of you, you, I believe, are the only person who would not acknowledge its appropriateness; so that your remonstrance itself is a kind of testimony to the truth of what I have said.

Extract from Letter of May 26, *to Archdeacon Hare*]

I wish you could have avoided telling such an abominable story about me in your Charge; but I can easily conceive that when a man has once involved himself in such a monstrous assertion, it is difficult for him to extricate himself with a good grace either in himself or in his victim.

To his Sister] 16 *Suffolk Street: March* 27.

It is long since I wrote to you—I think not since you returned from Kendal—but I have written several times to James[1] and to Liverpool, which I suppose will have informed you in some measure of my history, so far as there is any to be told. I was glad to receive your account of your visit to Kendal, and to find that you had seen the Mrs. Wilkinsons. The old lady is, as you say, a wonderful person, not only for her health, but for her cheerfulness and vivacity.

I was not much surprised at the account you gave of the way in which the men at the Literary and Scientific Society talked of superstition. To speak contemptuously of all that can be classed under that head is a way that people take of giving themselves the air of philosophers till they grow wiser.

You ask me about my visit to the Queen, but in truth I can tell you little. Our University procession, I am sorry to say, is a good deal of a mob; and as I did not scuffle for a place, I was not very near her. She looked to me more grave and womanly than last year, as was fitting. The Duchess of Kent, to whom we also went, appeared really affected by our address to her. Prince Albert, as usual, handsome and somewhat inanimate. I believe I shall meet him to-night at Lord Northampton's, who gives a great evening party as President of the Royal Society.

I received a letter from Martha, bringing an account of her visit to Casterton to place Lizzy there. I was sorry to find that the establishment had in some respects impressed her as wanting in cheerfulness and freedom. Perhaps she is hardly aware how necessary something of constraint and gravity is in a large institution, to preserve order and industry. I hope it will turn out that there is no larger infusion of these austere ingredients at Casterton than is requisite for the purposes of good education, but I shall be very anxious to hear how Lizzy likes the place, her companions, and her teachers, when she has had time to become acquainted with them.

I suppose Lindale and Grange are now beginning to look pretty; we have here charming spring weather. I shall stay in town for about a week, and then return to Cambridge, where I shall be called by examinations.

[1] Rev. J. Statter, his brother-in-law.

To his Sister] *Trinity College: April* 13.

You were quite right not to believe that I should take a living and leave you to learn the story from the newspapers. I did, however, practise a little reserve towards you at the time of my visit in the winter, for which you must forgive me. I was not without some thoughts of taking the living of Masham, and I went to see it that I might the better judge of it. I came directly thence to Lancaster. When I was with you I had not given my decision about it, nor quite made up my mind. And as you could only have been disturbed by my doubts without being able to help me in deciding, I said nothing to you about it. The newspapers have not been saying that I had taken the living, but that I had been to look at it, which, as you see, was perfectly true.

The parish is very large, very populous, and in various ways very laborious. It has been taken by one of our Fellows of the name of Riddell. If you had askt Remington he could have told you something about it, for he also passed it, being Mr. Riddell's senior.

I have been repeatedly to London of late. Thank you for Lizzy's letter, which is, I think, very satisfactory. The pleasure with which she speaks of her employments, and of the people about her, shows that she is not unhappy, and the accomplishments she is acquiring are very good for her. I trust she will be much improved by the time she is to spend at Casterton. I am glad to hear your flowers are coming up. Pray give my love to them and say that we are all happy to receive them. I have not been lucky with my flowers. I brought some hyacinth bulbs from Haarlem, in Holland, where they are famous for flowers, and the creatures have been pinched by the frost, while I was with you in January, and cannot get over it, so as to blow healthily.

I cannot tell you yet what I shall do during the summer. The meeting of the British Association, which I must attend as President, is to begin July 29 at Plymouth; and in the beginning of July we have the installation of our Chancellor, the Duke of Northumberland, which will make a great bustle here, so I shall hardly travel far till August.

To his Sister] 3 *Suffolk Street: June* 1, 1841.

I have been three weeks in lodgings here, and shall stay about a week longer before I return to Cambridge.

I am glad you have been seeing something of the country. Chester is, as you say, a very odd old city, and the Cathedral has some very good architecture. Eaton Hall I never saw, but, from all the pictures I have seen of it, it must be somewhat too elaborate and over-ornamented. It was built at a time when people were only beginning to understand Gothic architecture, and did not discriminate one age from another, nor the style of churches from that of houses. Mr. Rickman had not yet enlightened us and given us eyes.

The installation is given up, in consequence of the expected dissolution of Parliament. I am by no means sorry for this: it is one bustle escaped, or at least deferred. I suppose your Liverpool people have quite despaired of the 'President.'[1]

The faithful sister to whom for so many years all his home letters had been written, all his home thoughts expressed, had doubtless perceived indications of a change which was approaching. Some playful questions about a seal with an unknown device drew from him the following answer, and the weighty announcement that he was no longer to be alone at Cambridge. He was engaged to be married to Cordelia—'not the daughter of King Lear, but of Mr. Marshall of Leeds,' the wife who for fourteen years was to bless his home with her presence. What he found in her, the warm and tender heart, the calm, strong sense, the wise and boundless sympathy, he himself has told his friends in the Elegiacs written shortly after her death. At first there was too much excitement—'bewilderment,' as he calls it in a letter to Mr. Hare—for him to realise fully all that was before him of happiness, and in the anticipation of the separation from Trinity, which his marriage seemed necessarily to entail, there must have been real

[1] Steamship 'President.'

pain. Within a week after his marriage it turned out that no such separation was to take place; but during all the previous months there was a steady growth in the hope and comfort with which he dwelt upon the new life, and of the companionship of 'the good angel' to whom afterwards he referred with touching reiteration as having brought wisdom and calmness to his vehement character, 'the wisdom that shines in the heart.'

To his Sister] *Suffolk Street: June* 18, 1841.

You want to know something about my own movements; and first as to the important matter of the seal which you asked about in a former letter. The characters upon the seal were U. U. C., and the mysterious meaning which they involve is United University Club, the letter having been written in that Club House, and sealed with one of their seals. Perhaps some day soon I may send you a letter with a more significant seal; but if you receive such an one, it will not have any such impress as your own little name, Ann; it must have a much longer and poetical name marked upon it, no less than Cordelia.

You will naturally want to know who this Cordelia is. She is not the daughter of King Lear, as you may suppose; but of Mr. Marshall of Leeds, who has a place at Hallsteads, on Ullswater. His son, James Marshall, has a house on Coniston Water, and is therefore no very distant neighbour of yours.

Nothing is settled yet about the time of our marriage, but we shall see our way in a month or two. Cordelia bids me send her love to you, and tell you that she trusts you will not have lost a brother, but found a sister. Now there is news for you, and good news, and I will leave you to think it over, without saying more about it at present.

To his Sister] *London: June* 22, 1841.

I must get to Hallsteads soon, for I have hardly been able to see anything of Cordelia amid the tumult and bustle of London. As for myself, independently of my affection for Cordelia, who is amiable and good if any one ever was so, it rescues me from

a life of loneliness at Cambridge which was becoming very oppressive to me.

Tell your bookseller to get you the next number of the 'Quarterly Review,' which comes out in two days. It contains a long article on my books by Sir John Herschel.

To his Sister] *Cambridge: July 2.*

Cordelia wishes me not to shorten my visit to you; I must not let you feel, she says, that your happiness is indifferent to her. I feel as if I were taking my leave of Cambridge, and to take leave of a place where one has spent the thirty best years of one's life is but a melancholy employment in itself, but it is accompanied with the happiest anticipations of the future, instead of prospects which, if I had staid here, I was beginning to think gloomy enough, so far as my comfort was concerned.

To Archdeacon Hare] 16 *Suffolk Street: July* 25, 1841.

When I wrote to you last I was not half grateful enough for the blessing I have now in prospect. I was to a certain extent under the influence of a bewilderment which has now, I trust, past away for ever. I think of my future with unmingled hope and comfort, and of Cordelia as my good angel. I have been obliged to leave her for a time to go to preside at this great, ugly meeting at Plymouth; but I shall soon, I hope, return to beautiful Ullswater, and stay there for a long time. I have promist to examine once more for the Fellowships—an extreme effort of loyalty to the College; and really made mainly out of loyalty to the College; for if I withdraw I do not know who is to take either the mathematical or the philosophical part of the examination.

Afterwards, very soon I hope, *we* shall take up our abode at a house which one of Cordelia's brothers has upon Coniston Lake. Do you think it will be desirable to found a school of Lake philosophy as well as of Lake poetry?

I want you, if it occurs to you that you can, to give me a little lift in my Moral Philosophy. In the sketch of a system I come to a matter where I may be misled by the spirit of system, and where a hint from a person of good sense, thinking unsystematically, may prevent my starting in a wrong direction. I want

you, in short, to give me a *Guess at Truth* on my subject. The subject is this :. when crimes are committed in consequence of habitual vices, how is the guilt to be assigned respectively to the *habit* and to the *act*? Is the habit a palliation or an aggravation of the crime? Is the condemnation of the moralist to fall, for instance, upon the vice of covetousness or upon acts of dishonesty? Is covetousness which never breaks out in dishonesty, or dishonesty which arises only from a transient covetousness, the more immoral? or, if it be not the best way to talk about 'more immoral,' what is the way? I am a little confused at setting out with this enquiry, and have a suspicion that my trouble arises partly from my looking at it too technically; so, as I said, I shall be much obliged to you if in the intervals of your other labours you will throw out a guess about it. Even if I do not adopt your guess it will do me good.

I find that Ma Man is still here. I hear nothing whatever of Worsley: pray do you?

To his Sister] *University Club, London: Aug.* 8, 1841.

I directed one or two papers to be sent to you by which you will see the course of our proceedings at Plymouth (with the British Association).

I shall be in the north about a month, and in the course of that time will visit you at Grange. I had a very prettily written letter from Lizzy while I was at Hallsteads, and am glad to find, both from her account and from Martha's, that she appears to have profited much by her school, and also to like it. We had some very bad weather whilst we were at Plymouth, which interfered a good deal with the enjoyment of the occasion, but everything went off very well. The ship launch in particular was a fine scene. It put me in mind, however, of the launches I used to see in Brocklebank's yard in my school days, which appeared to me quite as grand as this one—indeed, I think more so, for the ships there were under the open sky, not shut up in a house as they are now; and the West Indiamen which were built at Lancaster were, to a boy's eye, as large as a ship-of-the-line to a man's.

To his Sister] *Hallsteads: Sept. 7.*

Our marriage is to take place on October 12, and, as I have, I believe, already said, in the little church near this place, and we are to be married by Mr. Myers,[1] the clergyman of St. John's, Keswick.

The little white-washed 'New Church,' high up amongst the hills, had for a century or two replaced the more picturesquely situated Old Church, surviving only as the name of a cottage on the lake shore in the grounds of Hallsteads, the church, as such, having been destroyed by invading Scots in border raids. At New Church on Tuesday, October 12, the marriage took place. Monk Coniston was lent to Mr. and Mrs. Whewell for their honeymoon, and there tidings speedily followed them which interrupted the calm for which Mr. Whewell had been yearning, though in a fashion which could scarcely be called unwelcome, since they brought the prospect of appointment to an office which had been the summit of his ambition, for which with its mixture of practical duties and 'leisure for philosophising' his friends had thought him fitted, and, in spite of some misgivings (like most of his deepest thoughts they found expression in his letters to Archdeacon Hare), so he thought himself.

On October 12, the very day of the marriage, Dr. Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity College, wrote to Professor Whewell announcing his intention to resign, and expressing his anxiety that he should be 'appointed as soon as possible to this important concern.' 'I can

[1] The Rev. Frederic Myers, author of 'Lectures on Great Men,' 'Six Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, 1846,' 'Catholic Thoughts on the Church of Christ and the Church of England.' A very few months later Mr. Myers married Susan, another daughter of Mr. Marshall. He died in 1851, and was mourned by Dr. Whewell as a 'Brother by tenderest ties: more than a brother in love.' Elegiac xii.

truly say,' he added, 'that I retained the office so long as I have done under one Administration, and have lost so little time in seeking to part with it under another, in the earnest *desire*, *hope*, and *trust*, that *you* may be, and *will* be, my successor.'

A letter of the same date from Dr. Worsley, the Master of Downing, and one of two days later from his old friend Mr. Jones, give the same news of the Master's intended resignation, and urge that Professor Whewell should come to London and make application for the appointment to the Ministers, the appointment being in the gift of the Crown.

On October 13 Dr. Worsley wrote to Archdeacon Hare:—

> Whewell must and shall be Master of Trinity, which is nearly all I have time to say to-night, but from which you may infer that the Master has resigned, and that we must all do our best to place Whewell where he certainly ought to be, and where the University as one man expects him to be.
>
> The Master came to me yesterday morning and said he was but that moment at liberty to state officially the fact of his resignation; and then, referring to reports which had been spread of it, and of his son Christopher succeeding him, he said that of course such a thing must, if it were possible, be most gratifying to him, but he conceived it to be all but impossible, if only from the objection to making such an appointment hereditary; but that he wished me to write to Whewell by that night's post, feeling as he did that the eyes of the University would naturally turn to him as a most fit person, and that, at all events, he wished all good candidates to start fair. You may believe I wrote nothing loth, and exhorted him not to linger in his hymeneal Elysium, but to bestir himself. . . . . Write—and let me see your dear and orderly perpendicular hand!

Sir John Herschel wrote to the Duke of Northumberland, Chancellor of the University, on the subject,

and Archdeacon Hare to Mr. Goulburn, but before any application was received by anybody the matter was already settled.

On October 17, Sir Robert Peel wrote to Professor Whewell: 'I have the satisfaction of informing you that I have just received an intimation from the Queen that she has been graciously pleased to approve of my recommendation to Her Majesty, that I should be empowered to offer to you the succession to Dr. Wordsworth as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.' He adds that in proposing that Mr. Whewell should be selected for this high trust he had been influenced solely by a deep conviction of the importance of the duties which it involves, and a conscientious belief that he was eminently qualified to discharge them. The application for the appointment was received next day, and acknowledged by Sir Robert Peel in a note in which he says: 'It will always be satisfactory both to you and to myself to reflect that I named you to the Queen for the Mastership without any solicitation, and previously to the expression of any wish on your part.'[1]

Congratulations poured in from every quarter—from his intimate personal friends, from former pupils, from his London acquaintance, and from those even of his colleagues and associates of whom rumour had spoken as possible competitors for the appointment. 'If anything,' writes Dr. Worsley to Archdeacon Hare, 'can increase Whewell's personal satisfaction, it is, what I have good reason to be firmly convinced of, that Martin and Thorp, the two especially mentioned persons, are as much delighted as any of us. This is not said

[1] I have letters before me to the same effect from the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Goulburn, Sir James Graham, the Bishop of London, in fact all those to whom Mr. Whewell or his eager friends had written. The appointment was already made.

vaguely but advisedly, and to their high honour, and after an intimate discussion with them on all the bearings of the case. I firmly believe Thorp would have refused it if offered, from his feeling that Whewell was the man; and as to Martin, who is a most sterling person, he laughed, after his joyous and hearty fashion, over the notion, and ended by saying: "You don't know all the reasons we have for satisfaction; for example, if Whewell was to go, nobody could supply his place as a Fellowship examiner either in the Morals and Metaphysics or in the Mathematics."'

Mr. Martin wrote to Mr. Whewell that 'your success is the only thing which could at all reconcile me to the step taken by our late excellent Master. . . . I do not think there is one person who does or can appreciate the advantages likely to accrue to the College from it as highly as myself. I have not met with a single dissentient voice, or an opinion that you were not the only proper person to succeed our retiring Master. There were some foolish reports of other persons being not unlikely to succeed, and amongst them one relating to myself. I hope I may be allowed to say (begging that it may not be repeated) that no consideration should have induced me to accept it (had it been offered) without a knowledge that you had refused it.'

Archdeacon Thorp wrote of his sincere joy and delight at hearing 'of your appointment to the place marked out for you, and you alone. If I could imagine myself to have had any personal concern in the matter, and could find any ground of regret at the result, it would be limited to the disappointment of a possible opportunity of showing that the subordination of private to public interests in this noble society is not confined to him who lately set the example.' 'I do not well

know whether to be proud or ashamed to have been named, even in public rumour, in competition for such an appointment with you; and am very glad to have Martin sailing with me in the same boat, who, I have reason to believe, would have acted, if he had been tried, exactly in the same way.'

The Dean of Ely[1] urged Mr. Whewell to come to London as soon as the vacancy was announced, advised an application to Sir Robert Peel, and interested himself warmly in his friend's prospects of success. 'I assure you, my dear Whewell, I have no wishes of my own at variance with yours. If the Whigs had been in power I should certainly have been a candidate for a situation which I have always regarded as the summit of my ambition; under existing circumstances I could neither ask nor accept such a situation. I should not have mentioned this if my name had not been circulated in the papers in connection with this appointment.'

To Professor Sedgwick Mr. Whewell wrote as follows:—

16 *Suffolk Street, Pall Mall:*
Oct. 19, 1841.

I do not know whether you have heard of the events which have been taking place of late with reference to Trinity College—events so important that it will take a little time to look at them calmly. The Master has resigned; and upon coming to town I find that Sir Robert Peel offers me the Mastership. This offer I have accepted.

At present I look with alarm at the thought of being placed in a position of rule over persons my seniors in standing, and my superiors, as I sincerely believe, in the qualities requisite for the government of the College; and I especially feel myself out of my place in being made superior in status to yourself. But the turn of public affairs has brought about

[1] Dr. Peacock.

this result, and I had no alternative except to accept the office which is thus placed in my way, or to retire from all public life whatever. My main anxiety now is that the Fellows of Trinity, with whom up to the present time I have lived in good-will, and in cordial sympathy as regards the interests and honour of the College, should aid me in promoting these in my new capacity. I trust, my dear Sedgwick, that you and I, who both feel deeply on these subjects, shall find little difficulty in bringing our views into agreement as to the mode in which our objects are to be secured. And I entertain little doubt that we shall be able to do this, believing as I do that our views, at bottom, are very little different. I will not easily be persuaded that we shall not agree on all main points of College administration; and if I have with me your judgment I shall feel great confidence that I am following the right course, and great hope of success.

Events in my history follow each other with great rapidity just at present. It is only a week to-day since I was married. I left Mrs. Whewell at Monk Coniston and came here yesterday; and I return to Coniston to-day or to-morrow. The Master resigns, I believe, November 10.

To this letter Professor Sedgwick replied :—

It is well for a man to think humbly of himself, but I assure you, that of all men living, you are by common consent thought most worthy of the high honour of ruling our great intellectual body; and I feel confident that with God's blessing it will be a source of happiness to you, and of great good to our society.

As for myself, it will delight me to give you all the help I can. Our objects will, I trust, always be the same. We may differ sometimes as to means, but our difference will be frank and open, and such is compatible with the warmest friendship.

When I took the Geological chair I gave up all the studies which are connected with the ordinary training of our young men. On this account I should be ill-fitted for those duties for which you are at every point so admirably prepared. You are now in your right place; had I gained your present position I should have been out of my right place.

To Archdeacon Hare] 16 *Suffolk Street: Oct.* 19, 1841.

I wrote you a few hurried lines a few days ago, being prevented writing so fully as I had intended by the news of the Master of Trinity having resigned his office, which came upon me quite unexpectedly, and—as I was told by everybody that I might expect to succeed him—vehemently disturbed me. It has turned out as was expected. Sir Robert Peel has offered me the succession, and I have accepted it; I trust in God, not rashly. I look with awe upon the weight of the duties which it involves, and upon my own deficiencies of character and attainments; but the task appears to be so plainly brought before me by Providence that I do not see how I can turn aside from it. The alternative would be to take up my abode in the house behind the Colleges, which you know as Farish's, and which I have already hired. In that house I can neither have library nor study; and it is hardly too much to say that I have of late been almost distracted at the thought of the situation in which I had thus placed myself. It is true that for the future my life cannot be, so much as I have lately wished to make it, a life of speculation and study. Active duties again press upon me; and I must try to gather about me what I can of fitness for them and to meet them. Now, my dear Hare, I am saying nothing but what is forced from me by the deep and alarming feeling of my own weakness, when I tell you that hardly anything would so much support me in the exertions I have to make as the conviction of your sympathy with me, and hopefulness for me. You have, I believe, a much better opinion of me than I deserve; you have been aware of many of the best influences to which my life has been subject, which ought to have made me a better man than I am; you have of late been employed in practical life in the best sense—in calling up good thoughts and promoting good works among those with whom you have had to do; and all the words which come from you appear to me to be more full of hope and encouragement and blessing than those which reach me from any other quarter. And, in truth, I stand much in need of hope and encouragement and blessing. During the whole of this year I have had to maintain a most arduous and painful struggle in the cause of

that which appeared to me to be my only interest as a moral creature; and though this struggle is now, I trust, happily ended, and a time of quiet and harmony begun, the pain and turmoil of the preceding condition have not yet quite subsided; and this new shock, and new call to an active and stirring life, has again put me in internal commotion more than any one would easily imagine.

To you alone I write these vague complaints of weakness and disquiet, because, as I have told you, I think your friendly words have more power than those of any other person to calm and strengthen me. But I do not want to give you the difficult task of soothing troubles so indistinct as I have described. We shall soon have before us definite and important objects, in which I shall be extremely desirous of having your advice and assistance.

The next letter to his sister sums up his thoughts on the subject:—

What you said about my appointment to the Mastership was most truly and rightly said. It is a very serious and solemn consideration to think that I am now about to take the position which I must occupy for the rest of my life, and that I have nothing better nor higher to wish or pray for than that I may have strength and virtue given me to discharge the duties of the office which I am now to occupy, and that I may find my happiness in that employment and in the comfort of my married life. You will give me your prayers as well as your good wishes, and I shall go on hoping for the blessing of God through these and other good influences.

Similar but fuller expression was given to such hopes in a letter to Hare on the 30th; and before leaving Coniston one other letter of congratulation was received which may be interesting. Dean Milman wrote as follows:—

Cloisters, Westminster Abbey: Oct. 30, 1841.

My dear Whewell,—Your good fortune advances by such rapid steps that your friends have scarcely ceased to congratu-

late you on one happy event before they hear of another. Your cup, however, is by this time full to the brim; I will not therefore delay any longer assuring you of our most sincere rejoicings in your prosperity.

We were anxiously awaiting the announcement of your marriage when we heard of the vacancy at Trinity, with great interest as to the appointment of Wordsworth's successor. Now, though all virtues are inseparable from the Master of Trinity, I confess I scarcely expected your predecessor to practise that of resignation, and to time it so well!

You are now in the sphere for which you were designed, and I should conceive that which of all others would best suit your habits and tastes. May you long live to enjoy all the blessings around you, and to adorn your beloved University! Nor do I suppose that your station in Cambridge will altogether estrange you from your friends in London. As Secretary of the Club,[1] I shall be very severe in exacting attendance, notwithstanding perhaps the counter-influence of Mrs. Whewell; at all

[1] To those to whom 'The Club' is not already known by reputation the information contained in the following paragraph, extracted from the 'World' newspaper, will be interesting:—

'The Club' is the body founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson in 1764. For some years it met on Monday evenings, but now dines every fortnight during the Session of Parliament. From twelve the members of the Club have gradually been increased to forty, or rather thirty-seven, the present number. The Club met originally at the Turk's Head in Gerrard-street, and is now lodged at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. The original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerk, Oliver Goldsmith, and Anthony Chamier. Since 1764 many other famous men have been members of 'The Club'—to wit, George Colman, David Garrick, James Boswell, Fox, Gibbon (who drew up the notice of election), Adam Smith, Sheridan, Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Canning, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, Chantrey, Hallam, Brougham, Dean Milman, Whewell, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and the late Bishop of Winchester. At the oval table over against the portraits of Johnson and Reynolds—both admirable specimens of Sir Joshua—more than ten brethren rarely met. Among the present members are Professor Owen, Mr. Gladstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Lowe, Dean Stanley, Mr. James A. Froude, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Lord Cairns, Professor Tyndall, Sir F. Leighton, Lord Houghton, and the Duke d'Aumale. Mr. Henry Reeve is the treasurer. The motto of 'The Club' is *Esto perpetua.*

events you are officially bound to appear at Westminster every year.

Mrs. Milman unites with me in kindest remembrances to Mrs. Whewell and yourself, and though she may not join me in the conspiracy to enforce your attendance at our bachelor dinners at the Thatched House, she trusts that Mrs. Whewell will likewise find powerful attractions to the society of her old friends in London.

Believe me, my dear Whewell,
Ever very sincerely yours,
H. H. MILMAN.

To Lord Lyttelton] *Monk Coniston: Oct.* 26, 1841.

Your renewed congratulations are most welcome; and, as you suggest, this second great event in my history derives additional value from its accompanying the former so closely. It is, as you may suppose, the most satisfactory task which I can have given me for the rest of my life, to watch over the interests of the College to which I have been so long bound by ties of affection and habit, that I could not easily have turned my thoughts in any other direction. Yet the task, now that it has come upon me, is not without its terrors, when I look at the greatness of the interests concerned. However, we must take life as it is, as a serious task; and it is no small comfort to think that in all that I have to do I shall have with me the good wishes and, I trust, the good opinion of excellent people like yourself. I hope you will let me reckon upon it as one of the pleasures which I may look forward to in my new position that I shall often see you at Cambridge.

To the Bishop of St. David's] *Coniston, Ambleside: Oct.* 27.

No congratulations on my appointment as Master of our College have been more grateful to me than yours. I shall think myself fortunate indeed in my high office if I am enabled to fulfil the just expectation and realise the good wishes of my old fellow-labourers like yourself, whose zealous and intelligent love to the College, and regard for its best interests, I am so well acquainted with.

I thank you, too, very heartily for your congratulations on

another account. Among many agreeable consequences in the change of my domestic condition, it will, I trust, enable me to receive in a most satisfactory manner at the Lodge old friends who may visit me there; among whom you will, I hope, not fail to be a guest whenever the opportunity offers.

You will easily understand that certain vague intentions of visiting you in your diocese this summer, which I spoke of when I saw you, have been superseded by subsequent turns in my history.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Monk Coniston: Oct.* 30, 1841.

Your words of kind congratulation and counsel on my appointment to the Mastership were very comfortable and wholesome to me. They did a great deal towards making me look with courage and hope upon the task now before me. For the fact has been for the last year or two that I have so completely devoted my mind to the interests of speculation that almost everything of practical responsibility has appeared burthensome to me, and I seemed to myself to have become unfit to bear such a load. I trust that all this was a delusion, as, indeed, it would be a very shameful thing if it were true; and I am learning to look at the business of life in a wiser and sounder spirit, in which the good opinion of my best friends, and especially yours, much fortifies me. The quiet, too, of the life I have been leading here for some weeks, and the influence of the lakes and mountains, have done something, I think, to tranquillise and strengthen me, and prepare me for active life, to which I may add repeated intercourse with our friend that good old poet. I perceive and feel the value of the advice you give me, and have no wish, I think, either to deny or to defend the failings you point out. In a person holding so eminent a station as mine will be, everything impatient and overbearing is of course quite out of place; and, though it may cost me some effort, my conviction of this truth is so strong that I think it cannot easily lose its hold. As to my love of disputation, I do not deny that it has been a great amusement to me; but I find it to be so little of an amusement to others that I should have to lay down my logical cudgels for the sake of good manners alone. And, as you say, I shall now have to do, and not to debate; or at any rate

I shall, I think, find employment enough for my logic in constructing my system. By the way I did not succeed in making you comprehend my perplexity about the imputation of guilt; shall I try again? Take it this way. It is our duty to conform our whole character, affections, desires, will to the Divine rule, so that we have no promptings to sin but such as we master immediately. If we do not do this, we offend; and any special acts of sin only betray this want of perfect discipline in our character. Hence, though we may commit special sins, the real offence resides in that omission of self-discipline which makes it possible for us to sin. How, then, can special sins have each their special guilt, since they have none except what is included in the original guilt of neglecting the means of forcing ourselves to perfection? I believe this is still not clear; and I will hope to talk with you about it when I am further advanced in the subject.

To return to College matters; as to my rule for the election of Fellows, I think it likely that in any given case we should not disagree; but I cannot but think it desirable that a person should show a proficiency in more than one subject. To give prizes to eminence in studies selected by the candidates themselves is *not* to *educate*. I will, however, allow that our Fellowships are not the occasion on which this view ought to be mainly enforced; but I conceive it to be of high importance in dealing with the earlier part of men's progress in College and in the University. I have some views which may perhaps afford some means of acting with regard to the evils of which you speak —too much emulation, and too much private tuition—but both are extremely difficult subjects; and anything which is to be done must be carefully weighed and gradually introduced.

We go to town on the 4th, and I shall probably be installed as Master about the 14th or 15th. We shall be at Lord Monteagle's, 37 Brook Street, and glad if you are in town during the interval; and if not, I hope you will contrive to make your way to Trinity Lodge before long, where you will find me, I trust, as you trust, improved by the influence of Mrs. Whewell, and where you will always be hailed with joy by

Yours affectionately,

W. WHEWELL.

Among the happy and tranquillising influences of this time at Coniston Professor Whewell referred to intercourse with 'that good old poet' who was their not distant neighbour. Mrs. Whewell says in a letter to her mother: 'We have much enjoyed a two days' visit from Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. I never saw Mr. Wordsworth more willing to talk. Indeed, he seemed both to desire and to enjoy giving out his own and hearing my husband's thoughts on many high and philosophical subjects. It was a great treat to listen.' They also spent a long day at Rydal Mount, meeting there Dr. Wordsworth, who, Mrs. Whewell writes, 'tells us he has a great deal to say to my husband, and to me too.'

On their way to London they fell in at Lancaster with members of Mrs. Whewell's family hurrying southwards to her sister, Mrs. Henry V. Elliott, then dangerously ill, and in a few days more they received the intelligence of her death.

On the 15th of November [writes Mrs. Whewell] we left the Monteagles in London for Cambridge, and arrived about five o'clock at the house of the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Archdall, Master of Emmanuel College), and met Archdeacon Thorp in the hall, who gave us his congratulations and his blessing. The Archdalls had asked no one to meet us but the Master of Downing (Mr. Worsley), thinking I should prefer it.

Nov. 16.

It was settled after much discussion that I might go to the Lodge at eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Archdall with me. I despatched the necessary orders to the servants as quickly as I could, and then came to the window and saw the crowd collecting in the Great Court and about the Great Gate, which is exactly opposite the Lodge.

The new Master knocked at the wicket a little before twelve. The porter thrust out his hand to take in the Patent and pushed to the door again, took the Patent to the Vice-Master and Fellows, who were in the Combination room, and they walked in

procession to the Great Gate. It was thrown open, and then came a great cheer, and such a waving of caps, and they conducted the new Master to the chapel, where the Vice-Master and Seniors administered the oaths; then the doors were thrown open and the Te Deum sung. Everybody rushed in, I amongst the number; the Master of Downing got Mrs. Archdall and me through the crowd, and we went at once to the Master's pew in the organ loft. The music well expressed my feelings—joyful thanksgiving, earnest prayer, and also fitly soothed the sad memories which would mingle with the rest.

Then all dispersed, and we had a short time to welcome each other to our new home—were interrupted by the Bursar (Mr. Martin), the Senior Dean (Mr. Carus), and Archdeacon Thorp, who came to consult about going to chapel after dinner. My husband was very desirous to do so, wishing to mark on the very first opportunity how earnest he was to have the going to chapel attended to, and that there was time enough for a College dinner before chapel time. The difficulty was that there must be speeches after dinner, and scarcely any time would be left for them. However, the Dean thought there was no difficulty in postponing chapel half an hour, and so the matter was settled.

The Master dined in hall, and I was very busy getting the rooms lighted, arranging them so as not to look so very bare, and trying too, but quite in vain, to get them warm. At seven, directly after chapel, the people began to arrive. Many told me of the beautiful speech my Master had made in the Combination room, but he himself was sadly dissatisfied with what he had said of the ex-Master. They had coffee and tea, and stayed about an hour. They wore their gowns all the time, which made them look very academical. We had two hours to ourselves after they were gone before bed-time, and so ended my first College day and one of the most interesting of my life.

During the course of this month Mr. Whewell writes to his sister :—

It is now several days since I received a letter in which you said that you hoped soon to have one from the Master. I intended that you should have had one before this time, but, as you

may imagine, there has been no small bustle attendant upon my removal out of my college rooms into the Master's Lodge; and though the removal is, so to speak, from a lodging to a palace, it is not without its troubles and inconveniences.

Especially the having to transfer and rearrange my books has been a most grave business indeed, and for a week or two kept me in a state which might be called uncomfortable; for my books have become so much part of myself that it seems to me I cannot think without being able to refer to them, and hardly know where I am myself when I do not know where they are. I have now reduced them to order, and the more easily as the Lodge has a very large extent of book shelves.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 1, 1841.

One of my first thoughts when I took possession of this house was to write to you. I wanted to say that I hoped you would find time now and then to come to Cambridge; that your coming here would, I was persuaded, do me and many other persons a great deal of good; and that there would always be a room for you at the Lodge, a Master most delighted to see you here, and a Mistress of the house no less so. I have been here a fortnight without saying this, but it is only the more confirmed a matter on that account; and very glad shall we be when you come and carry into effect these anticipations of ours.

To Lady Malcolm] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 3, 1841.

Do you not think that great events, whether of joy or sorrow, drive back our thoughts upon our older friends? I find it so.

My appointment to the Mastership of Trinity has made me think again and again with great vividness of those comparatively early days in my College life when I had the good fortune to become acquainted with you in Cambridge—an acquaintance which I always have looked upon, and do still, as one of the bright passages of my life. And this being so, I ought sooner to have told you of my appointment, and to have claimed your hearty good wishes and sympathy, which I am sure I may reckon upon. I know that you will rejoice at my reaching a point of honour and eminence which leaves me now nothing to

desire but that God may give me strength and virtue to perform the duties of the station in which I am placed.

I think you know this house, the Master's Lodge; if so, you know that it is a good and spacious house, capable of receiving visitors. I wish I knew how to tempt you to make trial of its merits in that way. You would find that, though different perhaps from the hospitality of College rooms, which I hope you recollect with as much pleasure as I do, the Lodge has its advantages; and you would find both the '*Master*' and the Mistress most delighted to see you and most eager to welcome you. Cannot you come and renew your recollections of Cambridge?

I am obliged to write in great haste, but I will not conclude without congratulating you—I am sure I may do so—on your son's appointment and the prospects now before him. I hope they give you unmingled pleasure.

With reference to Cambridge society Mrs. Whewell writes about the same time: 'The conversation is lively and intellectual, like that of people whose minds are bright and clear with constant exercise, and who are well enough acquainted to enjoy each other's society without constraint. When I get a little more at home in it I believe I shall enjoy it more than any other.'

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Jan. 5*, 1842.

Our first guest to stay under our roof was the first commoner in the land, the Speaker of the House of Commons, which was a very worthy way of beginning our reign. He came here in company with his brother, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who is auditor of the accounts of the College. Since then we have had the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Jones, the Tithe Commissioner, and Dr. Peacock, the Dean of Ely, both of whom, as I think you know, are intimate friends of mine. The day after to-morrow we go to Ely to visit the Dean and the Bishop, and on Monday we go thence onwards to Norwich, where we are to visit Professor Sedgwick.

I give my Lectures next term as Professor of Moral Philosophy, so that I shall be here the whole of February and probably of March.

To his Sister] *Norwich: Jan.* 15, 1842.

I send on the other side of this a draft on Smith, Payne, and Smith.

Providence has been very gracious to me during the past year, and it is but little if I try to give others a share in my worldly gifts, if it were only to mark the most important year of my life. We are much grieved that you do not give a better account of Martha. *Our* love to all.

The kindness of Mr. Carus[1] enables me to supplement the foregoing letters with his recollections of this time, and of the happy married life now beginning. He writes to me: 'I could say much more, but I feared to be prolix,' and refers to the Elegiacs, already mentioned, as containing the best picture of that time. The 'golden calm' within, and 'heartfelt trust at the hearthstone,' 'the bright faces of friends,' the love of his wife's family, and her aid in 'all that was kindly and gracious,' her active labours for all whom her new position brought her in contact with, all were in them enumerated as blessings flowing from her presence, which made the seven years of sunshine preceding her failure of health 'rich with a joy undreamt of before.'

Mr. Carus says:—

The installation of our new Master took place under circumstances of more than ordinary interest and importance to us. For in the prospect of his marriage we of course anticipated the loss of his presence among us as a resident Fellow. But by his elevation to the Mastership he was not only restored to our society, but by his pre-eminent talents and energy brought honour to his new and high position, whilst happily accompanied by one who shared his deep devotion to the College and exercised a gentle influence for good in every direction.

The Lodge, indeed, soon assumed a new aspect. Its noble reception-rooms, transformed and embellished, gave scope for

[1] Rev. W. Carus, Canon of Winchester, late Fellow of Trinity.

the exercise of the most generous hospitality. To the presence and courtesy of Mrs. Whewell there we were indebted much for the pleasure of those large and frequent assemblies where the families of the county were brought into such agreeable association with the members of the University.

But amidst all this attention to the higher engagements of the Lodge, Mrs. Whewell was constantly occupied with various kindly arrangements for the welfare of the dependants and servants of the College. One (out of several) cherished plans for their benefit deserves a passing notice. There was a large piece of ground, forming a farmyard, at the back of the colleges, at the junction of the roads to Madingley and St. Giles, which had long been lying waste and profitless. This plot was now secured on lease for the benefit of the College servants, where they might have healthy exercise in cultivating their several allotments, and have an object of interest for the employment of their disengaged hours. Prizes were given to the best cultivators; and very gratifying it was to witness the special pleasure which the Master and Mrs. Whewell took in their frequent visits to these gardens, bestowing kind words of commendation and conferring rewards upon the successful competitors.

The religious welfare of the servants was no less an object of Mrs. Whewell's special care; and, as the result of her efforts, arrangements were made to afford them as much rest as possible on Sundays; thus securing to them the opportunity of enjoying with others the sacred services of the day.

But not to the College servants only did Mrs. Whewell extend her kind consideration. There was an important proposal for the preparing young women for domestic service, to which she gave her cordial approval and support. Already, indeed, there existed in Cambridge an excellent institution for this purpose; but it was felt that a higher training than could be there attained was much to be desired, and ought to be attempted. The plan was to obtain situations in houses of a high class, where young persons might gain a first-rate experience in every department of household work. Mrs. Whewell at once undertook to set an example and make the experiment by taking such learners into the service of the Lodge. To these and various other plans of general usefulness she devoted a large share of

her time and care; and no charitable or benevolent object was presented to her consideration without receiving a warm welcome, manifested by a generous contribution to its funds.

These brief and imperfect notices of the happy influence she so widely exercised ought not to be concluded without a grateful allusion to one very characteristic act of her piety—her daily uniting with us all in the service of the chapel.

It was a happy incident in our College history, and most beneficial in its results, when each day's life was thus publicly consecrated by those who held the highest place in our 'royal and religious Foundation.'

The following lines, found amongst my aunt's papers, must have been addressed to her by Professor Whewell directly after their engagement, and may fitly find a place here.

On receiving a Chain of Hair.

Beloved Cordelia, kind and dear,
And now my own while life endures,
Would you the wonted language hear
Of him whose every thought is yours?
In boyish days, in youthful hours,
And e'en in manhood's graver time,
He oft has gathered Fancy's flowers
And strung them in some idle rhyme.
And now a chain, of tresses wove,
Your earliest gift, behold is mine!
Your gift, your chain, your locks, my love,
May claim at least one little line.
And yet to give it meaning due
I need not ask Invention's aid;
Your own sweet fancies, bright and true,
May fitliest grace the simple braid.
You bid it say, our hopes, our vow,
The mutual trust 'tween you and me,
Are no past vision, vanisht now,
But firm and blest reality.

Such as your gift, your love, you own,
More truly strong than seeming fair;
Though shown to few, yet given to one
Who well may know that it is there.
Woven of that which tells a tale
Of emblematic mystery;
The woman's glory yet her veil;
Grace shrouding round her modesty;
Full many a fine weak-seeming hair,
Slight bonds, save in their mingled twine,
In settled order twisted there
Make up a strong enduring line.
And so it seems, my love, to you—
To you when Fancy loves to play—
That many a service slight to view,
Brief tasks of love from day to day,
Small duties, trials, charities,
In growing union, kindly strife,
Form love's most firm and lasting ties
And bind us heart to heart for life.
So be it. Hoping, trusting so,
Close to my heart your chain I wear;
And think the days and hours run slow
Till I may press the giver there.

W. W.

Trinity College: June 27, 1841.

The letter to Archdeacon Hare of October 19, of which a portion has been already given, concluded with a request for his advice and assistance in selecting a course of study for divinity students at Cambridge. The subject was then occupying the attention of the University. A scheme propounded by Dr. Graham, Master of Christ's, had been deemed unsatisfactory, but the matter had not dropped. While Dr. Whewell was officially occupied as a member of a syndicate in devising some plan for a more efficient system of theo-

logical instruction at Cambridge, he naturally resorted for counsel to one of his most intimate friends who had made theology his special study.

The correspondence ended in March 1842, when the labours of the syndicate seemed to promise some practical result.

End of Letter to Archdeacon Hare] *Oct.* 19.

We shall soon have before us definite and important objects in which I shall be extremely desirous of having your advice and assistance. Especially we shall have the subject of ecclesiastical education: for, though the scheme of the present [1] Vice-Chancellor was withdrawn, there can be no doubt that the subject will be and ought to be brought forward again very soon. There are very great difficulties in the way of dealing with the subject, whatever course is taken; and one of these is the selection of a course of study for the students of Divinity. Will you at your leisure put down for me what, according to your notions, such a course ought to include? If you retain your ancient propensities for cutting out very large schemes of work, both for yourself and other persons, I can easily imagine that you will make your list of books and studies so extensive as to alarm most people; but even if you do I shall have something to work upon. In one of your letters you exclaimed very justly against the meagreness and unscholarlike aspect of the scheme which was put forth; so pray lend your hand to help us to mend it.

Fragment of Letter to Archdeacon Hare] *Oct.* 30, 1841.

As to the question of clerical education, most of the points on which you say you want information are really as yet undetermined. When I see my way further I will have more talk with you, but in the mean time I should be glad to be informed of any books which you think ought to enter into such

[1] Dr. Graham, Master of Christ's.

an education; for one step requisite before we impose them upon others, must be, I think, that we read them ourselves; and of such books I am I fear very ignorant.

Then you speak of bringing the University to take a more active part in the great movement now going on in the Church. Do you mean as to the extension of churches, or as to the discussions respecting doctrine? In either case what practical measures occur to you as steps which the University could, and ought to take? I am as yet without any clear views on these matters, but by God's blessing I hope in the course of a little while to obtain some insight into our true policy. I ask you all these questions almost without hoping for an answer at present. Opportunities of discussing them together will I hope soon occur. I am sorry that I shall not be in London on the 29th, when you speak of being there.

From a Letter to Archdeacon Hare] *Dec.* 1, 1841.

Whenever you come I shall no doubt have much to consult you about and to discuss with you, and one matter especially about which I have written to you already. The Senate has to-day voted, not without opposition, a Syndicate for Theological Education, to consider whether any, and what regulations shall be made with a view to that object. Of this Syndicate I am a member. The foundation of our scheme, as I understand, is to be this; that the time of taking the usual Degrees, and the existing Examinations for Honours are not to be disturbed. I suppose that what we must establish is an examination for proficiency in theological studies at some period of the career after the Degree—something like the Classical Tripos. Now this being so, we must, I conceive, prescribe a course (of either books, or subjects, or both) as the subject of examination. And I want you to send me any notions which occur to you, whether on the one point or the other—not that I think it at all reasonable to ask you to give time to the subject so as to make a general scheme; but I should like to know what occurs to you as desirable, and how far you can help us to prescribe a good list of books for an examination. Of course we want both history, interpretation of Scripture, and doctrine.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Dec.* 8, 1841.

I was very much obliged by your letter and especially by the good wishes with which it opened, whether they are ever fulfilled or not. I hope I may do some little good while I am permitted to occupy my present station, and in time I trust I shall find myself labouring in quietness and hope. The changes which have come upon me of late have been so great and sudden that it requires some time to regain my tranquillity after them.

But as to the matter which is the main subject of your letter, I will answer some of your questions forthwith; not meaning thereby to impose upon you the task of writing another letter immediately, but speaking of the subject while it is fresh in my mind, for we have had a meeting of our Syndicate to-day. I agree with you entirely in repudiating emulation as the sole spring of action in our education. I should be very glad to reduce it within narrow limits in our system, but that I fear cannot now be done, at least not speedily. With regard to theological education, however, I do not think we need admit it to any material extent. I am afraid we cannot work any other way than by examination, at least not to the present satisfaction of the University. People's views may improve hereafter, and I hope will; but at present examination is the universal instrument. But I think our examination need only be one for passing, not for honours. I have proposed adding the Epistles in the New Testament and Church History (a limited portion) to the imperative subjects for degrees. Others propose besides, an examination of B.A.s intended especially for candidates for the Ministry. I think our laymen want a religious education as much as our clergy. Perhaps both measures may be carried, but we are as yet a long way even from having agreed to propose them.

I am somewhat disposed to tell the bishops that if they want to have our system more efficacious, they must acquaint themselves with the courses of theological instruction given by those professors whose subjects bear upon divinity, and regulate a portion of their examinations for ordination by these courses. This would make our lectures of more importance, would ani-

mate and improve our professors, and is the only way that I can see of the bishops and the professors coöperating to any purpose. At least the only other way that I can see is for the bishops to demand certificates of attendance and attention at the professors' lectures.

I am afraid you will think all this little better than formalism, but in legislating I do not see what more than formalities we can insist on. There is not any want of zeal among our professors, or at least would not be if they could excite a permanent interest in their audience. This they cannot do in the teeth of examinations which demand all the time of students. The only way appears to be to connect them with examinations, *till you can get the influence of examinations weakened.* I should rejoice to have Maurice lecturing here, but I do not see how it is to be brought about at present. We have no means of establishing any new professorships, for we have not money wherewith to pay our present examiners. I think his books may be made to produce a considerable effect here, especially the 'Kingdom of Christ,' when made more methodical in the rewriting, which I understood him was to be done. I have something in my own power as examiner for fellowships. I have already used my influence to introduce an Anti-Lockian philosophy, and intend to use it for other good purposes.

You ask, why give a list of books; you say we do not do it in mathematics. We have in the result as to mathematics a lesson worth attending to. Examiners and the friends of examiners constantly write new books, juvenile, hasty, worthless, which take their places in the examinations, and exclude all steady standard works. Still, if the examiners be the professors, which I agree with you in thinking desirable, their lectures would be a guide.

As to my moral puzzle, I will not try to draw your thoughts to it again till I can put it in a more definite shape, only I may say that your objection to it, that it involves a paradox, is precisely what makes it a puzzle. But I shall hereafter, if health of body and mind are spared to me, get that part of my subject into a systematic form, and then either the puzzle or the solution will come out more clearly.

I am glad to find that we agree, as in the main I think we

do, about the matter of theological education. If you were here you would probably agree with me that there is no chance of doing at once all that is desirable. Whether the sway of examinations can be relaxed is a difficult question, but at any rate this cannot be done suddenly; and to establish new professors is a measure for which I do not at present see how we can make provision. Still we must try to do something. If anything more occurs to you, write again, or, better still, come, and we will consider it.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Dec.* 1841.

I ought to tell you, in order that you may not think too ill of us, that though most of the old lectures have lost their power in men's eyes, Blunt's on Pastoral Theology have been crowded. Corrie's (Norrisian) have had of course a good attendance, and he says great attention paid; mine have been well filled hitherto, nor have Sedgwick's lost their popularity. It is true neither Blunt, Corrie, Turton, nor Mill are men to create a new system, which is what we want, but if the right professor can be put in his place he will not be destitute of hearers and disciples.

From a Letter to Archdeacon Hare] *March* 16, 1842.

To-morrow also, we, the 'Theological Syndicate,' bring out our report, which I will send you. You will find that we have done what I announced to you, perhaps a little more; and if the Senate accept what we propose, it will I think work well, at least for a beginning. I hope nothing will prevent our having the benefit of Maurice's sermons from St. Mary's pulpit, which I have no doubt would be a great blessing to the University. Perhaps an objection may be made on the ground of his not being a graduate of our University. I must try to find a precedent for such a case if I can.

CHAPTER VI.

1842-1845.

East Oriel—Mr. Salvin—Mr. Beresford Hope—College Statutes—Visitors' Powers—Judges' Visit—Lancaster Dinner—Duke of Wellington's Visit—Tunbridge Wells—Vice-Chancellorship—University Statutes—Professorial *Certificate*—Undergraduates in the Galleries—Voluntary Theological Examination—Circular Letter to the Bishops—Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor—Regius Professorship of Divinity—Great St. Mary's—Letter to J. G. Marshall on Constitution of Church and State—Hare's Admonitions—Rejoinder—Statue of Lord Byron—Interest in Church Restoration—Statues of Barron and Lord Macaulay—Busts of Hare, Sedgwick, Leslie Ellis, and Tennyson—St. Augustine's, Canterbury—Education of Colonial Clergy—Expenditure of Undergraduates—Attention to Business—Long Vacation—Trinity Cricket Ground—Queen's Visit—Dr. Whewell breaks a rib—Mr. Hullah's Singing Classes—Lectures on Morals—Dr. Arnold's Life—Visit of the King of Saxony—Mr. Wordsworth's Visit—Sir J. Reynolds's Picture of the Duke of Gloucester—Statue of Bacon—'Indications of the Creator'—Vestiges—British Association—Mr. Lawrence's Portrait.

It is difficult not to pause too long over this year; not to linger in the sunshine, full of hope and promise, unclouded by anxiety, not to give too many letters of this period, so full are all of happiness and satisfaction in 'the condition which,' as Mr. Whewell writes to Archdeacon Hare, 'we love to look upon as ours for the rest of our lives.'

Mrs. Whewell's journal shows how busy this happy life was; many of the plans to which Mr. Carus has referred in his letter were already suggesting themselves, plans for improving the condition of the bed-

makers and other college servants, 'feeling our way towards some improvement of the singing in chapel,' organising her household, and being introduced to all her husband's old friends in Cambridge and the neighbourhood.

At the close of this busy year Dr. Whewell became Vice-Chancellor.

One of the first visitors at the Lodge in 1842 was Mr. Salvin. Dr. Whewell writes in his Journal under date January 19 of that year, 'Mr. Salvin, architect, arrived, and under his direction and in his presence we made attempts to discover traces of the oriel which formerly existed as part of the front of the Lodge. We found the foundation of the wall of the oriel immediately below the surface of the ground. The plan was semicircular, the diameter of the semicircle 13 feet and 7 inches, exactly opposite to the oriel which exists towards the garden. By examination of the upper storey of the Lodge it appeared that there are no lodging-rooms over Henry VIII.'s drawing-room, but only a blank garret, to which there is no access except through the windows.'

So far back as October 25, 1841, Mr. Beresford Hope had written to the newly appointed Master:—

> Permit me to offer you my double congratulations and best wishes for long years of uninterrupted happiness. Allow me at the same time to beg that you will in the name of the college accept as a slight token of affection and gratitude from one of her *alumni* the sum of 300*l.*, to be devoted to the purpose of restoring to the lodge the oriel and mullioned windows, exactly as they stood before Bentley's alteration, and thus in some measure giving back its antique character to the old court. This sum I shall direct my banker to lodge to your account at Mortlock's. Of course if it cannot be well done for that amount I do not mean to confine myself to it.

I have had no intelligence of my windows, though it is past the time they were to have been completed in. . . .

P.S. Since writing the above I have received the intelligence of the completion of the windows.[1]

The next reference to the subject is in the Journal, under date of August 16, 1842. From what is said we learn how largely Mr. Hope's liberal intentions had been expanded, and what very considerable proportions the scheme of restoration had assumed.

Aug. 16.—We returned to the lodge and stayed one night, the workmen being then employed in the restoration of the front, in pursuance of Mr. Hope's undertaking to bear the expense of the restoration of the windows and oriel. In the interval I had corresponded with Mr. Hope and had finally learnt that 1,000*l.* had been placed to the credit of the College at the banker's to meet the expense.

Sep. 17.—We returned to College. The windows of the front were entirely without glass, the rooms without furniture, and the wall was removed from top to bottom where the oriel was to be. The house full of workmen.

The correspondence with Mr. Hope was frequent about the details of the work; about the inscription, the arms, &c. Mr. Hope wrote in August, 'I shall have great curiosity to see the work; the gable will add weight and dignity to the oriel, and I should think make an excellent whole. I was much pleased at finding the oriel looked so solid, which is one of the great points modern gothic architects fail in.' There are also letters of Mr. Salvin's about remodelling and rebuilding chimneys and dormers, and about appropriate mouldings, &c. A memorandum in the Journal of the following year, 1843, appears to show that the completed work cost 1435*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* 1000*l.* of this sum was given by Mr. Hope, 185*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* by the College apparently, and 250*l.*

[1] The last sentence of this letter and the postscript refer to windows in the Ante Chapel, presented by Mr. Beresford Hope.

by the Master, also some 50*l.* or more for furniture. There are many references to the work in the domestic letters. Not until November 1842 was Dr. Whewell able to announce to his sister that the ordinary living-rooms had again become habitable. There is a very amusingly despairing letter from one of the persons employed in furnishing, which begins, 'Feelingly alive to this vexatious disappointment, I perfectly dread writing to you. To frame an excuse or falsehood I cannot, but the truth, which is that the party who undertook the carvings has left me in the lurch; he was an Italian, an exceeding clever artist; he has pirated our patent and gone to Milan.' This I believe had reference to a cabinet of gothic carved work, in the execution of which there had been extraordinary delays, but which was eventually completed and placed in Henry VIII.'s drawing-room, where it still stands.

In Dr. Whewell's journal, kept at this time with considerable regularity, we find mention of very frequent meetings of the Master and Seniors to deliberate upon the revision of the College statutes. These statutes, which the governing body of the College had bound themselves to respect, to preserve intact and to carry into effect, had, from the changes which centuries had brought about in national habits, and many other circumstances, come into such discrepancy with actual, and often with any possible, practice as to occasion very serious difficulties. The Master and other College officers found themselves frequently compelled to choose between deliberately neglecting and modifying that which they had sworn to execute, or attempting to put in operation rules which had become totally useless and inapplicable. The difficulty was a very serious one, and one from which there was no escape.

Their oath seemed to preclude the possibility of inviting or accepting any external interference; yet there was a certain awkwardness in employing their own authority to bring about an alteration of that which they had bound themselves to preserve and to execute. As long before Dr. Whewell's appointment as April 1837, it had, however, been decided that a revision must absolutely take place; also that when once completed the sanction of the Crown must be called for to give legal effect to the reforms decided upon, and to authorise the amended code.

The anomalies and deficiencies of the statutes must of course have been familiar to Dr. Whewell, who for many years had been a Senior and for many more actively engaged in college tuition. Immediately after his accession to the Mastership we find indications of the direction his thoughts were taking, and on January 4, 1842, he wrote to Mr. Gossett, a non-resident fellow, a letter, of which a copy is preserved, and which was probably similar to others sent to other absent members of the society of Trinity. This is the letter:—

. . . I wish to say a few words on a matter of College business. You are probably aware that a revision of the Statutes was resolved upon by the Seniority, some time ago, and that the late master had bestowed considerable labour upon the subject and intended to proceed with it. The revision was undertaken in consequence of what took place in the House of Lords, and the Chancellor was apprized of the resolution of the Seniority. I conceive it to be incumbent upon me to go on with this revision; and with the assistance of the Seniority to put the statutes in the form in which they may answer the purpose intended by the revision; namely, that of bringing the statutes and the Practice of the College into accordance. I conceive that when this is done, it will be proper for us to

endeavour to obtain legal sanction for the revised statutes through the course pointed out by our constitution.

The modifications of the statutes which are requisite for this purpose must be those which are determined by the Seniority. It is my intention, if I find no unexpected obstacles, to bring the matter before the Seniority in the course of the ensuing term. And I shall be glad to know if you are likely to be here to take a share in this task, or to express your opinion upon it in any stage of its process.

My own view is that the changes made should be the smallest which will truly answer the purpose of bringing about an accordance between our laws and our practices; and that we ought to preserve the existing statutes whenever we can without manifest inconvenience.

The late Master went over the statutes several times in company with different College officers; with a view, I conceive, of understanding what alterations their experience of the administration of the College suggested as necessary. I should be disposed to profit by the results of these conferences of his, of which he has left memorials in the shape of alterations pencilled upon the pages of his copy of the statutes and in other forms. I shall be glad to know, as I have said, whether we may reckon on your assistance in the prosecution of this revision; whether, and when, you are likely, or wish to come here for that purpose, and any other information which may enable us, as far as possible, to co-operate in promoting the objects pointed out by the resolution of the Seniority of which I have spoken, and strongly desired I believe by a great number of the foundation members of the College.

On February 10 there was a Seniority, at which the Master 'gave notice that soon, probably on the 15th, he should bring before the Seniority the revision of the statutes, directed by the Conclusion of April 24, 1837.'

On the 15th he writes:—

I intend to bring the consideration of the College statutes before the Seniors to-day. The following appear to be the main maxims to be kept in view.

We are to make a revision, not new statutes: we are to deal reverently with the existing statutes and not to deviate from them except so far as is requisite to bring the statutes and the practice into accordance.

Our statutes have worked well, and in some cases it might be well if we could accommodate the practice more nearly to the written law. We ought therefore in some cases to leave a possibility of this; that we or our successors may return to the old practice when it seems good.

Practice has an interpretative authority. If we do not allow this we cannot have statutes that can be observed for five years. We must not try to evade all difficulties by leaving everything loose and arbitrary. It is our office to supply fixity amid change. There is no use in attempting to arrange details till the main principles of the revision are settled. I shall therefore take first some statutes which are the main features of our system; and when these are settled the rest will be easy.

I shall take first (1.) Cap. 5. De officio Decanarum. (Chapel); (2.) Cap. 9. De Lectorum officio. (Lectures); (3.) Cap. 18. De publ. Disp. (Obsolete usages); (4.) Cap. 19. De temp. ap. grad. (degrees); (5.) Cap 22. De exitu. (residence).

The persons present at this first Seniority of February 15 were, besides the Master, the Vice-Master (Mr. J. Browne), Mr. Evans, Mr. Romilly, Mr. Thorp, Mr. Martin, Mr. Carus, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Blakesley. Professor Sedgwick seems to have been absent, probably at Norwich, but his name appears as attending in place of Mr. Blakesley on and after March 1.

Twenty-seven meetings of the Seniority took place between February 15 and April 25. The following day the entry in the Journal stands :—

April 26.—Went to London to visit my wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, 41 Upper Grosvenor Street. I took with me to London the Draft of the College Statutes as revised by the Seniority, at the various preceding sittings. I reported to the Home Secretary, Sir J. Graham, that this revision was in pro-

gress, explained to him the general principles on which it had proceeded, and pointed out the few instances in which the privileges of the Crown were concerned, viz. (1.) Visitatorial power, (2.) Power of giving leave of absence, (3.) Power of appointing ten paupers. He informed me that he should lay the draft before the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and at a subsequent interview agreed to do so, while it was still unconfirmed by the Seniors. I also saw the Solicitor-General and the Attorney-General, who agreed to consider the unconfirmed draft; and I explained to them that the College did not expect or wish that they should suggest anything except what concerned the prerogatives of the Crown or the course of Law. For the purpose of consideration, I had two transcripts of the revised Statutes made, for which I paid 11*l.* 6*s.* I left one of these and a printed copy of the Statutes with Sir James Graham.

At the Seniority on May 28 (at which were present the Vice-Master, Sedgwick, Romilly, Thorp, Martin, Blakesley, Grote, and Bunbury), the Master says, 'I communicated the steps I had taken in London respecting the statutes, also respecting the installation.'

The installation in question was that of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor, and took place in July of this year.

On November 12 we find the Master enters in his journal that he has 'received a letter from Sir James Graham (Home Secretary), stating that the revised statutes (rules) were approved entirely by the law officers of the Crown; and that he had written to the Bishop of Ely to report to him the omission of his name (as visitor) in Cap. 40 of the statutes. Wrote in reply that the draft was not passed, but that I would get it passed as soon as possible, and then wait for the royal letter.'

The correspondence between Sir James Graham, the Bishop of Ely, and the Master, referred to above, is now

before me. The College desired 'to relieve the Bishop and his successors from the exercise of a doubtful authority, which, being disputed, might tend to litigation and many inconvenient results.' The College wished that the jurisdiction hitherto vested in the Bishop of Ely should be transferred to the Crown. The Bishop referred to a decision of 1711, when a similar proposal had been made by Trinity College, resisted by the Bishop of Ely (Bishop Moore), and ultimately rejected by the law officers of the Crown. He declared he saw no reason for deciding differently now. Sir James Graham begs the careful consideration of the point on the part of the College, urges the Bishop to give way, but in vain, and finally advised Her Majesty to sanction the new statutes, in which the power in question was reserved to the Crown, the Bishop still protesting his dissent. The royal consent seems to have been given to the statutes in February 1843. On the 11th of that month 'a Seniority was held, at which certain points in the revision of the statutes were discussed, especially Cap. 40, the question respecting the visitor, and it was considered that this concluded all the discussions concerning the leading alterations to be made in revising the statutes.'

It is scarcely necessary to discuss the effect of this revision of the statutes, as the object was confessedly of a very limited kind, and did not pretend to be an attempt to place the laws of the College on the best possible footing. At the same time the necessity of the work thus voluntarily undertaken by the College will be evident to any one who glances at some of the statutes which the Master and Seniors had all sworn to observe at the time of Dr. Whewell's appointment to the Mastership. For instance, that relating to the office of the

Deans gave direction for a weekly flagellation of certain offenders in the College Hall, at which all persons *in statu pupillari* were to be present.

In the list of offences of which such persons might be guilty, that of speaking their native language was prominent. The law of Trinity College recognised such offences and punishments up to the year 1842, but it is needless to say that the practice did not accord with the law.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 8, 1842.

I am very desirous of going on with our task of revising our College statutes as soon as I can, and am trying to fix some time, and that not a remote one, when we may set ourselves to work at this business. I am very desirous, too, of having the benefit of your judgment in our proceedings on this subject, and should for that reason have been glad to put off the commencement of our deliberations till you are in College. I fear, however, that if I were to do so, we should have so small a portion of the term left us that we should not be able to make much way before the end of it; and so upon the whole I am disposed to enter upon the matter about a week hence.

I believe I shall call a meeting of the Seniors a week hence, and at that time bring the subject before them. I shall then wish to go on as fast as we can, consistently with the gravity and complexity of the matter. I recollect the special points which you mentioned as those on which you had a decided opinion, and I will take care that you have an opportunity of joining in the discussion of them, and also of giving us your advice upon any others when you may wish to offer it.

So much for that matter for the present, though I fear it must needs be the labour of many a long hour in future. But it is a task which requires to be performed; and I seem to myself to see every reason to hope that we shall perform it in an amicable and careful manner, so far as the spirit in which we set about it gives us any augury.

Have you heard from Owen lately? I had a letter from him a little while ago, which grieved me much. He told me

then that his College had offered him Clift's place in the museum, which I suppose is more valuable than his own, but they had accompanied the offer with an intimation that they conceived that of late he had done too much for himself and too little for them; and with a stipulation that henceforth he should not publish except in their Transactions without their consent.

This appears to me immeasurably narrow-minded and absurd; for they share in his reputation and it is every way an advantage to their museum to be used as he uses it. I recommended Owen to take their offer, but to ask his scientific friends, you in especial, to represent to the College that they were injuring their own reputation and the interests of science by their stipulation. I have not heard from him since, and do not know what course he has taken.

I am glad to think we shall at any rate see you here soon. I hope you find that your sister and your niece, both or at least one, can come, and take up their abode at the Lodge with us, for a few days or a week. You know it will be the next thing to having them in your own rooms, for we will open the doors of your house and mine which communicate on the staircase.

At the end of 1842 Dr. Whewell became Vice-Chancellor, and found his 'occupations' thereby so much increased that he could only, in writing to his sister, express a hope that he might 'get through them somehow, as others had before him.' He finally made up his mind as far as possible to give up all his other pursuits and make it his business to attend only to the duties of that office whilst it lasted.

An early letter of this year to Mr. Myers acknowledges the receipt of the first part of his book, 'Catholic Thoughts on the Church of Christ and the Church of England,' printed for private circulation at the close of 1841, and since then published in two volumes of 'Present Day Papers,' by Isbister & Co.

Trinity Lodge: March 2, 1842.

I ought not to have been so long in acknowledging the receipt of your book and thanking you for it; and yet even now I am

too early to do so in a proper manner, for I have not yet read it through attentively. Cordelia took possession of it, and has been conning it very diligently and I believe has just finished it. I recommend you to get her remarks upon it, which will be very far from being without their value. But though I have not read through the book as it deserves, I have seen enough of it, in the intervals of Corrie's studies, to know that it contains much which I must admire. The style appeared to me to be everywhere admirable from its balance and clearness, and the views and arguments brought out in most orderly and philosophical gradation. As to the subject matter I ought not to give an opinion without having studied the book in such a way as its temper and the labour bestowed upon it deserve, and it is the less necessary to do so as I trust we are in a fair way of having many a brotherly discussion of such subjects, a prospect to which I look forward with delight on many accounts. You will hardly perhaps expect me to agree with your scheme in general after the debates with which we startled the Naiads of Ullswater and the Dryads of Gowbarrow, and perhaps you will not think me very much in haste to condemn without sufficient examination if I say that I think I can point out one or two of the leading grounds of our variance. One is your assumption of an essential difference between *fact* and *theory*; a difference which it is impossible to establish, and the assumption of which always leads to endless wrangling. I may say so much now because I have said more than this in my philosophy, and conceive the admission of the truth on this subject to be essential to all sound philosophising. Another ground of variance in our opinions is your assuming progress in a sense which makes the present independent of the past; a fundamental heresy, as I tried in vain to prove to you in your lecture room at Keswick.

I believe I cannot do better than take the present season for proclaiming to you my dissent from your principles, for you must, I think, at present be far too happy [1] to quarrel with anybody, and least of all with Susan's brother. I am not going to dwell upon this subject, but I must say that I look with exceeding gratification to the prospect of the union of two persons

[1] In the prospect of his approaching marriage.

both of whom I most highly admire and most warmly regard, and whom I think most admirably fitted to make each other happy. Your parsonage at Keswick will be the brightest spot in the whole lake country, if philosophy, poetry, and love, combined in two excellent hearts, and heads, can brighten any place.

I intended to have written this or something to the same effect to Brighton before you left it, thinking it just possible that I might tempt you to turn this way in going northwards, but I suppose my chance of doing this would have been but small. I shall be very glad if the next time that you make your southwards move you will come and take up your abode at Trinity Lodge for a while. I will promise not to take the ungenerous advantage of involving you in an argument about the whole ordinances of the Church, when your thoughts are dwelling entirely upon *one* of the services. You will find many friends here, and all, I doubt not, like myself, far more glad to see you than ever. I hear Cordelia in the next room playing (I believe) 'Happy Pair!' so that I need not ask her if I am to send her kindest regards.

The entry in the Journal for February 9 is:—

Ash Wednesday.—I directed Mr. Trains the Chaplain on duty to read the Litany (which I was told was not to be read at St. Mary's) and to omit the Commination Service.

To Archdeacon Hare Dr. Whewell writes:—

Feb. 13, 1842.

I am lecturing on Morals, and am venturing to make the subject of my lectures the construction of a system of morality, and the mode of overcoming the difficulties involved in such an undertaking. In many ways this employment is very pleasant, but especially in one. I talk with Worsley about it, and we find ourselves coming, from quite opposite regions, into an almost entire agreement in our views and arrangements. We have the most charming rides together (I do not mean on our hobbies only, but on Waverley and Gingiber[1]) during which we discuss these matters; and we often agree that your one fault is that you do not care enough for systems. But this is

[1] Gingiber was a ginger-coloured chestnut horse.

all as it should be. We, cloistered theorists, are wedded to speculative truth, and you, a faithful minister and zealous archdeacon, look more to practical matters. I wish most especially you could come here and take up your abode at the Lodge for a week or two, and we should have an infinitely better chance of understanding each other, or rather we should come to understand each other sooner and better than we could do any other way. You will find me and my wife tranquilly settled in a condition which we love to look upon as ours for the rest of our lives.

This letter was followed a month later by another, still full of his pleasure in talking over matters with the Master of Downing, though admitting that he was not anxious to attach too much value to his system as a system. The same letter contains some interesting remarks upon the value of uncongenial subjects of study, as drawing out the whole mind of the student, instead of only that part of it which he is himself naturally inclined to use and cultivate.

To Archdeacon Hare] *March* 13, 1842.

I am glad you are so tender at being reproached with want of love of system, for I feared that you considered the making of systems to be a dangerous employment; at least in any one since Coleridge. But indeed I might easily have known that such an opinion did you injustice. I certainly believe that we want systems, true systems, made with all *sobriety*, and impregnable to disbelief, and so, armed against your Greek line. I believe we want such systems more than anything else; because at the root of all improved national life must be a steady conviction of the reason, and the reason cannot acquiesce in what is not coherent, that is, systematic. But you do not believe that Worsley's expository views are a sound system. Probably not. I never attached much importance to them as expositions, but they have led him, as exposition often does, to a systematic analysis of his subject, religious duties and their corresponding conditions. And even this part of his work I have not seen.

Only I find that he, entering the subject of morality on the *à priori* road, through the views of religious teaching, and I, advancing to it on the other side, from psychology through jurisprudence, come to very many close coincidences. I have begged him not to give me his scheme till I have finished my exposition of my own, which I do in my lecture to-morrow.

Then again as to the question of how far students should be subjected to uncongenial kinds of study, you will allow me to wrangle with you, will you not? Well then, I say that on etymological grounds, as well as others, mine is the genuine *education*. Your poetical or critical man you educate by *educing* his reasoning powers through the discipline of mathematics. The faculty is in him, and you draw it out. His poetry and his criticism he gives you spontaneously, you do not need to educe that; it is an effusion. And in like manner the spontaneous mathematician is educated by educing his imaginative and philological faculties. You took Airy as an example. He was driven to read Greek by our Trinity system, is very fond of it, and so is an educated man. Without this, he would have been a mere mathematician; and such a one is not an educated man. It is a view of men which *we* must not take, to hold them to have each only a part of the faculties of humanity. You do not educate except you educe the whole humanity. I hope we shall never become a College of mere scholars and mere mathematicians. The effeminacy of mind which can only attend to its favourite and selected pursuits is not the temper which becomes us. Observe, I do not want *much* mathematics from our classical men; but a man who either cannot or will not understand Euclid, is a man whom we lose nothing by not keeping among us.

On March 16 we find from Dr. Whewell's Journal that he requested leave at a Seniority to present to the College a marble copy of the statue of Bacon at St. Albans.

It was executed by Mr. Weekes the sculptor by permission of Lord Verulam, and is now in the ante-chapel of the College.

On March 19 is the first mention after Dr. Whewell's

Mastership of the arrival of the Judges of Assize at Trinity Lodge, and of their formal reception there. The custom dates from the year 1610, when the College generally and the Lodge especially having been recently enlarged and beautified by Dr. Thomas Neville, Master of the College from 1593 to 1615, Chief Justice Coke, himself a member of Trinity College, and accustomed to resort there on other occasions, was first lodged there as Judge of Assize.

He appears to have visited Cambridge in this capacity in five successive years, and the steward's accounts from 1610 onwards contain occasional entries of expenses incurred in the reception of the judges. It was after the enlargement of the Lodge in Dr. Neville's time, and by his munificence, that the series of royal visits to Cambridge of James I. and his family began; and, no doubt, to Dr. Neville's hospitable spirit and to the handsome accommodation which Trinity College was now able to offer, may be ascribed its frequent selection thenceforward as royal quarters on the occasion of visits of the Sovereign or of the Sovereign's family. In the previous reign Queen Elizabeth had been entertained at King's College. Dr. Neville's first royal guests were Prince Charles (afterwards King Charles I.) and his brother-in-law, Frederick, Prince Palatine of the Rhine. Dr. Hackett, in his life of Archbishop Williams, when noting the absence of the Chancellor, 'the Lord of Northampton, who was expected, for tradition immemorial required his presence at such a season, but the frugal old man appeared not,' adds, 'The charge of great fare and feasting was not more costly than welcome to the brave mind of Dr. Neville, the Master of Trinity College, who never had his like in that orb, I believe, for a splendid, courteous, and bountiful gentle-

man.' No Sovereign appears to have remained the night at Trinity between the days of James I. and the present reign, but whilst James I.'s palace at Newmarket continued to exist, visits of a few hours in duration seem to have been very frequent.

At a later period the question of the judges' right to lodgings in Trinity Lodge led more than once to controversies between Dr. Whewell and the judges, and shortly before his death he had taken some measures for the purpose of having it settled in an authoritative manner.

Arrangements have, however, since been made between the College and the Home Office, which rendered the prosecution of these measures unnecessary.

The claim of the royal family to a reception at Trinity Lodge whenever they visited the University of Cambridge was first brought under Dr. Whewell's notice in a letter addressed to the Vice-Chancellor in 1842 by the Duke of Northumberland, on occasion of his inauguration as Chancellor. Without formally admitting or disputing the claim, Dr. Whewell practically forestalled it on each occasion by the ready offer of all the accommodation in College which the Crown could possibly wish for. When the Prince of Wales was a student at the University, residing at Madingley, about three miles from Cambridge, rooms at Trinity Lodge were placed at his disposal by the spontaneous action of the Master, an arrangement which, no doubt, was very convenient both to His Royal Highness and to those in attendance on him.

In May Dr. and Mrs. Whewell were for a time in London at Mr. Marshall's house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and in June the British Association called Dr. Whewell to Manchester. Later in the summer they

were for some time at Tunbridge Wells; and at Bedgbury, Collingwood, and Hurstmonceux they paid visits to old friends of his, now to be friends of both. Before the end of the vacation they made their way to Filey, where the Master of Downing and his wife were staying; to Hallsteads; and to Lancaster, where a dinner was given to him and to Professor Owen. Whilst they were at Hallsteads Mr. Wordsworth, in whose society Dr. Whewell had for several years taken ever-increasing pleasure, was also a guest, and a companion in many a long ramble which was to enable Dr. Whewell 'to walk in imagination on the sides of Helvellyn when confined in body to the shores of the Cam.'

In his speech at Lancaster on the occasion referred to, he gave warm expression to the feelings of local attachment which in him were very strong.

> The early scenes of youth—the castle towers—the waters of the Lune—have haunted me when absent, and been a source of especial pleasure to me when present. My heart has leaped up when I revisited them, with a delight wholly different from that which other scenes, not devoid of enjoyment, have brought to me. We owe to the early years of our boyhood, influences which remain with us through all the years of succeeding life. The poet Wordsworth, with whom I have within the last few days had the advantage of associating, says
>
> The child is father of the man.
>
> and
>
> I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.
>
> So I feel that the boy is indeed the father of the man—that the early sympathies he may enjoy—the love of poetry among schoolfellows—the facilities he meets with in the prosecution of his favourite studies and pursuits—that these have more power than when his nature is more matured and his mind more expanded. His must be a hard nature indeed who does not feel this 'natural piety' on reverting to the scenes of his boy-

hood. I feel it with joy every week of my life. I am grateful to you for having now connected the past with the present feeling of my life—for having called up the days of boyhood with their charms of sunshine, and their thousand tender associations, and connected them with the experience of middle life, in a unity in which nothing is disjointed and incoherent.

In the drama of my life there are but two scenes—Lancaster and Cambridge; and the early scenes of Lancaster have been enhanced by the transition from one to the other. If ever a man had cause to love an English University it is I, who owe so much to one. To me has been given all that the mind of man could desire—leisure and the means of prosecuting studies which were the dream of my early youth—and which not to be enabled to pursue was a bitterness *worse* than death—the opportunity of mingling with and enjoying the friendship of the greatest men and the most lofty intellects of my time, at once the most modest and the most profound thinkers, the worthy representatives of the soul and mind of their age.

An interesting letter will be found in its place at the close of this year addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. James G. Marshall, another of the relations gained by his marriage, 'dear as if in their veins flowed' his 'own family's blood,' with whom he had many interests in common, to be treated of with delight in 'many a brotherly discussion.'

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: March* 20, 1842.

I have been complaining to Cordelia for some time that I had a pain in my conscience occasioned by not writing to you, and she has recommended me to try to relieve it by a proper application of pen, ink, and paper. We have in truth been very busy with business and with society. I have only just finished my lectures, and am still engaged two or three hours a day, almost daily, with college business. Then we have been visiting at Audley End. It was a great pleasure to take Cordelia there, and to make her acquainted with old and valued friends like Lord and Lady Braybrooke, and we spent a few days there very pleasantly.

At present we have Lord and Lady Monteagle for our guests, though to-day they are gone to Ely to visit the Dean, and we have also the Judges in the house, who take up their abode here when they come to hold the assizes. They occupy the whole of our lower storey, including our dining-room, so that our company-keeping is straightened during their stay. When they go to Court or to Chapel they walk across the court of the college in their robes with their train-bearers, and Cordelia, who stands at the drawing room window and sees them from behind, laughs at the ceremony very irreverently.

To his Sister] 41 *Upper Grosvenor Street: May* 7, 1842.

You are not to suppose that we have forgotten Grange and Lindale in the bustle of London. I am trying to make out what great people are coming to us at the Installation of our Chancellor, which takes place in July. Prince Albert, who was spoken of, does not come, but the Duke of Wellington and the Prussian ambassador, M. Bunsen, are to be among our guests.

Some interesting details of the Duke of Wellington's visit are given by Dr. Whewell in his Journal.

Monday, July 4.—The Duke of Wellington arrived; his carriage stopped at the Great Gate and then proceeded to St. John's, where he went to attend the Duke of Northumberland's levee. He then walked with me to Trinity Lodge, and the Fellows were presented to him by me. He then went again to St. John's Lodge, and accompanied the Duke of Northumberland to the Senate House. After his return to this Lodge he came into the dining-room, and then he conversed a good deal.

With reference to the news of the Queen having been shot at by Bean, which arrived this morning, he spoke of an attempt made to shoot him at Paris. He had previous information that he was to be shot at. The man tried in vain to find an opportunity in the streets. The Duke had said before the event that the assassin must inevitably make the attempt at his own house. So it turned out. The man placed himself behind a watch-box and fired as the Duke entered his own *Porte cochère*.

The postilion saw him raise his arm, and urged his horses to

a gallop, so that the Duke thought he had knocked down one of the sentries in driving in. 'I asked him why he had done so, and he told me that a man had fired a pistol at me from a place close by.' Mr. M—— [Mr. Milnes ?] reminded the Duke that Napoleon left the man a legacy. 'Yes' he said, 'Napoleon left him 10,000 francs for trying to rid the world of an aristocrat.'

I spoke of the attempt made to kill the King of Portugal in the last century. 'Yes,' he said, 'that was under the Marquis de Pombal's administration. It was one of the circumstances which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits. That event was an evil to Spain and Portugal. It ruined the education of the upper orders. They are now men of no education, no moral and religious education. You never find a well educated nobleman in Spain. Consequently they are regarded with no respect by those of lower rank, and are a worthless set. Nothing can save a country but a moral and religious education of its upper classes.'

He spoke much of the Afghan war. He had always disbelieved the accounts, he said, of the abandonment of Ghuznee.[1] He never could believe that a person put in a command so important could be so destitute of resources as the accounts represented him. 'I never could believe that such an officer could say that he was obliged to surrender for want of water, when he was snowed up. I never could believe that he could say that he had left the soldiers' bayonets in the citadel. There is no more convenient way of disposing of a bayonet than at the end of the musket or in the scabbard by the soldier's side.'

Speaking further of India, he said, 'You have there the *blessing* of a free press; in that country, in a country quite unfitted for such a thing. You might as well try a free press on the quarter-deck of a man of war.'

Passing the picture of Perceval, he said he was a good debater and always spoke well when he had had previously to explain a measure to a meeting of his friends.

When the Duke had been in this Lodge a few minutes, he

[1] By Colonel Palmer. A survivor of the Afghan war says 'the surrender of this strong fortress greatly aggravated the difficulties of our position at Cabul.'

wished me to return to St. John's Lodge, where the Duke of Northumberland was. I tried to detain him by representing that the Chancellor could not possibly go to the Senate House for some time, and that we should see him, and could join him when he passed the College gate. But he was not to be detained, so we walked together. As we went he said, 'I came to do honour to the Duke of Northumberland, and I must be on the spot for that purpose. Nothing like being on the spot.'

When he had stayed at the Lodge some time after his return from the Senate House, conversing as above, I proposed to him to go to Magdalen College, where the Master had collected a party of distinguished visitors in the Lodge garden, with a band of music. We went there by the back of the Colleges and through Northampton Street. When we arrived near the gate the Duke asked who was the master of Magdalen, and when I told him Mr. Neville Grenville, he said 'Oh, I know him, he officiates sometimes at the Chapel Royal. I usually go to the Chapel Royal. Sometimes I am there alone with the reader.' Then aside, 'Dearly beloved Roger.'

The Duke of Wellington went from Magdalen Gardens with the Bishop of London, and returned to Emmanuel to the Vice-Chancellor's dinner. Here he stayed but a little while and went away before dinner, having determined to sleep at Hatfield. So far as I know he had no dinner till he got there, which must have been near eleven o'clock at night.

I left the dinner at the Vice-Chancellor's early and came home to receive a few friends at the Lodge.

July 5, *Tuesday*.—In the Senate House, after the Doctors' degrees had been conferred, the prizes were recited. The Installation Ode was then performed. Afterwards there was given a collation in St. John's grounds. Tents were erected in the new courts for the collation, and in various other parts for ices, dancing, &c. A public concert was given in the evening.

July 6, *Wednesday*.—A public oratorio in the morning. Dinner given by Trinity College to the Chancellor at a quarter to five. Invited Heads, late Fellows, Professors, Noblemen, and other distinguished visitors, Inceptors, M.A.s on the Boards gentry of the neighbourhood. Gallery for ladies.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: June* 20, 1842.

I go to Manchester to-morrow to take my share in the business of the British Association. My abode there will be at Sir B. Heywood's. I shall be obliged to come back again as soon as I can, for we shall have our preparations for the Installation to make, and even some of our visitors arriving in the course of next week.

To his Sister] *Bedgebury; Aug.* 11, 1842.

For the last month we have been living so quietly that I hardly knew how the days went on, and yet I have seemed to be very busy. We took a house at Tunbridge Wells, the waters there being recommended for Cordelia. We had a pleasant furzy heath before us, only a few little villas like our own visible from our windows, so that we seemed to be in complete seclusion; and indeed we were so, for we fell in with scarcely any persons whom we knew, though, as we found afterwards, there were several of our acquaintances there. We had our horses with us, and rode about the country every day. The region is well suited for such a life, for the rides are numerous and beautiful. The country consists of long-backed hills with wide valleys between, all richly wooded, and riding paths everywhere meandering through the woods.

During the time that we were at the Wells we made one visit to Lord Camden at Wilderness near Seven Oaks; and when our three weeks were over we came to this place. This is the seat of Lord Bradford and his wife. Her son Mr. Hope was a favourite pupil of mine, and is just married to Lady Mildred Cecil. Our visit here came almost before the honeymoon was concluded. To-day we go to Sir John Herschel's, which is only a few miles off. Then we go on to Mr. Hare's at Hurstmonceux, who is, as you know, a very old and intimate friend. We stay there over Sunday, and then turn our faces to the north. We return by Cambridge, where we have workmen employed upon the Lodge, and if possible I wish to show Cordelia the Cathedrals at Peterborough and Lincoln. We wish very much to make our way to Filey Bay near Scarborough, where our most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Worsley, who were married about a

month ago, are staying. He was my especial friend and companion, and she was Cordelia's, so that their marriage is a source of extreme delight to us. He is Master of Downing College. From thence we make our way to Hallsteads, and by the time we get there our holidays will be so far used up that we shall not be able to execute any further excursions.

Some of my friends in Lancaster want to give me a dinner, I suppose by way of claiming me as a creditable Lancastrian. I do not see how it can be managed, unless it be made to fall in with my passage through Lancaster on my return.

To his Sister] *Hallsteads: Sep.* 1842.

We are still in the mind of going hence to-morrow, and must set off early, in order to be sure of being in time for *the* dinner without hurry. We are to sleep at Dr. Ainslie's[1] at Kellet.

Since my return here I have had some grand long mountain walks with William Marshall, and with Mr. Wordsworth while he was here. I am now beginning to know this neighbourhood pretty well, and shall be able to walk on the sides of Helvellyn in imagination, when I am confined in body to the level banks of the sluggish Cam.

With regard to the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' I believe it is going on and likely to be completed. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and am myself taking it in on that supposition. There are in the early part of it some articles of mine—one upon Archimedes, another on Electricity. The committee of the dinner have sent to offer Cordelia a place to hear the speeches on the occasion, but as she will have to travel all that day and to rise early the next, she has declined this proposal. I will recollect to send you a Lancaster paper, which I have no doubt will make ado enough about the occasion.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 9, 1842.

I am afraid it is a long time since I wrote to you, but then you have sometimes letters from Cordelia to fill up these intervals, who I dare say tells you of our goings on much better than

[1] Master of Pembroke College.

I could. She has told you, as I see by what you say, of the almost uninhabitable condition in which the Lodge has been till lately. She cannot easily have described it as a scene of greater desolation and confusion than it was. We had seven sets of people, whom I used to speak of as our seven plagues; although this was rather an unreasonable way of speaking of them, as they came at our command and did our bidding. These were the masons, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, glaziers, slaters, and bellhangers.

We have at last reconquered our drawing-room and dining-room, and are now tolerably at our ease. The Vice-Chancellorship naturally adds very much to my employments; however, I suppose I shall get through it, as others have done before me.

The post a day or two ago brought me a piece of news which I was very glad to hear. Mr. Owen, who as you know was joined with me in my exaltation at Lancaster, has hitherto been in circumstances not very pleasant to him, inasmuch as the Council of the College of Surgeons, from whom he held his professorship, showed a jealousy of his scientific labours, and tried to restrain him in his Natural History investigations at home; and on the strength of this Sir Robert Peel has offered him a pension of 200*l.* a year, which, with other resources, will I trust put him at his ease.

This must be very agreeable, too, to our good friends at Lancaster, as showing that the Government of the country appreciates Owen no less than his townsmen. I find that my pupil and friend Mr. Conybeare is just elected to the head of a large Collegiate Educational Institution, which they have founded there upon a very dignified scale.

On the day following his appointment to be Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Whewell recorded in a private diary his determination to deal with several matters in the conduct of the University which seemed to require to be forwarded or undertaken. The first of these was the revision of the University Statutes, which had been proceeding several years, but of late had been at a stand. His object, no doubt, was to treat this matter in the

same spirit in which he had treated the College Statutes. It will be seen hereafter that this intention was carried out some years subsequently with more considerable results than he probably at this time contemplated.

Another subject which engaged still more of his personal attention, and was preliminary to his later labours in the same field, was the enactment of regulations which should have the effect of moderating the influence of private tuition, and of bringing the mathematical and classical examinations of the University into correspondence with the lectures of the professors, which he regarded as being of still more importance now than in former times, in consequence of the disuse of the Disputations in the schools. Having procured the appointment of a Syndicate to consider these questions, he expounded his own views at their first meeting. Among other suggestions he proposed to require certificates of attendance at the professors' lectures, and to establish a permanent Syndicate of Examinations, of which the professors should be members. In these proposals we see the germs of measures which, after an interval of some years, were adopted. In spite of his vigorous advocacy, a Grace, embodying the recommendations of the Syndicate, which were the fruit of his untiring industry, was rejected by a majority of the Regent House, March 31, 1843. He at once gave notice of his intention to bring the Grace again before the Senate with a slight variation, but he was persuaded that such a course would be contrary to the practice of the University, and thereupon withdrew the notice.

A third matter which Dr. Whewell determined to deal with during his Vice-Chancellorship was one which had long vexed and disturbed him, and which was the occasion of more serious annoyance to him during his

second term of office some twelve years later. This was the conduct of the undergraduates in the galleries of the Senate House at the Bachelor of Arts Commencement and other public ceremonies. In several previous years the Vice-Chancellors had found it necessary to make representations to members of the University with a view of enforcing order and decorum. Dr. Whewell, in anticipation of this annual ceremony in 1843, issued a paper to the tutors of colleges, requesting them to impress upon their pupils what was due to their own character and that of the University. It was not his wish to prevent the applause with which it was the custom to greet the Senior Wrangler on his presentation. He considered that the occasion naturally called forth such expressions of generous sympathy, but he hoped that there would be no manifestations of feeling of a different kind upon matters unconnected with the immediate ceremonial of the day. He pointed out that conduct intentionally designed to interrupt the business of the University lowered its dignity and insulted its authority, and that it was inevitably so interpreted both by the friends of the University and by strangers. These remonstrances, whatever their immediate effect, certainly did not produce a permanent result. But on the occasion of the Queen's visit during this same year he had the satisfaction of seeing his wishes obeyed. Professor Smythe, who from his great age was unable to be present during the Royal visit, wrote to the Vice-Chancellor from Norwich:—

I was particularly anxious that the young men should behave with propriety, and that they did so in the most perfect manner I am assured, and that the Prince contrasted their conduct with that of the undergraduates at Oxford. The truth is that how they would behave was quite a matter of doubt. You have not

been popular among them. . . . Why you have not been popular I have repeatedly explained to others, and, to myself at least, satisfactorily. . . . You have proceeded [towards them] upon the system of the University Statutes and Ordinances as always understood and practised in my time. . . . Collision therefore between you and them could not possibly be escaped.

Dr. Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, writing about the same time, said :—

There is but one opinion about your reception of the Royal personages at Cambridge. Your praises from Vice-Chancellor down to the latest freshman are on all tongues. To say the truth, I will not only forgive but thank your Orator, who could not refrain from a sly hit at that 'unruly Isis.'

In 1843 the first Voluntary Theological examination was held. Having been a member of the Syndicate which recommended its institution, he watched its results with considerable interest, and took special pains as Vice-Chancellor to bring them under the notice of the bishops in the following circular letter, dated October 28, 1843 :—

My Lord,—In the course of the last year a Grace passed the Senate of this University, establishing (1) a compulsory examination in certain theological subjects for those persons who on taking their B.A. Degree are not candidates for mathematical honours; (2) a voluntary examination of the like kind for those persons who on the same occasion are candidates for mathematical honours; (3) a further theological examination at a subsequent period, to be conducted by the Regius and Lady Margaret Professors of Divinity and the Regius Professor of Hebrew; this last examination also to be voluntary, and the names to be published of those students who pass it to the satisfaction of the examiners.

These examinations do not fully come into action till 1846, but the Regius and Margaret Professors of Divinity and the Regius Professor of Hebrew have this year commenced examinations of the kind directed by the Grace.

I take the liberty of transmitting to your Lordship copies of the papers of questions proposed in these examinations, and a list of the persons who have passed them to the satisfaction of the examiners.

As one of the persons interested in the success of this attempt to improve the theological instruction given in this University, I take the liberty of remarking that, with regard especially to the voluntary examinations, their importance in the eyes of our students, and their influence upon the theological studies in this place, will depend very much upon the weight which their Lordships the Bishops are understood to assign to the circumstance of a person having passed them satisfactorily.

Several expressed their warm approval of what had been done, and among the rest Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, who concluded his letter by remarking: 'Shall I be forgiven if I take the liberty of further saying—when I consider who it is who has thus conferred with me on this interesting subject—that I hail with thankfulness this consecration of the highest attainments in Science to the service of God and of His Church.'

Not long before this the contemplated union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor had been defeated on the motion of Lord Powis. Dr. Whewell as Vice-Chancellor had successfully seconded the efforts of certain members of the Senate who wished the University to petition the Legislature in support of Lord Powis's motion.

The Regius Professorship of Divinity became vacant during this year. A legal question arose in consequence of Dr. Graham, the Master of Christ's and one of the electors, announcing himself to be a candidate. It does not appear how the question was settled, Dr. Ollivant having been the candidate elected.

A dispute had been for some time pending between the University and the parish of Great St. Mary, about

the use of the church, in which both had rights. The University service on Sunday mornings was held at an hour which inconveniently postponed the parish service. The University authorities, anxious to make some structural alterations in those parts of the church which were appropriated for the exclusive use of the University, had petitioned for a faculty, but this was opposed by the parish, and the opposition produced some ill feeling on both sides. Dr. Whewell, on becoming Vice-Chancellor, found matters in this state, but after some little negotiation he had the pleasure of bringing all differences to a termination. The hour for the University service was changed to suit the convenience of the parish, and the opposition of the parish to the faculty was withdrawn.

To James Garth Marshall]

Trinity Lodge: Dec. 27, 1842.

I was very glad to receive your letter and its enclosures, as we cannot at present have the pleasure of seeing you in person. Your account of your schools interests me much, and I shall always be glad to hear of the progress of them. Indeed I should like much to see them on the spot, as well as your other establishments, but this is a project which belongs to the indefinite future. .

I am not surprised that your attention was taken by the examination papers[1] which I sent to Myers. The earnestness and inquiring spirit which appeared in them is an indication of a temper which prevails very generally among our young men on such subjects; and I do not at all wonder, though I am much pleased, to find that your thoughts have been turning that way. I should be very glad to talk with you on such matters, and rather expect that we should make a considerable progress towards agreeing with each other. At least we should

[1] Possibly the Philosophy Papers of the Fellowship Examination at Trinity, 1842.

start from a common principle, that in order to bind men together, either in their social relations or in their spiritual sympathies, that is either in State or in Church, we must have something which we believe, and which they believe, as the foundation of all external rules and arrangements.

And this something being true in itself, cannot depend upon the power or will of numbers or upon any other extraneous thing. If we can find social, moral, and religious truth, we must disregard the voice of the strongest and largest multitude when it utters falsehoods.

Now I myself do most firmly believe that such truth is to be found, that Providence has given us means of discovering it, and if we are strenuous and faithful, of carrying it into the arrangements of society and the business of life, at least so far as is requisite for the continual progress both of ourselves and of our nation in all that is really good and great. There may be, and there certainly are, great difficulties in the way both of discovering what doctrines we ought to hold, what arrangements we ought to make, what objects we ought to aim at, and then, in doing what we ought to do. Still I most entirely believe, as I have said, that Providence has given us the means of seeing the Truth, and of shaping our lives and the relations of our community according to it. Without this belief it would be impossible to act in any comfort or hope.

So far I am sure we agree. Now for the next step. I could not possibly believe that Providence has thus enabled man to discover moral and social truth, and to embody it in his institutions, if I believed that man had as yet made no progress in doing this, and that the great step was still to be made—that we were to learn our duty and our work by some new lights entirely different from the old ones. I cannot but believe that Providence, if He gives *us* the means of discovering truths speculative and practical, has given like means to former generations, and has never withheld them from any generation. If my belief in the vocation of myself and my neighbours to improve ourselves and our community depended upon my supposing the conditions of this generation to be something novel and unparalleled, I should expect it to change and shrink when my views of the relations of the present generation to the past

ones came to be modified; which modification a study of history and many other things are almost certain to produce. If then I believe in Truth at all, I must believe that there is a great deal of truth already in the world, and a great deal of it embodied in the frame of society. Indeed I must believe that all which is most true and substantial and permanent in the convictions of men, and in the structure of society, is a part of that Truth which we are concerned to discover and to act.

Nor is there any difficulty in seeing that it is so. We see that in the relations of society, for instance, there are a number of principles practically embodied which are necessary for the existence and development of men and man, and which are never shaken, except in certain convulsive disorders to which man's career is liable. Such are marriage, property, contracts, government; constitutional government, that is, liberty; improvement, that is, reform, progress, or whatever else you choose to call it. All these principles have long been acknowledged as necessary to society, and however lively our desire for truths may be, and our persuasion that new principles are needed, we shall find no social principles more important than these. We must therefore accept them, and act them out, whatever more we do.

And the same is the case in the internal world of men, as well as in the social world. The principles on which man's well-being, as to his soul, depends, have not been hidden in the dark till now. They have been disclosed to former generations, and at one great epoch so fully disclosed, that all our main light must be borrowed from that one Revelation. We may persuade ourselves that we make some progress in developing, for our own use, the great doctrines which were then delivered. It may be so. But we shall never, by any such development, obliterate the great leading conditions of the relation of man to his Maker, on which all our spiritual hopes depend. No development of our views, however lively and luminous, can make our catechism false, which we learnt as a child, if it were ever true.

I come therefore to this—that however much I may feel a craving for a new view of the truth, suited to our age, or rather,

probably, to my own special state of mind, I have no hope of finding any view of the truth, which is really true, if it do not include and rest upon that which has been true up to the present time. As firmly as I believe there is a truth for me, so firmly do I believe that it has not been kept back till now, and reserved merely for me and my contemporaries. We may have our new portions; we may add our share of struggle and progress; but we are but one generation, many have gone before. I cannot believe but that our share will have some proportion to theirs, and therefore I look with reverence upon that which they have accumulated, no less than with hope and joy on that which is my own especial boon.

I believe in Truth. I believe there is a Truth. Many of our friends, zealous, active-minded, generous-spirited men, say the same. Good! Then let us confer. *What*, I ask them, is the truth which they believe in? They are silent, or they repeat that they believe in truth without having yet found it; or probably they turn round upon me, and ask me what is my truth?

I have my answer ready, and you must not start at it. I believe in our National Constitution and in our National Religion. I believe that these embody more of the truth, are better approaches to the true form of Church and State, than have ever yet been established. I am ready to act on this belief. I love them because I believe this. This is what I call believing, and this is my notion of the truth in which I believe. And again I ask our friends who talk of the necessity of believing, *what* they believe?

But I believe in the National Church and the National Constitution, not as mere formulæ, but as living things, as the most essential part of the social and spiritual life of the nation. Therefore that in which I believe is not a dead, stationary, immovable thing, but something which is developed and expanded and renewed with the development and expansion of men's social and spiritual workings. I cannot believe in any Church or State which is not constantly unfolding, enlarging, and renewing itself—which must not have from time to time Reform and Reformation—except we are happier still, and keep up, constantly alive, a formative spirit which makes *reform*

unnecessary. To do this is not easy. Very far from it. But it is necessary to attempt this. This is the object at which we must aim, each in our way. And if the object have ever been missed, so that some convulsive movement in the progress of society has been occasioned, we must, as soon and as energetically as possible, work ourselves back into the true path of gradual, tranquil, slow progress, depending on a belief in the gradual progress that we have hitherto made.

I do not know how far I carry you with me in these views. Perhaps they deviate a little from your notion, if you entertain it, of an entirely new scheme of Church and State. But they fall in excellently well with what you are *doing*, whether or not they agree with your speculative thoughts. For, to supply deficiencies in the present state of education arising from the insufficiency of the national scheme and the national means hitherto directed to that purpose, is exactly one of those vital processes by which the national life is kept in healthful union with the national organization. Church and State are the skin and hide of the living creature, the nation; and it cannot be sound if its skin be cracked by its growth, still less if it drop off in dead strips as a thing worn out. And if this happen, right sore will the creature be till it gets another skin, even if it do not perish in the process.

One of Mrs. Whewell's occupations in the early months of 1843 was making extracts from her husband's letters to his family, carefully preserved by his sister, and now lent by her for the purpose of having drawn from them a continuous history of his life.

During March and April a more than usually frequent interchange of letters took place with Archdeacon Hare. Rumours from various quarters had reached Archdeacon Hare that the natural vehemence of character for which he had before now taken his friend to task was increased rather than diminished by the burthen of the Vice-Chancellorship added this year to all his ordinary business. Two or three years ago Dr. Whewell

had assured him that he had no disposition either to deny or to defend the failings he was wont to point out. Relying upon this assurance, and moved by deep and affectionate friendship, he writes with the utmost frankness and courage a letter of remonstrance and rebuke. It is such a letter as few friends would have ventured to write at a distance, supported only by hearsay evidence. Perhaps no one in whom vehemence and impetuosity had degenerated into arrogance, or in whom the desire to be thought right had become predominant over the desire to *do* right and to *be* right, could have received it, as Dr. Whewell did, without irritation or offence at the time, and without the slightest subsequent diminution of affection or intimacy. The matter is fully and calmly discussed, and only dismissed at last with the wish that Hare would come and judge for himself as to the truth of the charge, and with the conclusion that, after all, each must try and do his duty in his own way as best he can.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 23, 1843.

All Vice-Chancellor that I am, I must find time to write to you now and then; and as I am afraid the *then* during which I have not done so is rather long, I must try to find the *now*.

Cordelia has however told you most of what there is to tell, which is mainly that I am very busy; but as my business is so constant that it leaves no time in which anything else requiring much attention can be done, I am liberated from the struggle in which I used to be involved, of trying to live a life of study and of business at the same time. I have laid aside my speculations for the year; and almost wonder, in looking back, how in the middle of my tutor's and other business I contrived to write so many big books. I suppose the fact is that I am growing old, and have no longer the activity and diligence of those years.

As we must grow old, it is pleasant to keep on good terms

with our earlier days; and I have been much pleased with the memoranda of past events which Cordelia has extracted from my letters which you lent her. It was in part living the past time over again, and then in my memory, and among my papers, and in my sketch-books, I found many other memorials of the same time which served to fill up the outline of the picture. I was very glad that Cordelia should come to know something about my past history and employments, to which reference very naturally often comes in our way.

Archdeacon Hare to Dr. Whewell]

Hurstmonceux: March 29, 1843.

I am glad to hear your Lodge is finished, and should much enjoy visiting it, and you and other good folks at Cambridge. Much too should I like to see you in your Vice-Cancellarian chair; but I fear it will be quite impossible for me to find time for so long an excursion from home this spring. My compulsory absences, though they have not been of long duration, have made me half a stranger in my own parish.

Of Cambridge doings I hear from time to time with much interest through one channel or another. . . .

A thing, which I have heard from a number of quarters, has grieved me very much, and I feel some difficulty in speaking about it. But the kindness with which you received what I said on the subject when you were appointed Master, encourages me to hope that you will still feel it is nothing but my deep and affectionate friendship that induces me to speak to you about it. Last year I was greatly delighted at hearing from several persons how kind and gentle and affable your manner had become since your appointment to the Mastership; and when you were here, my sisters were particularly pleased with this union of gentleness with strength and power. But from many reports which have reached me in the last six months, I am very much afraid that the additional burthen of the Vice-Chancellor's cares has somewhat rùffled you again, and called out the vehemence of the natural man, which it is always difficult to repress. I know well that a wearing, daily-renewed load of practical business is hard to bear patiently, especially

for a man who would fain be sailing away over some unknown seas of speculation. Still this difficulty may be overcome, and ought to be, not merely because it must so materially hurt your character and popularity, but still more because it must so much diminish the influence which you would exercise otherwise in the University, and which might be so beneficial.

And now I must beg you to forgive what I have said. I should rejoice to find that there is no ground for it; but the repeated reports have made me feel that it was a duty of friendship not to be silent. You may tell me, if you like, that 'a libeller'[1] has no business to talk about gentleness; but often the very defects we feel the keenliest are those we ourselves are most prone to.

Of course I am glad that you should have petitioned for the preservation of the Welsh sees, but I wished that your Vice-Chancellorship should have been distinguished by measures of greater difficulty and of higher importance to the University; by an attempt at least to do something toward lessening those two terrible evils in our system, the practice of private tuition, and the use of emulation as the one great spur to the acquirement of knowledge. You know how deeply I feel the mischief of these two evils. I believe it is very much owing to them that our position relatively to Oxford has altered so much in the last twenty years.

Oxford has risen, and we have sunk; and we shall continue to sink, unless we get rid of our system of drilling for parade and of our morbid stimulants, and adopt a system which will call forth a living power and train our students to walk without leading-strings. You are the person to whom I look for these improvements, and Worsley will help you heart and hand in effecting them.

About the Welsh sees, I send you our petition. My belief is that we shall fail this year, because practical men, all but the very greatest, are often obstinate in proportion as they are wrong. Still I trust that the two sees will be preserved. If the present feeling continues, assuredly they will be.

[1] This expression has reference to an action which had recently been brought against the Archdeacon, who however obtained a verdict in his favour.

I have sent you a long letter, instead of a personal talk; the latter would be far better, but I see little likelihood of it. Pray remember me very kindly to your wife and to Worsley, with whose wife I long to become acquainted. You I fear will have little leisure for voyaging this year; but tell him he ought to come to us, and that we shall rejoice much to see him, not his worst half merely, but both halves.—Ever yours,

I. C. H.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity Lodge: March* 31, 1843.

I was glad to hear from you about your 'libel,' for in truth it escaped me in the newspapers, to which indeed I do not give much time. I had heard of it in talk, and Bunsen spoke with satisfaction of the result, which made me suppose that you must be satisfied too; but I am much more glad to learn from you that you are so. I wish to see the Brighton newspaper which you promise to send me.

I write immediately on receiving your letter, as the best chance of being able to answer it at all, and you will excuse any additional vivacity which is given by this quickness to my reception of your advice. In the friendship which dictates the warning I rejoice; but I do not much believe in the alleged fault, I think the charge arises from those who have no intercourse with me. I have every reason to believe that those who have to do with me do not think me 'ruffled,' and do not find me more vehement than what amounts to firmness. I think this, because I have not been vexed with the V.C.'s office, but rather have enjoyed it, giving up all my other pursuits, and making it my business to do it well. I have things to do which some people will call oppressive offices; but only persons whom you would not agree with, any more than myself. I have tried to suppress pigeon-shooting in the outskirts of the town, uproar in the Senate-house galleries, and dinners at taverns; and of course this makes detractors and railers. I have *not* been neglectful of the object which you speak of—diminishing the influence of private tutors. To-day I brought in a Grace with that view: it is *non-placeted*. I am still going to try to travel towards the same object. I think you expect things inconsistent if you would have me attempt objects so difficult, complex, un-

popular, as what you speak of, and still would have me spoken of by no one as eager and self-willed. I have had the people in the newspapers writing against my measures, and the Johnians have thrown it out for the present. I send you some papers about it. You will not see the whole bearing of the measure at first. Anything which is to be done with regard to such objects as you mention, must *in the University* be done with great caution, and must be of such a nature as to take effect slowly. So you must not expect to hear of a revolution.

I am sorry to find you give us so faint a hope of your coming here soon. We could talk on the matters which you speak of, but it is not easy for either of us to find time to write about them. My wife and Worsley's wife want to see you here as much or nearly as much as we ourselves do.

I fear you are not too unhopeful about the Welsh bishoprics. I had a letter from Thirlwall about them which delighted me by its *earnestness*.

The next letter from Archdeacon Hare is as follows:—

Hurstmonceux: April 8, 1843.

Most gladly would I believe that the reports of which I spoke in my last letter were altogether unfounded. But they came to me so repeatedly, and from so many quarters, and some of them certainly not unfriendly ones, that I thought I could hardly fulfil the duties of friendship without saying something to you about them; more especially as even among a man's friends there are very few who are not readier to note his defects in his absence than to his face. At all events I felt sure that you would receive what I said in kindness, and there could be no harm in a warning that might make you still more vigilant over yourself.

As to your more general position, that it is scarcely possible to attempt the changes I wish for in the University without incurring a charge of self-will, I should be disposed to assail it. My own experience has shown me what an extraordinary practical influence such a man as Bishop Otter can exercise over his whole diocese, in great measure by the sweetness of his manner.

So again it is by his singular winningness that Manning is now able to carry almost everything he wishes at our Diocesan Association, notwithstanding the jealousy which a supposed taint of Newmanism arouses against him. In Taylor's 'Statesman' he speaks of the power Wilberforce acquired by having 'the cream of human kindness.' And thus every day we see instances of the fulfilment of the saying that 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'

Of the Grace which has been thrown out, I can in some measure guess the drift, though I dare say I do not see all its bearings; and I am very glad and thankful that you have begun to attempt something against one of the two besetting and overriding evils of our University. At the same time I am very far from expecting any rapid revolution with regard to them. My own experience here again, in my warfare against pews and black monsters, has taught me that except when a nation is set in motion by the blast of some mighty principle, the contest against every kind and degree of selfishness is carried on under great disadvantages, and must be carried on long and patiently and perseveringly, if it is to succeed.

I am very glad you have had a letter from Thirlwall about the Welsh sees that has 'delighted you by its earnestness.' Which side does he take? I was told he had expressed himself doubtfully in presenting a petition. Perhaps he may be very anxious for the new see of Manchester. But I cannot see why that should not be established at once. There are various ways in which the difficulties may be got over. If they do not like another bishop in the House of Peers, let the junior bishop not be called up; and then there would be the advantage that he might get to know something of his diocese before he was called away from it to his chaplaincy of the House of Lords. It certainly is one of the most wonderful anticipations in history, that, when Gregory sent Augustine to England, he should have drawn up the scheme of a Church with two archbishops and twenty-four bishops. What would Niebuhr have said of the preservation of this number after so many vicissitudes and above twelve centuries. One should be loth to alter the sacred number, if it were only to add one; but as I should rather wish to add forty-eight, and think that such an addition would be the best

temporal means of energising the whole body of our ministry, I cannot let the charm of a number hinder such an object.

Along with this you will receive the sermon preached at Thirlwall's consecration, which ought to have been published long ago, but which was kept back, as being too worthless to stand alone, till it could gather followers enough to make up a volume, and of which I have struck off a few extra copies for distribution before it comes into public along with its companions.

I have had a good deal of correspondence lately with Henslow, and have had great pleasure in seeing the warm interest he takes in his parish duties; and there has been a simplicity and humility in his letters that have been very delightful.

What do you say to Mill's 'Logic'? I know not whether I shall ever find time to read it. As yet I have only cut it open, and seen that he is perpetually breaking a lance with you.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity Lodge: April* 12, 1843.

You are certainly a most resolute monitor, for you repeat your admonitions without any regard to the answer which is made to them, or any information as to details. If you will tell me of any special error of the kind you mention, I will task my memory and my conscience very strictly for it. Can you tell me any better course to take? I am ready for the assault you talk of, and I do not think I shall have much difficulty in disposing of your examples.

Wilberforce certainly did incur, from a very large body of persons, a most vehement charge of self-will. Bishop Otter was a very excellent person in many ways; but, so far as I have heard, might sometimes have saved inconvenience to his friends if he had not only been accused of having, but had a little more self-will, for he might then have avoided the appearance of inconsistent promises, to which the kindness of his nature led him. And, whatever you may think, I assure you that there are not wanting persons who think that the present Vice-Chancellor combines his firmness with great temper and patience. If you saw the attacks to which the papers I send you contain answers, perhaps you might think so too. But, be that as it may, we must each of us do our work in our own

way, as well as we can. It will not be easily nor perhaps soon that I shall make much way in this matter, for though many people talk on the right side they are lukewarm in acting.

My letter from Thirlwall was a most earnest condemnation of the suppression of one Welsh bishopric. I was not told that he expressed himself doubtfully in the House, only that he professed to wait respectfully for the Archbishop of Canterbury's defence. I never dreamt that you could doubt on which side he was.

Thank you for the Consecration Sermon. I had heard of it, and wanted much to see it. I do not think you will find Mill's 'Logic' repay your study very well. He is far removed from his former opinions, but equally positive in every phase of change.

The last letter of the series was the following from Archdeacon Hare to Dr. Whewell.

Hurstmonceux: April 17, 1843.

I must write a few lines more, since my last letter was so clumsily expressed as to give you the notion that I meant to 'repeat my admonitions.' To have done so after what you had said would have been exceedingly impertinent. But it seemed to me that you might also justly charge me with impertinence, if, as you appeared to fancy, I had spoken in the first instance on no better authority than that of persons whom you had been compelled to offend in the faithful discharge of your duty; and it was to escape this imputation I stated that this was not the case. However, defending oneself is always rather an awkward business, and I must have performed it awkwardly.

As to your attempt to repel the three men whom I had sent to assail your position, you seem to me to have missed your aim. Wilberforce might indeed be charged with obstinacy, for insisting so perseveringly for so many years in attempting to accomplish his great work, by those who could not understand the high principle or sympathize with the feelings which animated him. But no one, I think, can ever have taken the least offence at his behaviour personally; indeed, the exceeding suavity of his manners tended greatly to aid him and his cause. And if Bishop Otter was wanting in firmness, it only strengthens

my argument when, in spite of that want, he was able by the sweetness and affectionateness of his character to do so much. But I merely mentioned these cases because it is pleasant to turn off from a personal topic to a more general one. I know well that we must each of us endeavour to perform our appointed work with the faculties which we have received, though of course keeping them under control, and seeking to have them purified. I know, too, that Luther was not gentler than Melancthon, and yet did a thousand times as much.

Alas! such is the way of man. We must make up our minds to find that many of those who are forwardest in supporting us with words shrink from everything beyond. But we have just been prepared for this by reading that woful story, how all the disciples forsook their Lord and fled.

My uncertainty about Thirlwall arose from my having been told that he had expressed himself doubtfully, which he has rather a knack of doing. And I do not think that he took much interest in the Chapter Bill. Since he has been a bishop he has indeed seen how much an active bishop may effect in his own diocese; and if he had not been so strongly in favour of the Reform Bill, I should have fancied that he would generally be desirous of revivifying old institutions rather than of destroying them.

The Consecration Sermon is hardly worth reading. You know I have often been apt to stick fast in a Euripidean prologue, and can seldom get on beyond the first act; and this time Carlyle paid me a visit just two days before I came up to London, and thus the very two days which I had assigned to the sermon were spent in listening to him. The time was rather unhappily chosen on both accounts; for though I enjoyed his visit exceedingly, I should have done so more freely at another time.

On April 14, 1843, Dr. Whewell addressed a representation to Sir John Cam Hobhouse on the subject of Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, which, after having been refused admission to Westminster Abbey, was now immured in one of the vaults of the London Custom House.

Dr. Whewell suggested the College Library as a most fitting resting-place for that fine work of art. He pointed out that the College was the place of Lord Byron's academical education; that he there formed friendships to which he attached great value, and which continued through his life; and that he was still recollected with regard by resident members of the College.

This suggestion was met by a proposal on behalf of the subscribers to place the statue in the ante-chapel, but this Dr. Whewell refused to entertain. Early in the autumn of 1845 the statue was conveyed to Cambridge under the directions of Sir Richard Westmacott, and placed on the admirable site originally selected by Dr. Whewell's artistic sagacity. In many other ways the College derived benefit from his taste and knowledge in matters of architecture and art. From the circumstances of its foundation by Henry VIII., the College is the impropriate rector of many churches, the chancels of which it is, on that account, bound to keep in repair. During his Mastership many proposals, involving restoration or reconstruction, were entertained, and in every case of this kind Dr. Whewell examined the plans and designs with great care, and not unfrequently went to see how the works were being carried on. His advice and supervision were always valuable; some of the most successful renovations carried out by the College owed everything to his suggestion and guidance.

Dr. Whewell was no advocate for excessive ornamentation. The chapel of Trinity College, though not without some artistic features, is architecturally a poor though substantial fabric. The Master would never consent to any embellishment of the chapel itself; but

the ante-chapel, which had long been a memorial-place for deceased members of the society, was enriched during his time by many stained glass windows and other monumental works of art. Some of the windows were, like the statue of Bacon, contributed by himself. The bust of his old friend Sheepshanks, by Foley, bears an inscription from his hand, as does also a statue of Barrow, which was presented to the College by Lord Lansdowne, in 1838, under the following circumstances. Lord Lansdowne stated, in November 1856, that, 'Ever since seeing the statue of Bacon, given by Dr. Whewell to the College, and placed with that of Newton in the ante-chapel, he could not help considering whether the history of English literature and philosophy could produce a name representing a genius so exalted as to be worthy of such companionship, and as such fitted to fill the corner on the opposite side.' As the result of his consideration, he had originally, by a codicil of his will, bequeathed to the College a sufficient sum to meet the cost of a statue of Milton; but it subsequently occurred to him that he might possibly have the satisfaction of seeing the statue erected in his lifetime, and accordingly he requested the College, through the Master, to receive as a present what had been intended as a legacy.

The Master replied that a memorial statue of Milton could not fitly be presented to Trinity, nor placed within its walls, inasmuch as he was not a member of the College. He suggested as alternatives, George Herbert, Dryden, Pearson, Barrow, or Bentley. Lord Lansdowne's own feeling was in favour of Dryden, but he consulted others on the subject, and among them Lord Macaulay and Professor Sedgwick. Macaulay, in a characteristic letter, supported the claims of Bentley. Sedgwick, in

a letter equally characteristic of him, wrote in favour of Barrow. His choice was adopted by the Master and other resident members of the College, and was acquiesced in by Lord Lansdowne. The following extract from Professor Sedgwick's letter shows some of the grounds on which he based the claims of Barrow:—

> Barrow was a great inventive mathematician, and a forerunner clearing the way for the vast discoveries of Newton. He was great also as a moralist and divine, and was a man of gigantic learning. What grand old-fashioned eloquence, what earnestness in the cause of moral truth, do we find in the works of Barrow! They will live so long as majestic eloquence and moral truth and Christian hopes are dear to the hearts of men.

The statue was executed by Mr. Noble, and on February 10, 1838, Lord Lansdowne wrote that it gave him great pleasure to learn that it was considered decidedly successful, and was universally approved.

The honour of a statue in the ante-chapel, which had been refused to Byron and accorded to Barrow, was claimed not long after for Lord Macaulay.

After his death a fund was raised by subscription among members of Trinity College for the purpose of presenting to the College a statue commemorative at once of his genius and of his affection for Trinity. Dr. Whewell's opinion was that a bust of Macaulay should stand on the floor of the library, among the busts of 'our other great men'; and that a bronze statue might also be placed against the river front of the library, where in course of time other statues might be erected by the side of it. These opinions were not generally shared by the subscribers of the fund. The statue, eventually executed in marble by Mr. Woolner, has found a place in the ante-chapel, opposite to one of Dr. Whewell himself, by the same artist, which was erected and placed

there by the College after his death. A bust of himself, executed by Bailey, and bequeathed to the College by his will, stands in Trinity Library. Other additions to the fine collection of busts possessed by the College were made during his time, including those of Hare, Sedgwick, Robert Leslie Ellis, John Mitchell Kemble, and the present Poet Laureate.

Shortly after the return to Cambridge a correspondence took place between Dr. Whewell and Mr. Edward Coleridge of Eton, on the subject of a College for the Education of Missionary Clergy. Mr. Coleridge originated the idea of such an institution, and in its first state communicated it to the Master of Trinity, and doubtless to other persons in authority at both universities. The reasons in favour of the plan as urged in the circular, and his own against its being carried into effect at Cambridge, are given in Dr. Whewell's answer to Mr. Coleridge, of which a draft is found in the journal. The scheme eventually took shape at Canterbury, where, to use Mr. Coleridge's words, written April 16, 1879, 'The Missionary College was finally built on the very foundation of St. Augustine's Abbey. There it now stands and flourishes, full of students. It was my idea, and was carried out partly by my exertions, and still more by the effectual aid of Beresford Hope. The Master of Trinity gave me 100*l.* towards the project.'

The Master's letter is important, because the views expressed in it were his through life. He always maintained that the necessary expenses of the university were but small, and that the effort to avoid such as are unnecessary gives both a test of real superiority of character and leads to valuable results in the way of self-discipline.

He also maintained that to separate, artificially, the poorer from the richer students in any place of public education was to injure both classes and to deprive them of one very great advantage of a university education, namely, the mingling of persons of different conditions and destinations, and thereby giving them 'a fellow-feeling and mutual understanding as cultivated Englishmen.'

This is the letter, copied from the draft in the Master's journal.

To the Rev. Edward Coleridge]

Trinity Lodge: Aug. 27, 1843.

In a 'private circular' which I have received from you, you state your wish to obtain assurances of general support to the plan there described, of creating a College in one of the two ancient Universities, for the purpose of educating Ministers for the Colonies. Perhaps those who cannot engage to support such a plan are not called upon to express their opinions any otherwise than by their silence; but as this course may be misunderstood, I am desirous of offering for your consideration a few remarks on your plan. It may under any circumstances be of use to you to know what objections suggest themselves to some minds as to the proposed method of attaining the very important and desirable object you have in view. I will therefore state without reserve some of the difficulties which occur to me on this subject.

A great and fundamental difficulty is the very serious expense of erecting a new college in Oxford or Cambridge. For a small number of students at first, you have to incur the formidable charges of purchase money of the ground, building chapel, hall, and lodging-rooms; to which you must add salaries of some college officers, teachers, and governors. To provide for these in addition to the expenses of the students themselves appears to me a most bold undertaking.

And is this formidable undertaking necessary for your object? Why should you not educate such ministers as you speak of at some of the existing colleges?

It will be replied, I presume, that the expenses at the existing colleges are too great, the mode of living too luxurious, the education not exactly what is wanted.

To the first of these objections I would reply that the *necessary* expenses of the existing colleges are small, so small that I doubt whether in any new college they can be made smaller. The expenses habitually incurred by persons who imitate those of larger fortune than themselves are great; but persons intended for such a life as those of whom you speak ought to be able to resist this temptation. If they cannot do this their characters are not suitable to their destination. Even in a separate college they will not be safe from this temptation; and so far as they are safe by having less communication with the rest of the university, they will lose some of the special advantages which in the course of our university education such communication bestows.

But I will grant that the education of Oxford and Cambridge, under any circumstances, may be too expensive for a colonial clergy.

Then why not apply any funds which you raise directly to meet this expense? Why not found Exhibitions or Scholarships for persons who are willing to devote themselves to the colonial ministry?

By this means you save the expenses of ground, chapel, hall, officers; in short, all the heaviest part of the expense of your plan. I conceive, as I have said, that the destination of your students ought to be a sufficient guarantee for their frugality and regular habits. But if you want something more, appoint some person (a resident member of the university) as the superintendent of the colonial clerical students. By communication with the deans and tutors of the different colleges, added to his own intercourse with the students, he may fully judge of their habits and characters, and may, at least in Cambridge, direct and control their expenses. I have no doubt that the deans and tutors would very gladly lend themselves to such communication.

The second objection, the luxury of our colleges, is not well founded. The sizars in Cambridge do not live luxuriously; many of them live as frugally and simply as can be desired.

The colonial clerical students must of course take care to be of this class, and their superintendent must satisfy himself that they are.

The third point, the inappropriateness of our teaching, must be remedied by special tuition as far as it is needed. The superintendent must see to this, and must himself teach the colonial students, and see that they are taught, such knowledge as they need.

Perhaps it will be said that these students will be humbled and disturbed by the difference between themselves and other students. I do not think this need be. We have very poor men as students, who never think of concealing the difference between their condition and destination and that of their contemporaries. But I think the humiliation would be quite as marked if they belonged to a separate college; and there would be added very great evils in their education, arising from their associating almost exclusively with each other. One of the great advantages of our education is that by mixing persons of different conditions and destinations it gives them a fellow feeling and a mutual understanding as cultivated Englishmen, and I have been assured, by persons whose authority on such subjects is of the greatest value, that this feature in our education is of especial importance to those who have to act in our colonies. I have spoken with great freedom, &c. &c.

It was probably his long experience as tutor, which made him familiar with the circumstances of every individual pupil, that led Dr. Whewell to speak with so much confidence on the subject of the expenditure incident to a university education. The Cambridge system, which puts the college tutor completely *in loco parentis* in relation to his pupil, must necessarily, in a large college like Trinity, give him the means of forming a correct judgment of what each individual class of students ought to be able to live upon. Seven years subsequently to this Dr. Whewell, in his written evidence given to the Royal Commission for the University of Cambridge, pointed out with great force and earnest-

ness that the faults of prodigal and inconsistent expenditure so often attributed to university students were not occasioned and could not be wholly remedied by any regulations of the university, but were in great measure due to the conduct of those parents who, while not discouraging young men in living in the costly style of their social superiors, gave no assistance to the college authorities in their endeavours to use such measures as the law allows for checking the extravagance of minors. But wherever any rule was likely to be of use in checking extravagance or otherwise promoting good order and discipline, Dr. Whewell, undeterred by the irksomeness of small details, was ready either to invent or revive one for the purpose.

The minute attention which he gave to the variety of small matters which necessarily came under his notice as Master, is shown by the careful manner in which he kept notes of all proceedings of the Seniority. These notes are contained in a journal, in which not only reference is made to the subjects discussed at the meetings, but full copies of his letters on all business matters are transcribed. The agenda papers of all Seniority meetings he attended were found after his death chronologically arranged and carefully annotated.

The rules brought into force under his administration frequently resulted in great and salutary changes, which he himself perhaps scarcely contemplated. As an illustration of this may be instanced the introduction of regulations relating to residence of undergraduates during the Long Vacation.

In the first vacation after his appointment as Master, it came to his knowledge that an undergraduate had been lodged in the house of a person living in the town without the permission of the College, and apparently

without sufficient control. This led the Master to propose a series of rules for granting permission in such cases. These remain in force to the present day, and owing to them the Long Vacation has become to diligent students the most beneficial period of the year. College discipline is then stricter, idle and desultory companions are absent, studious men are drawn into closer intercourse, and more real work is done than in term-time.

The rules originally directed merely to the preservation of discipline have happily resulted in giving to studious undergraduates a fourth and most important term, and thus mitigated very considerably the reproach frequently brought against the university of short terms and long vacations.

In his evidence given to the Royal Commissioners, 1850, the Master alludes to the expenses of students arising from their amusements, and suggests that the places of their sports should be more closely connected than they then were with the college and university. He points out especially that there might be in the fields behind the principal great colleges, cricket grounds, fives-courts, and the like. This suggestion has long since been carried into effect. Dr. Whewell himself initiated in 1862 the plan for the Trinity Cricket Ground, and gave several hundred pounds towards it. It cannot be questioned that very great economy of time and money to the undergraduates are the fruit of the very liberal and well-directed expenditure then incurred. To return to the reforms of 1843. It was at this time that the Master induced the Seniority to have an additional college examination at the end of the Michaelmas Term, into which subjects bearing upon Moral Philosophy were introduced.

The great event of the autumn of this year was the

Royal visit to Cambridge. On October 12 Mrs. Whewell wrote to her mother that the Master of Trinity

had a letter from Mr. Goulburn, saying that when he was at Windsor yesterday, the Queen and Prince Albert expressed a strong desire to pay a visit to the University of Cambridge, and commissioned him to communicate with W—— on the subject. Mr. Goulburn had informed them that Trinity claimed on all occasions the honour of receiving Her Majesty or her representatives, and that we should feel highly honoured by her visit. The probable time of the visit would be some day in the week after next. The 25th was finally settled. Imagine my difficulties in finding out first what was necessary on such an extraordinary occasion, what ought to be done, and what on such short notice could be done. However it ended in my having twenty-one bed-rooms and four sitting-rooms prepared for the Queen and Prince and their attendants in the house, besides two kitchens and three sitting-rooms for the different classes of servants. The employment was of great use to me; if I had not been so busy, I should have grown very nervous about it.

The morning of Wednesday 25th was dull, but cleared up to the most brilliant sunshine. The Great Court began to fill at twelve, and parties of ladies passed across to the rooms of different friends who had windows looking on the scene of action. Mrs. Worsley came to us. At one, streams of gownsmen poured rapidly in, and before two o'clock, the time appointed for the Queen's coming, there were about 2,000 in the Court. It was a fine sight to have the whole University collected together, all in their academical full dress, the doctors in their scarlet robes, the noblemen in their purple and gold.

The clock had scarcely finished striking two when we heard signals that the Queen was come. My husband as Vice-Chancellor hurried away with his Bedells to meet the Queen outside the College Gates and deliver up the Mace to her, to signify resigning his power into her hands, and made a speech to that effect. She graciously returned the Mace, which during her stay was carried with the crown end uppermost. The Great Gates were thrown open, and the Queen and Prince drove in,

attended by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads, and were received with such acclamations as I never heard.

I ran down to the door, to be ready to perform my part, trembling a little as you will easily believe; indeed, the thrilling shouts were enough alone to make one do that. I had not even the comfort of my husband with me, for he had to meet the Queen in the middle of the Court as Master of Trinity, with the eight Seniors, and deliver to her the keys of the College. She made a reply of which he could distinguish no words, only the sweet tone of her voice, for the cheering still continued. Then they drove up to the door and alighted, the Master and I receiving them.

After luncheon had been served to the Queen and Prince in the green drawing-room, the Address was the first thing. It was settled the Queen should receive it in the College Hall and Prince Albert his immediately after. All this time the procession was forming itself in the Court, for it takes a long while for two thousand people to get each one into his proper place. At three o'clock the Queen and Prince with their attendants passed through the study and south drawing-room and down the back stairs, which looked as well as they could, poor things! in crimson cloth, to the Hall. There a raised platform was prepared with Bentley's chair upon it and a canopy over it. The presenters of the Address were ushered into the Queen's presence by Lord De La Warr. The Registrar (Mr. Romilly) produced the address, which the Vice-Chancellor read. Then Mr. Goulburn presented to the Queen her answer, which she read in a beautifully soft clear voice, very distinctly.

The address to Prince Albert was read in like manner, and he read his answer.

Then the Queen and Prince drove off immediately to King's. We tried to follow, Mr. Myers, Susan, and myself, but it was hopeless. When the Queen and Prince returned it was dark, but in a few minutes our chapel was lighted up for them to see. Crimson cloth was spread, but it did not quite reach to the chapel door, so the undergraduates threw down their gowns to fill up the space, a feat they have practised frequently since.

I heard that the young noblemen holding wax lights for the Queen to see the statue of Newton in the Ante-Chapel made

quite a pretty picture. When the Queen retired to her room, the Prince, with the Master as cicerone and an escort of flambeaux-bearers, went all over the College. W—— and I received commands to dine with the Queen at eight o'clock; hasty notices were sent out to those whom she would receive in the evening. At dinner the Queen and still more the Prince asked my husband questions about the University and College, to which he gave such full answers, and they seemed to take so much interest in hearing them, that it quite took off the disagreeable effect of a royal categorical conversation. Surely if people keep a command over themselves, so as only to follow their lead and continue the subject no longer than it is encouraged, they must like full free answers better than short dry replies, which make conversation a burthen. Certainly the Queen and Prince seemed to like it.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, the Queen asked me if those were curious prints which lay on the table. I had taken care to place some interesting ones there, for the chance of her looking at them. The book she took most notice of was an old book by Sir Edward Stanhope, of coats of arms of our founders and benefactors, which we had got out of the muniment room. I pointed out some of the changes. Henry VIII.'s for instance, with the rouge dragon of Cadwallader the last of the Britons for a supporter, James I.'s the first with the Unicorn. When Prince Albert came up-stairs she pointed it out to him. He seemed a very good herald, and told me several foreign coats which had quite puzzled me, and also Lord and Lady Braybrooke, who are great heralds.

Next day, 26th, we went directly after breakfast to the Senate House, where being on the platform we had no crowding, saw everything and were much gratified. The newspapers will tell you all about that. Then the Queen and Prince went to Professor Sedgwick's Museum; he showed it very well, and the Prince proved himself acquainted with Geology. A number of people were admitted who did not impede the progress in the least, but had the pleasure of hearing something of what was said. Then they went to the Library, a well-behaved crowd following and plenty of cheering.

The Queen came in a little before one and dismissed her

ladies till half-past two. They came to us immediately, and said they had a great desire to go to the top of King's College Chapel, so Mr. Myers and I set out with them. Mr. Worsley joined us, and we showed them all we could in the time.

At half-past two the whole *cortège*, the Vice-Chancellor with them as before, drove to see various colleges, &c. Half-past four was fixed for their departure, so I held myself in readiness to perform my last duty in escorting the Queen to the door. Miss Stanley came and said the Queen had sent for me. I came to the green drawing-room and waited there. Soon I was summoned to her in the next room. She gave me a beautiful bracelet, saying she wished to give it to me with her own hands. I hardly knew how to express my gratitude sufficiently, and my surprise was so great it added to my difficulty. She spoke very kindly indeed, and Prince Albert came and said the only thing he regretted was the shortness of the visit. They proceeded to the door; the Master was on the stairs. We accompanied them, walking as much backwards as we could. The Prince shook hands heartily with the Master and bid him goodbye. The Queen put on her cloak in the hall, shook my hand —they were in the carriage—the last shouts and it was all over.

The weather was brilliant the whole time, and the greatest satisfaction was that the Queen was received with such enthusiastic expressions of loyalty, a crowd wherever she went, but no disturbance, no hindrance; she could pass through the thickest of them without difficulty. Even the town, which has no beauty to boast of, contrived to make a very good appearance, the streets being quite gay with banners hung out.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Nov* 21, 1843.

I ought sooner to have written to you after the Queen's visit, but we have had a series of occupations, some agreeable and some disagreeable, which have taken us up very much since that time.

Very soon after the Royal visit came Mr. and Lady Mildred Hope, who stayed some days with us. Then came Mr. Hallam; and then came something of illness, for Cordelia had a very bad

cold—and I fell in lighting Mr. Hope to his room, and hurt myself a good deal. It turned out after some days that I had broken a rib, and when this discovery was made, I was properly bandaged and set about recovering as fast as I could. I am thankful to say the inconvenience was slight and the amendment rapid; so to-day I have been able to get on horseback, and I shall soon I trust have no traces left of my mishap.

I do not know that I can tell you much of the Queen's visit that the newspapers have not told you, for she was in public almost the whole time of her being here. She was very kind in all her expressions to us; told Cordelia that everything in her apartments was 'so nice, so comfortable,' and at parting gave her a very pretty bracelet. The Prince was very agreeable, intelligent and conversable, seemed much interested with all he saw, and talked a good deal about his German University, Bonn. It appeared from the general management of matters as if his amusement and gratification were the main objects of the expedition.

At dinner I was opposite the Queen, who talked easily and cheerfully. I had also a good deal of occasion to talk to her in showing her the lions of Cambridge, which she ran over very rapidly.

I was aware of what was intended about a week before I was at liberty to speak of it; and this advantage of time enabled me to have the workmen in the room, which was refurnished before any one knew what the preparation was for, and altogether I think we did quite as well as if we had had more time, for the suddenness of the affair was an excuse for all that was wanting. It is no small matter to provide for the Queen's reception even as we did. We had about forty servants of the Queen in the house, besides a dozen men belonging to the stable department who were in the town. The Queen's coachman is reported to have said that he had taken Her Majesty to many places, but never to any where she was so well received or where *the ale was so good*; the latter circumstance, I suppose, in his estimate, set the seal upon our merits.

Dr. Whewell's correspondence in 1844 opens with a letter urging Mr. James Marshall to come and see Pro-

fessor Sedgwick's museum, listen to his lectures, and hear the Master himself lecture upon Morals, 'first tying his knot and then loosing it,' stating the difficulties of constructing a system and then proceeding to solve them.

In the spring Dr. and Mrs. Whewell were busy with Mr. Hullah's singing classes, Mrs. Whewell taking all the burthen of arrangement upon herself, and being rewarded, as the Master playfully remarks, by hearing in all probability such singing as was never heard before, but as might naturally be expected from large gatherings of untrained vocalists. During the summer he was frequently in London, writing daily letters to his wife, from which a few extracts are given. In this year her health first appears to cause suffering, if not anxiety, and to demand on the part of both an exercise of *resignation*, which was by no means one of his favourite virtues, as he reminds her in a letter written in June. His remarks about Dr. Arnold, both to her and to Archdeacon Hare, are given in full because it is interesting to observe what hearty admiration and sympathy coexisted with great divergence of opinion and dissimilarity of taste.

To James Garth Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Jan* 29, 1844.

I think you expressed some curiosity about my Lectures on Morals. I am afraid they alone will not repay a journey hither; but then I recollect that we have other inducements to bring you here, including Sedgwick's lectures, so that I write not without hopes of drawing you to us. I believe Sedgwick's lectures will begin in about a fortnight, and mine which begin in a week will still be going on then; so you may kill both the birds with one stone, and go to Sedgwick's museum, where stones are abundant. The subject of my lectures is the difficulties of constructing a system of morals; which difficulties I try to tie in a knot first and then unloose them; doing that in

my lectures which I have had to do in my head for my own relief and satisfaction. I do not know whether such a performance would amuse you at all, but I hope the prospect of this and other amusements may suffice to tempt you to us for a little while. You cannot take us wrong, coming as I have said any time from the beginning of next week.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 20, 1844.

In a day or two we are expecting Mr. Hullah, the musical professor. He is going to open singing classes here, such as his pupils have established in your neighbourhood, and we have arranged to have some of these classes meet at the Lodge. I dare say we shall make a wonderful discord. I find that we are to have a discord in our neighbourhood of another kind. Some of the zealots of the Free Church of Scotland, as they call it, are to try to collect an audience and state their case here. One of them is my old friend and foe—he has been both, for he has written very crossly about me (Sir D. Brewster)—the other is a Professor Forbes,[1] of whom I know nothing, for he is not my Professor Forbes, who is now in Italy with his lately married wife.

On February 28 Dr. Whewell notes in the Journal that the statutes have been returned with the Queen's signature.

To the Rev. Frederic Myers]

Trinity Lodge: April 19, 1844.

I send you some speculations of mine which I have just printed. Having puzzled and unpuzzled myself, it is allowable, I hope, to try how far I can perform one or both of these operations upon my friends. My arguments are by no means foreign to the matter of your 'thoughts,' at least according to my view of the subject. In paragraphs 10 and 13 of the Memoir[2] you have my main objections to the philosophy of your 'thoughts.' I think that the opposition of Doctrine and

[1] Professor Edward Forbes. 'My Professor Forbes' is Professor James D. Forbes, an intimate friend of Dr. Whewell's for many years.

[2] Dr. Whewell's 'Memoir on the Fundamental Antithesis' is probably referred to here.

Facts from which you start is not a real or intelligible opposition; and that it will not lead us right to try to fasten upon the Idea and reject the Form, because we cannot fasten upon an Idea except by means of the Form. I ought to say, however, that I agree with many or most of your conclusions, except that I should probably modify the expression of them in consequence of my different philosophy. I am reading your 'thoughts' over again with great pleasure and with great admiration. I go working on myself towards a book, and hope I am not very far from my conclusion, but transverse winds of business from time to time blow me away from my course. We have just finished the scholarship examination, which is a complete interruption of other things while it lasts, and now the term begins.

I am glad to hear good accounts of you. Your mountains must be looking beautiful in this glorious weather. We go on making 'trim gardens' as the kind of beauty which is within our reach. We were yesterday evening at Downing Lodge, where at present is Delia Rawson.

To his Wife] *London: June* 15, 1844.

It is very hot, and I am not at all in love with London, wishing often for you and the leafy trees to look at. Indeed I long for Cambridge again. I have been a good deal interested in Arnold's life and letters, which I have been reading between whiles; there are several letters to James.

June 16. I want to be quiet and at work again. I find an expression of the same feeling in Arnold's journal after returning from a tour. I have read his life with great pleasure. His faults, to my thinking, are such as I knew before, and arise from a want of reverence for the past; but his earnestness and his religious view of all things run through his life and letters in a very delightful way. I am not surprised at the influence he exercised over the minds of his pupils, though it has its inconvenient effects.

To the Same] *London: June* 18, 1844.

I am grieved that you speak of pain and weariness, but they may lead to comfort and gratitude. For gratitude at any

rate we have abundant cause; and if need be I must make common stock with you in your 'resignation,' which I used to exclaim against. I hope this change in my estimate of qualities is because I am become more reasonable.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: June* 27, 1844.

You will have seen that we have had another royal visit, for I think Cordelia sent you the newspaper which contained the account of our receiving the King of Saxony. He came here *incognito*; that is, though everybody knew who he was and called him 'Your Majesty,' he did not keep up the forms of Royalty. He himself does not talk much, though he is very good-humoured and laughs readily. He brought with him a distinguished German physiologist, Dr. Carus, whom I introduced to our Mr. Carus. They were both amused at finding namesakes in foreign lands without any known connection.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Trinity Lodge: July* 5, 1844.

The July rains which Wordsworth promised you have begun, so I suppose you will be going into his neighbourhood soon. I want especially to request you to lose no time in making the acquaintance of Frederic Myers, my brother-in-law. He is married to Mrs. Whewell's sister Susan, and lives at Keswick, the minister of a church which the Marshalls have built there. He is a thoroughly excellent person, a worthy friend of Wordsworth and Arnold. He has written a book about the Church, of which the spirit is admirable, and of which I think you would like the views, as they are very nearly those of Arnold. I suppose, by your talking in the plural of your going into Westmoreland, Mrs. Hare goes with you.

I was as much delighted with the Life of Arnold as you describe yourself to be. In one point perhaps Arnold's progress appeared more decidedly in his writings than in this 'Life'; I mean his progress towards Conservative views. He hated the *word*, and in his hatred persisted in confounding it with Tory; but he was very near the reality, according to my view of it.

I do not know whether we shall go into the North this

year. It would be very pleasant to meet you there. Pray let Myers know when you arrive in his neighbourhood.

The winter of 1844–45 was spent entirely at Cambridge. Like that of 1813–14 it brought with it not only sharp cold, but the fear, at least, of a short supply of coal, the river communication being still the only one, and frost of course interrupting that. In May they were summoned to Hallsteads, by anxiety about Mr. Marshall's health, and early in June came the fatal termination to his illness. Mrs. Whewell remained with her mother, whilst her husband returned to Cambridge for the meeting of the British Association.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 20, 1844.

I hope all is going on well and happily with you at Wormenhall, and that Martha is reconciled to the place. I was glad to hear from James that you had paid a visit to Oxford. You will now be able to compare the two universities, having seen both at no long intervals of time. You are to look upon Cambridge as still going on improving. I am planting a few willows on the river bank, in situations where I think they will improve the effect of the river and the bridge, and I am going to put a carved vault to the great gateway.[1] You may recollect that in its present state it has six corbels, the beginnings of a stone vaulting which has been the original intention, but these corbels project from the wall and have offered their services in vain hitherto. I think the vault which I shall put up will be a great additional grace to the gate tower, especially by night, when the lighted lamps make it conspicuous.

We have just had for our guest Mr. Wordsworth the poet, who was I am glad to say in excellent health, and gave us great pleasure by staying with us a week.

How do you make up your mind to living in such a dull and featureless region as your present abode? Very different from Grange and Lindale with their mountains and sea.

[1] This was probably done by the College at the Master's suggestion.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Christmas Day*, 1844.

I suppose you are shrugging your shoulders at the cold, as we are doing; for the cold is reinforced by an iced fog and is very penetrating. We have been in danger—that is the town, for we at the Lodge are well supplied—of being in want of coals; for the stock was low, and the river, the highway along which it comes, was frozen. Perhaps you recollect a similar calamity falling upon us in one of the first winters I spent in College. However we have had a thaw, and I believe an increase of the supply. We have no one with us this Christmas but Mr. Goulburn (Chancellor of the Exchequer). He and William Spring Rice, and Mr. and Mrs. Worsley, make our Christmas party.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 19, 1845.

We have not left home this winter. If we had been wanted to save Hallsteads from solitude and silence we should have gone there, but there has always been one or another of the younger generation with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. Dr. C. Wordsworth, the son of my predecessor, has been visiting us. He brought with him two Romish priests, Father Pitra, a Benedictine, and Abbé Devoncoux, a canon of Autun. We had a great deal of talk with them, and are I think none the worse for it.

The month of February in this year brought a new and valuable treasure into the possession of Trinity College in the shape of Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite portrait of the Duke of Gloucester as a boy. This picture, which the public have had a recent opportunity of admiring on the walls of Burlington House, was left to the College by the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, on the condition that it should hang in the Hall of the College, in recollection of her visit to Trinity in 1818.

In November Dr. Whewell received the following letter from the Vice-Master Professor Sedgwick.

My dear Master,—The enclosed letter, though dated Nov. 1, only reached me on Wednesday evening, and I employ my first moment of leisure in complying, as far as I am able, with the united wishes of the Resident Fellows of the College.

I may say with truth that a more delightful task could not have been imposed upon me, for I feel in common with every good member of the College that the noble monument with which you have adorned our chapel entitles you to our heartfelt thanks, and the expression of our deepest personal gratitude.

I am sure that you have given us credit for such sentiments, and it is in no hope of convincing you that we entertain them that we now address you; but we do so to satisfy our feelings, and to perform a positive duty we owe to ourselves and the College.

I have often longed to see a statue of Bacon erected in our chapel, and it is a matter of most honest and heartfelt exultation to see one now, worthy, as far as any sculptured stone can be, of that illustrious philosopher, given to us by one who has spent the best years of his life as our brother, who has drunk deeply from those fountains from which Bacon and Newton drew their strength, and whom Providence has placed at the head of this society.

When the heart is full a few words will best tell its meaning, but I hope you will allow me to add a few words more on my own account. Let me then congratulate you on having so well completed an object you have long earnestly wished for. The statue you have erected is a noble work of art, combining, as it does, the severity of the old monument with the grace and freedom of more modern sculpture. It is in this respect worthy of a place by the side of our glorious statue of Newton. It represents Bacon as we may figure him to ourselves in his latter days, when he had fallen from his high worldly estate, and when his life was most truly great and glorious.

Our College history is our best inheritance. You, my dear Master, by your example, your great intellectual labours, and your munificence, have done your utmost to keep in our minds this goodly inheritance, and to make us worthy of it; and I trust that under Providence you will be permitted (to whatever

station you may be called) to enjoy the happy fruits of your long-continued services in the great cause of sound academic learning.

It delights us all to think that there is a moral fitness in having the sculptured figures of Bacon and Newton in our house of daily prayer; one represented in the repose of philosophic age, the other in the vigour of life, gazing towards the heavens under the inspiration of some great discovery.

The philosophic labours of these men were not carried on to exalt themselves; they bowed before a power above all material nature, and they had an aim far above this world's knowledge and all the honours it could bring them. They laboured honestly to erect a rich storehouse at once to the glory of the Creator, and the good of the human race. It is a high privilege to have contributed as you have done to keep alive such remembrances as these, both among the older and the younger members of our society. And I trust that the sobering as well as the exalting influence of these sentiments will continue to be felt among us and those who follow us so long as England shall last as a nation, and its institutions and monuments be the admiration of wise and good men. Pray accept the expression, however feeble, of my hearty good-will and gratitude, and believe me, my dear Master,

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

ADAM SEDGWICK, Vice-Master.

To this he replied on the 8th with a few lines addressed to Professor Sedgwick individually.

I enclose herewith a letter containing my acknowledgments of the kind things you have said to me on the part of the Fellows who requested you to address me; and I cannot help adding a few lines to thank you, though I cannot do it adequately, for the manner in which you have discharged this office. I think it fortunate that the communication on this subject was to be made through you, who know and feel so well the purport and value of what Bacon did. I have already said, in a book in which I have ventured to treat of Bacon's philosophy, that you seemed destined to be my fellow-labourer

in such a task, and we have lately had fresh reason to say so. The admirable and noble sentiments respecting the influence of our monuments which your letter contains give an additional value to your expressions of kindness relative to the monument now erected. May you, my dear Sedgwick, long continue to exercise upon us and upon the world a beneficial influence by the utterance of such sentiments; and may you and I long see the continued and increased prosperity of the College which we both so dearly love.

The following letter is the enclosure to which reference is made above.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 8, 1845.

My dear Vice-Master,—I have to acknowledge a letter which you have sent me, addressed to you by the resident Fellows, and a letter from yourself, both of them containing expressions most gratifying to me, relative to the statue of Bacon which has recently been placed in the ante-chapel. The acknowledgment of my share in this work, and the accompanying expressions of good-will, both from yourself and from them, are deeply grateful to my feelings, but are, I fear, beyond my just merits, as they certainly are far beyond my highest expectations. I look upon myself as having had a great privilege conferred upon me in being allowed to erect the statue of Bacon near the place where my predecessor erected the statue of Newton. It has long been one of my heart's desires to see such a memorial among us; and when I was placed by Providence in a situation which seemed to justify me in asking to be allowed to fulfil this desire, I did not delay to do so. I feel grateful to yourself and to the other Seniors for indulging me in this matter.

In executing this design I could not hope to obtain a work of art which could rival the noble monument already erected; although if my lamented friend Chantrey had lived to whom I had already mentioned my hopes, we should have seen what the power of genius so inspired could do. But I trust that Mr. Weekes's work, borrowing interest, in addition to its own merits, from the resemblance which the philosopher's friends and

disciples loved to dwell upon and to perpetuate, and from the burial-place which he himself selected, may always be looked upon with satisfaction. I hope, too, it may serve to keep alive among us and among our successors who worship in that edifice the spirit and the sentiments you, Mr. Vice-Master, so well describe: the spirit of a vigorous yet reverent philosophy, the sentiment of gratitude for the great and good men who have adorned our land. And I trust that by God's blessing upon such dispositions, the College may continue to prosper and flourish in our time, and for long ages after us.

For myself, Mr. Vice-Master, I will only thank you and the other Fellows in whose name you have spoken; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind expressions and good wishes. I beg you to believe that I am deeply grateful for this your kindness, and I wish to each of you all happiness and all blessings, both while each of you continues a member of our family, and after he may have been called to other conditions. I am, my dear Mr. Vice-Master,

Your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

W. WHEWELL.

To the Vice-Master.

Extracts from a letter written by the Rev. F. Myers to Dr. Whewell, acknowledging the receipt of his little book called 'Indications of the Creator,' will best explain Dr. Whewell's letter of March 16.

Mr. Myers writes:—

The book will be considered, I think, as a reply to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, and certainly if so considered it is as dignified a response as that book will receive, and will tend to excite a great suspicion not only as to the legitimacy of its logical inferences, but also as to the soundness of its scientific assumptions. And this will be doing perhaps nearly all that need be done. . . .

The author of Vestiges does, indeed, offend me greatly when he leaves the unspiritual world and speaks of that spiritual one which I conceive to be *not* its analogous supplement. As far as his science is concerned he seems to me to be in some

parts of his book rather behind than before the highest science of our time, and to discover a larger acquaintance with philosophical societies' papers than with Nature's own publications; but notwithstanding this, and more, I cannot but recognise a certain superiority in the book which will keep it alive, and am disposed to think that after all the scientific and other errors are deducted there will remain such a residuum of originality and truth as will demand and obtain for it a protracted consideration. The book is so far notable to me that it is the first sustained attempt within my knowledge to combine the highest results of astronomy, geology, physiology, and chemistry, into such a series as may serve to indicate, if not to demonstrate, the existence of a law of creation more general than any yet announced, a great law of life which shall bear the same relation to organised nature that gravitation does to mere matter; and, if such should be the tendency, though not the conclusion, of future scientific speculations, doubtless our present theology will be interfered with many times in the process and at many points, as it has been already; but in this matter I trust with great confidence to those kind of considerations which I have already referred to as affording me such pleasure in your 'Indications.'

I will add no more than a repetition of my sincere thanks for this fresh contribution to that kind of unecclesiastical theology in which I take so great an interest.

Dr. Whewell to the Rev. F. Myers]

Trinity Lodge: March 16, 1845.

I am glad that my little book has reached you and that it has interested you. It was published with some reference to the Vestiges, as you suppose, and as an answer to it so far as truth must in some measure be an answer to falsehood on the same subject. But I never supposed it would be felt as an answer to the Vestiges doctrine by doctrine, and should have been sorry to make any such attempt, or, indeed, to see such an attempt made by any one, however well qualified by science and philosophy for the Defence of Truth. For the Vestiges has its hold on its readers, as it seems to me, by *their* want of the apprehension of the difference of the nature of truth and

falsehood in science and philosophy; and this is a support which no argument can remove, but which on the contrary blunts the point of every good argument. If the mere combining chemistry, geology, physiology, and the like, into a nominal system, while you violate the principles of each at every step of your hypothesis, be held to be a philosophical merit, because the speculator is seeking a wider law than gravitation, I do not see what we, whose admiration of the discovery of gravitation arises from its truth, and the soundness of every step to the truth, have to do, except seek another audience. Astrology aims at laws wider than gravitation; and it would be difficult, I am quite sure, to shake the faith of a man whose belief in astrology was fastened on him by his love of the grandeur of its views and combinations. I at least would not try to perform the feat. If you were to point out to me palms, and lions, and crocodiles, and giants, in the masses of Western cloud-scenery, and tell me that you could not help believing them because the scene was so grand, I should never try to talk you out of your belief.

In some very important points, the opposition between the Vestiges and the Indications appears to me very direct. I have attempted to show that, dim as the light is which science throws upon creation, it gives us reason to believe that the placing of man upon the earth (including his creation) was a supernatural event, an exception to the laws of nature. The Vestiges has, for one of its main doctrines, that this event was a natural event, the result of a law by which man grew out of monkey. As to the degree of resemblance between the author and the French physiological atheists, he uses reverent phrases: theirs would not be tolerated in England. But I do not recollect any reference to final causes in him. His whole scheme and view are opposed to their introduction in any really significant way, just as much as St. Hilaire's. Nor do I see how the development of the different kinds of animals, on his plan, is to be performed, even in our imagination, without Lamarck's process of appetencies operating, or something of the same kind. As to his special form of the doctrine of the development of species, I have answered it in the preface; that is, I have shown that it is contrary to the established

doctrines of geology and physiology, if that is of any force as an answer.

Books which, like the Vestiges, derive their charm from bold, unscrupulous, and false scientific generalisations, built up into systems, always take with those who, as I have said, have no power or habit of judging of scientific truth; but they put men of science into great indignation. You would be surprised to hear the contempt and abhorrence with which Owen and Sedgwick speak of the Vestiges.

I have been telling you my own view of the reasons why people like the Vestiges, without at all fearing that I shall annoy you thereby, because you admire it very partially only and moreover I do not take you for a person to be offended by plain speaking on a speculative matter. I have said much the same in the preface in less pointed terms. The preface is the only new part of my book. The passages to which you refer, you will find in the philosophy. I have always considered myself fortunate in having been able to say so much without giving offence to any one. At least I never heard that these passages had offended anybody. Perhaps they have owed this escape to their being towards the end of a fifth thick volume.

I am afraid you will be disappointed with my book on morals, which I am printing. It is not either the history or the philosophy of morality, but simply morality itself. I cannot write the history or the philosophy of any science till I have it in a shape in which the truth is systematically connected and the false rejected. It was the having the inductive sciences in such a shape that enabled me to do what I did for them. In my present book the task may be a dull one, but in my way of looking at things it is inevitable, so in hope I have undertaken it.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: June* 8, 1845.

You will not be surprised to hear my news, though it is sad. Mr. Marshall died on the 6th, in the morning, passing away quietly. Cordelia was with him when he died.

I came here as I intended, staying the Sunday at Heversham. The old generation is quite gone at Deepthwaite. I could dis-

cover very few known faces.' The railroad runs close by Deepthwaite and alters the face of all my old haunts.

Mrs. Whewell remained at Hallsteads, and received from her husband frequent accounts of the progress of things during the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge.

To his Wife] *Trinity Lodge: June* 18, 1845.

Our guests begin to arrive. Herschel came in time for dinner yesterday, bringing with him a very bad cold and hoarseness, the result of some imprudence. I wish you and Lady Herschel were here to doctor him. The Vernon-Harcourts come to-day, and I hope Mr. Everett and Mr. Hallam. Herschel tells me that Peacock is as hoarse as he is, so that the entertainment of to-morrow evening, in which they are the principal performers, will not be very brilliant as to voice.

To the Same] *June* 19, 1845.

Of ladies I have only the two Harcourts, who arrived in time for dinner yesterday. The two Wilberforces came somewhat later. Myers too dined with us, and a German named Schönbein. After dinner various people came in—the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Charles Lemon, &c.

To the Same] *Trinity Lodge: June* 20, 1845.

I find the time between chapel and breakfast that in which I can most easily creep towards you for a little while. I had about twenty to breakfast yesterday morning, amongst them Archdeacon Manning and his brother. My ladies are pleasant enough, except that a sort of boy and girl raillery goes on continually between them and the Dean of Westminster,[1] which is in the way of all rational talk. In the course of the day came Lord Burlington, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Everett. The performance in the evening was at the Senate House. I did not go

[1] Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

there. It appears to have been dull so far as the original plot went, for Herschel read for an hour and a quarter without being heard, but it was well relieved by a speech from Mr. Everett, which all agreed in admiring as beautiful.

To the same] *July* 21, 1845.

I did not go to the Senate House yesterday evening. Airy was the performer, and appears to have outdone himself in his art of giving clearness and simplicity to the hardest and most complex subjects. He kept the attention of his audience quite enchained for above two hours, talking about terrestrial magnetism.

To his Sister]

41 *Upper Grosvenor Street: July* 28, 1845.

We have been here for some days, having left Cambridge last Monday, so quiet and so full of leaves and flowers that it seemed a pity to leave it. We mean to go onwards to the sea-side, pausing a day or two on the road to examine Rochester and Canterbury Cathedrals, and then seek the beach somewhere near Dover. I am going this morning to sit for my portrait, or rather to stand in my gown for the accompaniment of a portrait which has already been executed. The artist is a Mr. Lawrence, and I think he has made a much better picture than the one which Mrs. Carpenter painted, and I should say much more like.

CHAPTER VII.

1845–1850.

Elements of Morality—Mr. Myers—Archdeacon Hare—Archdeacon Manning—Lowestoft Tercentenary—Dr. Wordsworth's Death—Morals again—Prince Albert's Election as Chancellor of the University—Installation—Professorship of Civil Law—Jenny Lind—Oxford—Visit to Paris—Lectures on Great Men—Mr. Spedding's Evenings with a Reviewer—Kreuznach—Breakfast at Dr. Holland's—Jane Eyre—Prizes for Moral Philosophy—Students—Great Frost—Gorham Case—Sca Fell Pike—Consecration of St. John's, Holbeck.

DURING this year Dr. Whewell was writing his 'Elements of Morality,' the work in which he sketched out the system of ethics to which he constantly referred in previous letters to Archdeacon Hare. This was a subject in which Mr. Myers was deeply interested, and it naturally formed a principal topic of discussion in the correspondence which passed between them.

The book was sent to Keswick early in the summer. Mr. Myers acknowledged its receipt in a letter dated July 31. Some extracts from this letter are given, as necessary for the comprehension of Dr. Whewell's answer to it, dated September 6.

To Dr. Whewell]

St. John's Parsonage, Keswick: July 31, 1845.

The most valuable portions of the book to me are those which deal with the concrete rather than with the abstract. All that treats of fact or feeling—whatever touches on the

history or the philology of the subject, on national or international justice—pleases me most. . . .

It is, however, as I have said, with the abstract portions of your work that I am the least satisfied. To the aim and structure of these portions of it I demur. . . . To claim for any elements of morality a foundation philosophically similar to that of the elements of Euclid seems to me so much too much as to permit, even from the most pacific, at least a private protest. . . . In your system of morality it appears to me that the axioms are by no means self-evident, while the postulates are innumerable, and a good many of the definitions arbitrary. Scarcely a page of the introduction but contains some assumption which is not axiomatic, some postulate which you could not get granted instantly by any promiscuous jury. No such jury (if not all Scotchmen) would, for instance, be unanimous in granting that 'the general relations of objects and facts, separated from the objects and facts, may be termed ideas' (No. 5); nor would any jury be sure to allow you to say, 'The will is stimulated to action by certain springs of action; among which springs of action are rules or laws.' . . . You must observe that I do not say that these assertions are not true, but only that they are not mathematical; and that any system which is made out of combinations of elements such as these has no right to be called a science, and least of all to be compared with the purest of them all. . . .

Your very first axiom (which it is very unlike Euclid that we should have to look for at No. 269), 'Man is to be loved as man,' appears to me to have no characteristic of geometry. It has not commanded the assent of nations whose moral culture has been the highest: nor is it a proposition, however true, so differing in its character from others as to need no limitation or explanation. It appears to me particularly vague in its significance, and leaving far too dim an impression on the mind to be made one of the seven pillars of the science. And what foundation for a science does 'the universal voice of mankind' (No. 293) or 'the universal understanding among men' (No. 269), or the 'universal moral sympathy of mankind' (No. 313) afford for rigorous reasoning. Truly, we know very far too little of mankind to say what its universal voice is.

It is to me so considerable a blessing that I am very jealous of it—namely, that morality need be very little mathematical—that it depends in a very small degree on demonstration—that it is a matter of instinct or intuition, or at worst of sympathy or taste—capable of culture through experience and exercise rather than through reasoning. Indeed, herein I recognise one very considerable element of the self-evidencing divinity of Christianity—that it assumes morality to be this, and teaches it in no wise systematically, but rather by example than by reasoning. And, indeed, do you not recognise this in No. 233, where you say, 'In order to describe the character conformable to the supreme rule, we may speak of it as the character and conduct of a good man. That is right which a good man would do.' 'That is right which a good man would feel' (and some of the Germans, as you know, paint portraits of good men before they begin their systematic labours). Now this is what makes the New Testament so impressive as a book of morals, not chiefly its precepts, but its model of duty. By studying in it (as a divine ideal of duty) the recorded character of Christ, we practically supersede innumerable systematic ambiguities. Yes, the exhibition, not imaginary but historical, of a perfect character: the portrait of a person divinely human and in close relationship with ourselves, through acts of beneficence and words of promise of immeasurable value—this I believe will more and more be proved to be the moral magnet of mankind. . . .

And finally, herein [*i.e.* in moral science] the object and subject of the science is one. In all natural sciences what you have to classify, to speculate about, and to investigate, is something external to the mind, a series of phenomena and properties and relations governed by laws distinct in kind from those of the power which enables you to observe and arrange them. But in metaphysics and morals the mind has to analyse and comprehend itself—to explain itself to itself. Thus are the mental sciences to me but as ærostatics; the power we have to move with is the same in kind with that which we have to move in. It is as if we had to move the world from a point not without it—or to anatomise the body with a knife of flesh.

For these, and for several other reasons, I cannot but

regret that your Elements of Morality assume a geometrical structure, because I think it in a good measure lost labour, and in a world where there is so much to be done, and so few like yourself to do it, bad cosmical economy is a bad thing. Had you been content to claim for Morals the rank of an inductive science, in some points of a higher certainty as well as of a higher importance than any, while in others more indefinite there would have been little to object to in it, beyond some arbitrariness and obscurity of arrangement. But as it is there is more effective labour in your work, and more felicitous definition than is to be found in any other half-dozen books on Morals I know of. And a great portion of your general results are of great practical worth independently of the way by which you profess to arrive at them.

To the Rev. Frederic Myers] *Salisbury: Sep.* 6, 1845.

I have just read over your letter on my 'Elements of Morality,' and I am very grateful to you for the quantity of thought you have bestowed upon the book, and for the trouble you have taken in giving me your impressions respecting it. The remarks of any candid person would be much valued by me so given, and yours much more particularly. I will reply directly and briefly to some of your criticisms, for first thoughts in such a case have a sort of interest of their own; and to do this will not prevent my referring to your sheets[1] and answering them with more thought hereafter.

Your praise, and your selection of the parts which you praise, is a great pleasure and an encouragement; but on this I will not dwell.

With regard to the fourth book (Religion), I hope I have gained the advantages which you describe as arising from discussing Morality separate from Religion; and having done this I do not know how to complete a Christian system of Morality except by taking in Religion, and I could not help taking in religious ordinances as well as rules of action, because I must in my plan take in political ordinances, and the two are indissolubly connected. The relation of Church and State is a

[1] The letter consisted of twenty closely written quarto pages.

subject so far in my apprehension from being a heterogeneous appendage to the system, that it was one of my primary objects in writing the book. You say that I have given a much less decided theory of the union of Church and State in England than previous writers. But that is, as you do not fail to see, because the union is now less close than it was. I do not see anything lax or undecided in the proof that the polity of an established Church, when it is possible, is far the happiest and the best fitted for all the noblest ends of a State's existence. I could not pretend to say that the polity of an established Church is the only admissible ecclesiastical polity, because I could not declare nineteen-twentieths of civilised nations to be in a condition which Morality refuses to acknowledge. That what I have said about an established Church in an imperfect condition, or passing to its ruin, is very incomplete and needs development, I am well aware. The task will be a melancholy one, but it may be proper to take it in hand.

But to come to that which mainly occupies your letter, and which seems to have been most prominent in your thought, my claiming for Morality the rigour of geometrical reasoning. I cannot but be sorry that I should have had to say this, in order, as I thought, to make my object intelligible; for the claim has been received in several places not only with dissent, but with resentment. This result is far from my desire; for I intended not to force men to adopt a new view of Morality, but only to reduce to system their own approved thoughts. In order, therefore, to conciliate those who are thus offended, let me remark that the objection is to the preface, not to the system. The preface omitted, there is nothing about geometry or geometrical demonstration. There is certainly an attempt to reason exactly from first principles: but why should any one object to this? All persons reason in morality; even the most practical and common-life talk about such matters implies reasons. Reasons may be good or bad; the good ones must hang together coherently, and must depend upon first principles somewhere or other. I try to find out what these first principles are, and to deduce the others from them. Why should this offend any one? It is what all systematic moralists have tried to do; and the unsystematic

also in a great degree. In making my system depend upon first principles by reasoning, I do not differ from my predecessors. And in this respect only do I pretend to resemble geometers.

But you, I think, conceive that there is something so peculiar in the reasoning of geometry as to make any supposition of a resemblance between it and moral reasoning very improper. You think that geometry depends upon *arbitrary* definitions and nothing else. I think very differently of geometry, and have written at some length [1] to show that this opinion is false: and I believe what I have written has convinced many. But at any rate, whether my doctrine about geometry be accepted or not, my having such a doctrine would reduce our difference to a difference of opinion about the nature of geometry, not about the nature of morality. I think that we must in geometry form our conceptions before we can define them; and that in the process of forming them we establish in our minds axioms which are the first principles of our reasoning. I think the same of morality. I may add that I think the same of other sciences also which deal in demonstration, for instance mechanics. And as this process is to most persons who are acquainted with mechanics more familiar than it is in geometry, I would have taken mechanics as my illustration of the portion of my science (morality) with which my book was concerned. But I thought that this would startle and offend men more than the reference to geometry; besides which it would have been still less widely intelligible. But mechanics would really answer my purpose of illustration much better; because in that science, although we have now axioms, defined conceptions and vigorous reasonings, we can point to persons, and to whole ages and nations, who did not assent to those axioms because the mechanical ideas of their minds were not sufficiently unfolded. In this we have, as seems to me, an answer to the objection that what I assert as moral axioms are not evident to all men. They are as much evident to all men as the axiom that a body will not alter its motion without a cause, or the like. They become evident to all men in proportion as

[1] Appendix to 'Mechanical Euclid,' 1st and 2nd edition. (This note is Dr. Whewell's.)

all men have their conception of the terms of the science rendered clear and definite; they become evident to all men in proportion as all men get rid of their individual perplexity and bias, and share in that community of mind which only is the import of human language.

You would have had me rather compare morality with 'the lower orders of the Inductive Sciences.' I do not know to what classifications of high and low orders of sciences you refer. I cannot range the sciences in such a gradation. But I could not arrange morality as an inductive science to any good purpose, because I do not know any propositions in morality which I should wish to state as collected by induction from facts (as I have in mechanics and hydrostatics stated propositions to be collected by induction from facts). For though many facts are involved in moral propositions, they are none of them known to us by observation alone, but all by observation interpreted by our own consciousness. And if I compare morality with any part of mechanics, I must compare it with the deductive part, in which conclusions are derived from principles, not with the inductive part in which principles are derived from facts.

But I must further try to conciliate you to my claims of strict (I will no longer say *geometrical*) reasoning for morality, by pointing out that the portion for which I especially make this claim is the portion beginning with the principles (art. 269, 270, 271) and extending to the end of the cases of conscience. It appears to me that in the discussion of cases of conscience as here carried on there is a real and practical advantage in systematic morality, at least the cases there given are problems of which I never was able to obtain a solution satisfactory to myself till I treated them in that way. The reasons given are, I hope, such as commend themselves to all moral men; but the place of these reasons in reference to first principles and to each other I cannot assign without calling in the aid of systematic morality.

Claiming demonstrative reasoning for this part (omitting the sequel only for simplicity of explanation), I am desirous of explaining that I do not include in this claim the parts which you refer to, in the first book, in which an attempt is made to give precision to the common language in which we speak of man's moral and intellectual constitution.

Those parts, if I might once more refer to my offensive analogy, belong to the philosophy of morality, rather than to morality: they resemble attempts which might be made to show how we come to believe the axioms of geometry or of mechanics, by examining the constitution of the mind. I must say, however, that I have here invented nothing. I have taken the common phraseology in which we must speak of the mind if we speak of it at all; and have tried to limit the terms so as to make the use of them consistent. The assertions which you quote as examples of what a promiscuous jury would not allow, are what everybody must allow who allow us to talk of will and action and rules at all. At the same time I must reject the notion that such questions can be decided by a promiscuous jury, for this reason amongst others, that if so you might have two opposite decisions on two successive days.

To your objections to my claim of geometrical or rigorous reasoning for Morality, you add various reasons why you think it is improbable that any system of such reasoning can be established. But your reasonings appear to me, for the most part, such as might be alleged against the possibility of any science, chemistry for instance, till it really exists. When an asserted system of science is produced, it is to be shown to be a failure, not by reasons against the probability of such a science *à priori*, but by showing where are the fallacies in its reasonings. Nor do I allow that there is evidence of the improbability of a scientific morality in the non-existence of such a science hitherto. Every treatise of morality which has had great currency has contained something sound; and in morality as in other sciences these partial truths are precursors and parts of the general truth. Nor is there anything to make such a science impossible, in the fact of the mind being (required) to observe and reason upon itself; for the mind has a power of reflexion by which it can do this. All the phenomena of language show that it can, and language (of course combined with thought) is the very instrument by which the analysis is to be performed.

You rejoice that we come to conclusions in which we can agree and which you think you can obtain by better and higher methods; as that 'he who acts against his conscience is always

wrong.' I hope that we do agree in this; and especially agree that, this being so, it is very important to know what conscience is, and how it is to be guided. For that a man's guide is to be any set of views or feelings which he calls or thinks to be his conscience would be a very formidable doctrine. And to me it appears to be a very important advantage in the systematic mode of getting at the above maxim, that it is balanced by another, 'To act according to our conscience is not necessarily to act rightly,' and the reason for it 'because we may have neglected to inform and enlighten our conscience;' and no less that more general doctrine, that 'Conscience has no ultimate or supreme authority.' These are propositions which are, I think, quite as necessary for the moralist to insist on (whether he be a systematist or not) as those you mention; for this reason among others, that moral truth may conform to the first condition of truth, of being consistent with itself.

As to the practical impression made by the book, I cannot pretend to judge what that may be. I should guess that it would vary much with the habits of mind of the reader. Certainly many men not only relish, but require, in this as in other subjects of thought, coherence, proof, and system. They cannot be satisfied without these merits. I did not invent such men, nor originate the practice of writing books for them. I write for them because I am of them. I share their cravings. For me at least there can be no conviction without some insight. Let practical men get at their results in their own way, in mechanics as in morals, but it is my task to write systems.

The last sheet of this letter is missing, but the subject, as we shall find later, is recurred to again in correspondence (as well as in personal intercourse) between the two brothers-in-law. It is well to remember that Mr. Myers was seventeen years the junior of Dr. Whewell. The fact that full and candid criticism was sought by the elder and given by the younger is the more remarkable.

To Archdeacon Hare] *Walmer: August* 16, 1845.

I grieve much to hear of your loss. I had seen and known enough of you and your brother to know that his removal must be the breaking of a most brotherly union. I have never since my boyhood enjoyed such a relation; but I know how the loss of early friends even less closely bound to us becomes more grievous as their number lessens and they have been longer knit of time. When such sorrows come we recollect how happy we are in having the privilege of forming in middle life, as you and I have done, unions dearer than the dearest friendships, and such as keep off the wintry and desolate feeling which otherwise would gather round us.

We will not think of disturbing your sorrows, while they are so recent. We shall go to Hastings, I believe, next Tuesday, and shall stay there I suppose three or four days. At the end of that time perhaps it may not be oppressive to you if we come to you for part of a day; but you must tell us truly whether it is so. We shall, I think, be no longer in your part of the country at the time you mention. I should like to talk on various matters with you, but I fear we shall hardly have the opportunity this time. If I could find on your Sussex coast a little villa to which I might run without doubt or preparation when the summer days make us wish for the seaside, perhaps I might be a more frequent neighbour of yours; and it is partly to see what your shores are like that I am now going to them.

To his Sister] *Chichester: Aug.* 30, 1845.

We have been meandering about the southern counties in various directions, and have now got so far as you see by the date of this. We stayed nearly a fortnight at Walmer, where our friends Mr. and Mrs. Worsley were. While we were there the Duke of Wellington came, and I had the pleasure of seeing and talking with him. He is very well, and less deaf I think than he was some time ago. Thence we went to Hastings, where we stayed some days, and then to my very old friend, Archdeacon Hare. I had not seen him since his marriage, which took place last year. We spent two days very pleasantly

at Hurstmonceux. From him we went to Mr. Goulburn's, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is a frequent guest of ours at Cambridge, and who has a very pretty place near Reigate, in Surrey. The country is very beautiful, well wooded, and infinitely varied, and there seemed to be no end of the pleasant rides and drives.

Although I do not willingly dispraise Cambridgeshire, I was obliged to acknowledge that to a person who rides every day, as I do, the difference was sufficient to excite envy. From this place (Betchworth) we went to the other Sussex archdeacon, Mr. Manning, who lives at an equally pretty place on the other side of the county, Lavington, near Petworth, and thence we, yesterday, came here. I wanted to see the cathedral, which I have not seen for some twenty or thirty years. I saw it in the ancient times, when I was a zealous visitor of cathedrals as a student of architecture, and I return to it with great interest on the same grounds.

To-morrow we go to Dr. Wilberforce, the Dean of Westminster, who has the living of Alverstoke, near Gosport, and thence to Salisbury, and finally we return towards the east and go to Winchester, where there is a meeting of antiquarians to begin on the 9th. As soon as that is over, which I suppose will be in about a week, we shall return to Cambridge, where I shall be glad to be, as I have a book in the press.

The letters of 1846 do not require much supplement or explanation. We have found Dr. Whewell expressing to Archdeacon Hare the wish that in his neighbourhood might be found 'a little villa on the Sussex coast,' which could become a seaside home to which he and Mrs. Whewell might resort at a moment's notice. None such was discovered during their tour, and probably on consideration the distance from Cambridge was thought too great. Instead of this a house was bought at Lowestoft, Cliff Cottage by name, afterwards a very favourite residence. It was hoped that the quiet and sea air would re-establish Mrs. Whewell's health. This was not to be, but the place afforded her great enjoyment. Mrs.

Marshall's death in January 1847 brought to an end the annual visits to Hallsteads, the last of which took place in 1845.

In 1846 an event of some interest in the history of Trinity College was the celebration of its tercentenary festival. This took place in the month of December, on the annual commemoration day for that year. A large number of distinguished guests, for the most part old Trinity men, dined in the College hall. The Master presided at the banquet, and, contrary to the usual practice, toasts were drunk and speeches delivered. Among the speakers may be mentioned especially Bishop Blomfield, Mr. Bancroft, the American minister, Lord Macaulay, Lord Monteagle, and Professor Sedgwick. Prince Albert was invited to attend, but was unable to do so.

To James Garth Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 5, 1846.

I shall be glad to see the design for your Church,[1] and shall be ready to give you such advice as I can frame out of my own architectural recollections, or can get from Willis, who is a much better counsellor. I am very much rejoiced to hear that you like your clergyman. I look with interest at your undertaking, and am very solicitous for its success on all accounts—I mean on yours, that of the nation, and that of the church. I wish I could see such things doing on a scale suited to the wants of the times or to the expression of a reasonable gratitude for what we possess. I was interested, too, in your account of your festival, and amused to find that your audience were not so wise as the Edinburgh critic who discovered that such poetry 'would not do.' To be sure you did not, I suppose, venture upon 'the Excursion' to which that profound criticism was applied.

I do not know if you have seen the 'sequel' to the 'Vestiges.' The writer stands to his guns in spite of all our cannonading, and is more serenely impudent than ever in

[1] St. John's Church, Holbeck, Leeds.

identifying his set of inventions with the general conception of order. As my 'Indications of the Creator' is out of print, I shall publish a new edition with a new preface, and hope to be able to send you the preface soon.

Corrie and I intend to go to Yarmouth to-morrow, having discovered that the seaside is very near us now that the railway in that region is completed. We have been taking a house at Lowestoft on that coast, and wish to see what it wants of being furnished. I hope some day or other you will acknowledge that 'Cliff Cottage' is a pretty place, at least in our East Anglian scale of beauty of scenery.

My loving wishes to your wife for many happy years to her and to her children. Cordelia is in the next room, and I can feel through the partition that she joins me in all kind thoughts.

To Professor Sedgwick at Norwich]

Trinity Lodge: Feb. 10, 1846.

We were not here taken by surprise on hearing of Dr. Wordsworth's death, for we had previously heard of his being very ill, and knew that his two sons were gone to him. I understand that his final disorder was seated somewhere in or near the spine, out of the reach of medicine. He had prayed to be released for several days, but continued sensible to the last, though speechless during his last hours.

Besides our great personal regard for him, we have much reason to mourn him as a college; for, so far as I know, we have had few masters who were the authors of so great benefits to the house.

To the Rev. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: April* 11.

I think I may reckon upon your willingness to do me the friendly office of looking over a part of my lectures;—the part about 'Church and State.'

I want you to tell me if there is anything likely to offend anybody, for *that* I want to avoid. I do not finish these lectures with any great pleasure, for they seem to me wofully scanty and shallow in proportion to the subject; but they contain some corrections of my book which I do not want to remain uncorrected till the time of a second edition.

The request in the preceding letter produced the following reply :—

Mr. Myers to Dr. Whewell]

St. John's Parsonage, Keswick.

I have no doubt that men will discuss the theory of Church and State often and long, and that they will try to settle it; I only say, as one who has tried, that I cannot do it; and that others who have tried, with incomparably greater advantages, have failed—not only in my opinion, but in the opinion of each other; and that the causes of failure appear to me to lie not in the qualifications of the theorist more than in the qualities of his materials. I have no doubt that it is possible; whether it be easy or not must depend on individual gifts and tastes, to make several theories of moral polity for ideal states; but this in itself is not very interesting to me; but I have doubts, which every fresh attempt upon the part of thoughtful and accomplished minds confirms, whether it be possible to apply consistently to the existing state of things in our united kingdom any theory which shall admit of rigid moral demonstration; or indeed whether it would be wise to attempt to alter the existing relations of Church and State to conform more nearly to any such theory. And among the preliminary difficulties which present themselves, by no means the most considerable, I think, are those which you mention in your note. Whether the State has the right and the duty of educating the people, and whether for this purpose it must recognise and support religious teachers. Let this be at once admitted; these things it may do if it can, but how to do them? How to educate people? how to frame general forms of education which dissentient multitudes will conform to? how to make a political education combine with various ecclesiastical ones? how the State is to teach as truth that which the Churches proclaim to be error or the reverse? how, in fact, for it all resolves itself into this at some point or other, how a state like ours, which is not at unity in itself, should yet frame and render efficient an educational unity which should reduce into unity a most divided people? how legislators of all creeds, creeds which anathematise each other, should make a collective creed which shall be used

with anything like unanimous consent of all the people as an organ of education; and how such legislators varying from year to year according to the will of the people whom they are to educate should ever establish any such forms? all this and much more, which I have no time to write of, is to me a less surmountable difficulty.

To the Rev. Frederic Myers]

Trinity Lodge: April 19, 1846.

I send you another sheet, and shall be glad of any of your remarks upon it. Do not imagine that objections to the arguments came too late. I have modified the last sheet in consequence of what you said, for I do not want to protect establishments to such an extent that reformation shall not be possible, even by proceedings in the direct course of the constitution; only I would have a protection of the Establishment of the same order as the protection of other fundamental parts of the constitution—the monarchy for instance.

To his Sister] *Cliff Cottage, Lowestoft: Sep.* 6, 1846.

We have had several visitors here, but never so many as to fill the house. Lady Alderson, who had it before us, made it hold thirty people; but I believe we have not skill enough to squeeze in more than half that number.

I am sorry to say my wife does not make steady progress, though the place agrees with her well; she has alternations of good and less good in her health. I am going to leave her for a few days to join the British Association at Southampton. I shall return hither again in about a week. I trust your numerous family party will enjoy their meeting as numerous family parties usually do. We have still glorious summer weather, unbroken and almost uninterrupted, and shall go back to Cambridge with regret at the end of this month, except the aspect of things changes.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: January* 28, 1847.

After what you have heard already you will not be surprised by the news of Mrs. Marshall's death. She departed on Monday about 3 o'clock, having been long in a state of weakness and gradual sinking, which made the approaching end very

plain. She was during her illness in a state of most blessed resignation and hope, and as she said 'unutterable peace' accompanied with constant prayer. Of her daughters, only Lady Monteagle was with her. Her great weakness made it impossible for her to have others with her except at intervals, and Cordelia had seen her not long before.

Mrs. Whewell joined her invalid sister, Miss Marshall, at Brighton, and the next two or three letters were written to her there.

Trinity Lodge: Feb. 1, 1847.

I am very glad that you went to Ellen when you did, and that you were in that way enabled to spend Saturday so soothingly. May God bless to us the influence of such occasions, and enable us to feel that we are not finally separated from those who are thus taken away from us. I do not wonder that you and Ellen have bursts of sorrowful recollection, for I, to whom your dear mother was so much less than to you, think with anguish that I shall never more on earth rejoice in the glad society of her happy nature, nor see the tokens of the love which I hope there was between us. I trust you will soon overlive all that is painful in the memory of our loss.

Feb. 2.

No letter from you this afternoon, my beloved Cor. I suppose you think like Mrs. Rawson, that there is no use in being away from one's husband if one is always to be writing to him. I am glad you are making it a part of E——'s plans that she should come to Lowestoft. I have an illegible letter from Humboldt, in which he calls it 'votre terre de Levenstoke' or some such word.

Feb 3.

I can easily imagine there must be much that is painful in your first interviews with your friends at present. But if our dearest friends understand us, we become more and more indifferent to the notions that others take up. As life advances, and we find in how small a degree our happiness depends upon

the sympathy (of our acquaintances), the difficulty is to care for it at all or to take any pains to seek it. I do not mean that this is the temper at which we should aim, but it is the feeling which prevents one's being much disturbed when one is misunderstood as to one's inward sentiments.

On February 12, 1847, Dr. Whewell was in London, when the death of the Duke of Northumberland, Chancellor of the University, was announced. It immediately occurred to him that Prince Albert should be requested to accept the vacant office, and to ascertain the Prince's feeling in the matter he wrote next day to Mr. Anson, then Treasurer of the Prince's household. A prompt reply from Colonel Phipps intimated that, should such a requisition be presented to His Royal Highness as should prove it to be the general desire of the University, he would feel much pleasure in consenting to be put in nomination. Dr. Whewell communicated this reply to his relative, Lord Monteagle, who proceeded to take the necessary steps in London. He then returned to Cambridge, and at once saw the Vice-Chancellor, who had already received a similar suggestion from two other heads of Houses. Professor Sedgwick, then Vice-Master of Trinity, had also made the same suggestion independently of Dr. Whewell, so that the latter on his arrival in Cambridge found the idea of the Prince's appointment familiar to many of the residents, and more especially to the members of his own college.

There was no time to lose, for the appointment to the vacant Chancellorship had been fixed for February 25, and there was already a candidate in the field. This was Lord Powis, a member of St. John's College, in whose behalf a committee had been formed. A requisition was set on foot, to be presented to Prince Albert, and it was hoped that Lord Powis would withdraw when

he learnt that there was a general expression of feeling in favour of the Prince. Lord Powis was communicated with, but he referred the matter to his committee, who advised him to go on.

To promote the Prince's election, meanwhile, another committee was formed at Cambridge, and a large number of signatures were obtained to the requisition; amongst them those of fifteen of the heads of Houses and of a large majority of the most eminent resident and non-resident members of the University. The requisition was presented to the Prince on February 20. It was ascertained through Lord Lansdowne that the Government were favourable to the movement, and that it would not be unacceptable at Court. In answer to the requisition the Prince repeated that he should feel both pride and pleasure in yielding to the unanimous wish of the University. As Lord Powis persisted in his candidature, the Prince's reply was at first regarded as tantamount to a refusal, and a telegram to that effect was sent to the Cambridge committee. But it soon became known that this was not the interpretation put on the Prince's reply by Lord Lansdowne, Bishop Blomfield, and other distinguished men in London. The Cambridge committee determined thereupon to proceed with their canvass, and Dr. Whewell as their chairman at once issued a circular asking for the votes of members of the Senate in favour of Prince Albert. These proceedings were not formally notified to the Prince, but in the short interval before the day of election, committees both in Cambridge and London worked hard to obtain the promises of electors. The days of election were February 25, 26, and 27.

At the close of the poll it was announced that the Prince had a majority of 116 votes. The Prince,

on being informed of the result of the poll, readily accepted the office.

The feeling in Cambridge and in London during the contest was very hot on both sides, and the scenes in the Senate House were more than usually discreditable. The London newspapers, which were most of them adverse to the Prince's claims, contained much angry correspondence, and some anonymous letters couched in very vituperative terms were addressed to Dr. Whewell.

The Master entertained and never failed to testify much respect and strong regard for Lord Powis. His conduct on many occasions had met his hearty approbation; especially had he sympathised with him in his earnest and successful endeavours to prevent the absorption of two of the Welsh bishoprics, of which mention has been made in the correspondence with Archdeacon Hare. But he had no sympathy with Lord Powis's most active supporters, who belonged to the Tractarian party, and proclaimed him as the champion of the Church against the encroachments of State interference. On the other hand, he sincerely believed, and had good grounds for believing, that in the interests of the University the appointment of Prince Albert was an object very much to be desired. In his opinion the Prince's illustrious station, his independence of party, unblemished character, and warm and enlightened sympathy with the spirit and studies of the University, marked him out for the position. But Prince Albert was at the time a young man of but six-and-twenty, and the public generally had as yet no proof of the capacity and attainments so conspicuous in later years. Thus it was readily asserted and as readily believed that the offer of the Chancellorship to a royal personage of com-

paratively small experience in matters relating to the English Universities was an act of blind sycophancy, and that the Prince's supporters could only be influenced by interested motives. There can be little doubt that many persons, actuated by this feeling, voted for Lord Powis, or abstained from voting for the Prince, who a few years later, when his talents and earnestness had become known, would have been among his warmest supporters. But the reason why Dr. Whewell and the vast majority of the most eminent men in the University supported the Prince was that they had had the opportunity of discerning what the public generally had yet to learn. During his previous visit to Cambridge the Prince had resided at Trinity Lodge, and the influence of his conversation and society had no doubt made itself felt then in Cambridge, as it did whenever and wherever persons eminent in literature and science were admitted to his personal acquaintance. From this point of view it cannot be questioned but that in promoting the cause of Prince Albert Dr. Whewell acted in a most loyal spirit towards the University. Proof of this is afforded by a letter which he addressed to the Prince immediately after his election, bespeaking his interest in the improvement of the University system, and asking leave to draw his attention to the consideration of plans by which the course of the University studies might be enlarged, so as to include some of the most valuable portions of modern science and literature.' In furtherance of this object he had an interview with the Prince shortly afterwards.

It is no less certain that the result of the election has fully justified Dr. Whewell's hopes. Not only in Cambridge itself, but in other centres of learning and education, the influence of the Prince's example and

precepts has been to enlarge the bounds and intensify the aims of academic teaching. Had Lord Powis been elected Chancellor he would have been forced by the nature of the support he received to oppose all change, and the course of progress in the University which has been very marked during the last thirty years would in all probability have been much impeded.

Dr. Whewell's conduct has also been impugned on the ground that he involved the Prince and the University in an unnecessary and unpleasant contest, and that against the Prince's own wishes. But it is quite clear from unpublished papers found after Dr. Whewell's death that he was not primarily responsible for the contest. The chief London supporters of the Prince having interpreted the Prince's answer to the Vice-Chancellor as a qualified assent, Dr. Whewell, though chairman of the Cambridge committee, found himself powerless to control the zeal of some of the younger committee-men, who were determined to go on after learning the views of Lord Lansdowne and others. Dr. Whewell might, it is true, have resigned his chairmanship; but this would not have averted the contest, and would probably have been fatal to the Prince's cause, which he had so much at heart. He deliberately put a statement to this effect on record when the events were still recent, and that statement is entirely confirmed by the correspondence.

Although Dr. Whewell was throughout the contest the chief mark for all the abuse that was levelled by Lord Powis's supporters against their antagonists, he did not attempt to retaliate. He fought the battle with the vigour and determination which formed an essential part of his nature, but when it was over he showed his usual magnanimity. Those who knew him at all knew that he was incapable of harbouring resentment. In a

characteristic letter, written immediately after the election was decided, to one of his most violent assailants, at that time a junior Fellow of his own college, he contented himself with saying that when he had had longer experience of the University he would know what great evils are produced by a contested election, but that so far as he was concerned nothing that had happened would lead to any estrangement, and that he had dismissed all unpleasant recollections from his mind.

The Prince was formally installed as Chancellor at the Commencement in July. The Queen accompanied him to Cambridge. This visit, being more formal in character than the last, occasioned much more careful and elaborate attention to details of state and ceremony. As early as March 2 the Master had written to Colonel Phipps, offering as usual the accommodation of the Lodge to the Royal Chancellor, and requesting directions. The Queen and Prince arrived July 5. Everything passed off with brilliant success. Splendid weather showed Cambridge to great advantage, and means were found to house and entertain an astonishing number of distinguished guests, both English and foreign.

No record of this visit remains from Mrs. Whewell's pen. Her mother was no longer living, and Lady Monteagle was one of the guests at the Lodge. The young niece, hereafter so frequently a visitor, was also present.

The royal visit is briefly referred to by Dr. Whewell in a letter to his sister on March 14 :—

> We have, as you say, had a great bustle here, and our success was much less gratifying than the same result would have been without a contest. However, they would have it so, and the victory will have some very good consequences. You need not expend much pity upon me on account of the trouble

and fatigue; for though I extremely dislike the interruption and confusion of an election, when that is over I dismiss the matter from my thoughts.

We mean to go to London to-morrow, to instal the Prince in his office, and I suppose he will come here in July and give the prizes, as the Duke of Gloucester did, to me among others, in 1814.

In April 1847 the Professorship of Civil Law seemed likely to become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Geldart. As may be gathered from the three concluding books of Dr. Whewell's 'Elements of Morality,' his edition of 'Grotius,' and the liberal provision he made by his will for the study of International Law at Cambridge, he took a very great interest in subjects connected with this Chair. In anticipation of a vacancy he addressed a letter to Lord Lansdowne, then a member of the Government, suggesting that some attempt might be made in the appointment of the new Professor to give to the study of the Civil Law a more philosophical character than it had generally possessed at Cambridge. He considered that the choice of the new professor might have an important influence in elevating the study of Civil Law into a general study of Jurisprudence. The person appointed by the Crown was Sir Henry Maine, whose well-known legal works exactly correspond in character with the ideal thus foreshadowed.

The following letters to Miss Whewell tell of the preparations for the installation and of visits to Lowestoft and Norwich.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: May 29, 1847.

We have been in London the last three weeks, and returned here only yesterday. We stayed a little later than we should have otherwise done, in order that we might go to the Drawing Room, held on the 27th, in honour of the Queen's

birthday. We are to have Her Majesty here as well as the Prince, as you may have seen in the newspapers. We have been furbishing up the Lodge for the occasion, and as I said before, we find the paint so unwholesome as well as disagreeable that I think it not unlikely we shall go to Lowestoft in a few days.

I am glad you like my German translations. I pique myself much on their fidelity, which, I hold, surpasses that of any other translations. Whether by being thus close to the original they are tame and prosaic, you must judge for yourself.

June 6, 1847.

We go on Tuesday to Lowestoft for a fortnight, having, in a great measure, made our preparations for the royal visit so far as the Lodge is concerned. The Queen and the Prince dine in the College hall on Tuesday, July 6, and various other festivities are in contemplation.

I shall be at Oxford on the 23rd, and for a few days during the meeting of the British Association I shall be with Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel.

Cliff Cottage, Lowestoft: Sep. 5, 1847.

It is a disappointment to me as well as to you that we do not meet this summer. We had some intention of making an expedition into the north this year, and this month; but when we were wavering we were decided by receiving an invitation, not only to hear the celebrated singer Jenny Lind, but to meet her. She is to be at the Bishop's during the days when she sings at Norwich, and we are to go there at the same time. She is universally spoken of as being not only a most delightful singer, but also a most amiable and excellent lady, as you may suppose from the bishop receiving her into his family.

To his Wife] *Oriel Lodge: June* 24.

Here I am, with no time at all to write, for it is already dinner time, and, as you know, at British Association time, nothing waits for nobody. You see my grammar is as exemplary as Mrs. Fry's. I wish with all my heart you could have been with me, for I should then have enjoyed everything much

more. But I have been thinking over and over again that yon and I must come here together some time and look at all the colleges, halls, and chapels and courts. I still think them, as I always thought them, a very pleasant series of sights, and well worth a systematic inspection. Our B.A. business is going on very prosperously. I have made acquaintance with Le Verrier, and am pleased with him. He is to visit Cambridge soon. I hope while we are there, and when we are not in the turmoil of our royal visit. Herschel has been here, but I fear is already gone. Airy is here and many more, and altogether it is a very prosperous meeting—but dinner, dinner, dinner!

The following letter was written to Mr. Aubrey de Vere on the receipt of a volume of posthumous poems by his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Trinity Lodge: Oct. 3, 1847.

I did not receive your volume of poetry till a few days ago, when I returned from the sea-side hither. I was very glad to have it as your gift, although I had already possessed myself of the volumes, and had read to my wife the whole of Mary Tudor and portions of the rest. We were much interested with many parts of the drama, especially, I think, with Elizabeth. I can well understand that it must have been a very affecting task to you to complete such a monument to the writer, connected with him by the love of poetry, in addition to all other ties, as you are; and believing, as I know you do, that poetry is a very serious thing to those who really have any insight into it.

After saying this, I am almost ashamed to send you a little volume which I have printed for my friends, and which I intended to send you when I began this note; for it consists, for the most part, of mere trifling. You will, however, look at it with good nature if you look at it at all. I forget whether I sent you some translations from Schiller and Goethe which Murray published for me in the spring (not the hexameters), and which, some of them, are I really think very good translations. You know how candidly translators judge of their own performances.

I hope your task of distributing meal to your poor country-

men is by this time no longer necessary, and that the necessity is not likely to recur. I am sorry we did not meet while you were in England.

To his Sister] *Paris, Hôtel Vantine: Dec.* 20, 1847.

I told you we had some intention of coming to Paris soon, and here we are. We lost no time after my visit to Cuddesdon, for we reckoned that we were more likely to have good weather before Christmas than after. I went to Cambridge on Wednesday the 15th, and the next day I presided at the distribution of our prizes in College, and was present at the Commemoration sermon. The same day we went to London, and I gave a lecture at the Royal Society; on the following day we went to Folkestone and crossed over to Boulogne, where we slept. We had not a very smooth passage, but pretty well considering the season of the year. On Saturday we went on to Amiens by the railroad, which is as good as our English ones. I stopped at Amiens, partly in order that the journey might not be too long for my wife, and partly to gratify my eyes with the sight of my early love, the cathedral at Amiens. It is two or three and twenty years since I first saw that building, and it then appeared to me one of the most magnificent works which is to be seen in the world; and so it appears to me still. We attended the service there, which certainly shows far better than any English service can how the cathedrals are adapted for the magnificent ritual of the Middle Ages, and how every part of the edifice contributes to the effect. We saw the cathedral under various aspects, by daylight and by candlelight, full and empty; and we heard, I must say, a very good and unexceptionable sermon upon the various festivals of which the series is just beginning. We shall stay here about three weeks, and if we have tolerable weather I have no doubt we shall find full occupation and amusement for the time.

The Christmas of 1847 was passed in Paris, where, among many other friends, English and foreign, with whom pleasant intercourse was enjoyed, the names of Mr. John Austin and his wife were prominent.

The first letter written by Dr. Whewell after

returning to England is one to his sister, dated Jan. 16, 1848, Folkestone.

We arrived here yesterday from Boulogne, and have enjoyed our visit to Paris very much, notwithstanding that it was very cold all the time we were there. We have come home earlier than we intended, because we are summoned to Windsor on Wednesday next. We are to stay at the Castle two days, and on Saturday next I hope to be at Cambridge.

Shortly after their return to Cambridge came the news of the events in Paris, which filled them with concern and alarm for the friends they had left there. A letter to Mrs. Austin expresses these feelings, and also records the lively sense of gratitude left by the kindness the Austins had shown them in Paris.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: March 9, 1848.

I have just heard that you are in England, and cannot refrain from sending you a line to express my satisfaction at this, among all the miserable events of the last three weeks. We have been perpetually casting our thoughts towards you in the Rue Lavoisier, while all the sounds of wreck and ruin have come to us day after day, and fervently hoping that you were safe and unmolested.

We knew well the grief you must feel at the fall of some of the great persons of this deplorable drama, and at the frustration of so many years of labour in building up the edifice of peace and order; and we hoped that you had no more special troubles of your own to grieve for. The great kindness which you showed us in Paris made us take to the place more than we could otherwise have done; and so we were better able to follow the story from one part of the city to another, and from one person to another, than we could otherwise have been; and all this was mixed up with recollections of you, because to you we owed so much of it.

I hope we shall hear that all the Guizot family are well and tranquil under the change. M. Guizot must be supported by the knowledge of the general respect in which he is held,

and I am glad to hope that Madame Guizot may find a tranquil haven after the storms of her Paris life. I am puzzled how to write to my Paris friends; for, I suppose, one ought to take it for granted that they have cordially accepted the republic; and that is so new a *tone* that it is not easy to fall into it at once. I suppose we shall by degrees come to an understanding.

To the Rev. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: March* 3.

I am meditating a new edition of my 'Morality,' which it appears is wanted; and though, I am afraid, you do not think the book a good one, nor easily capable of being made so, yet there are, you know, degrees of badness, and it may perhaps be rendered better than it is; especially as one mode of correction which I intend to apply copiously is omission. I shall leave out indeed almost half the book, not because I think it does not belong to the subject, or that it is not put in its proper place in the work as it now stands; but because it has reference to living controversies, and requires to be more carefully written, and also because, as my critics have abundantly shown by their objections, there are parts which obscure the general scheme and connection of the work. And I want to engage you to give me a little advice on some of these points; not absolutely engaging to follow it, but having a great value for your judgment in such a case, and knowing that it will be both patient and friendly. So take the book when you have time, and open it, and I will tell you what I intend to do, that you may suggest anything which you think right; either to omit more than I intend, or to spare some of my condemned passages. Although in truth they are not condemned, but only kept back; for I shall very probably publish them again in some other form. . . .

Now tell me frankly what you think of these various changes.

It is impossible not to think of the French Revolution, which I fear is only begun. One sees what a house of cards is a monarchy without an aristocracy. I have fears for Guizot, for I think he is Stoic enough to offer to take his trial as soon as there is a calm, and I have no trust in Lamartine's abolition of capital punishment. I should like much to talk with you about this and about other matters, for example, Stanley's Sermons; but I have no time to write at present.

The book which is the subject of the following letter is a collection of Lectures on Great Men delivered by Mr. Myers in St. John's School-room, Keswick. The book was privately circulated during the author's life, and has been reprinted and published since his death.

To the Rev. F. Myers] *Cliff Cottage: June* 18, 1848.

After giving you my premature objections to your Great Men which you heard so patiently, I intended to take the first leisure hours to read them through, and to tell you what it was that I really had to protest against. I was not able to execute this intention till we came to this scene of quiet and solitude; and now that I have really read the lectures, I find so much more to agree with and delight in than to object to, that I have lost much of my disposition to make any protestation against your teaching. For truly your discourses are full of excellent things excellently said, and I do not doubt that many would be much the better for hearing them, and you are to be deemed happy in having the heart and mind which made you write them. And indeed there is hardly anything which I could have wished to have said in order to obviate any erroneous impression from parts of them, which you have not said in other parts. I altogether assent to the force of the reasons which you put forward at the end of the last lecture (that on George Washington) why you deem it good to think and talk of great men, and especially to that reason, that it may help to correct the tendency of the present times to moral cowardice. Still, if you are willing that I should bring out upon my paper the last drops of my dissent from you, that nothing but cordial admiration and sympathy may be left behind, I should say that there is in this very plan of putting forward certain men as *great*, and as forming a class of great men, and as being by that character objects of especial interest and instruction to us, something which tends in no small degree to mislead too confiding hearers. If you had called your men eminent, or remarkable, or admirable men, I do not think there would have been the same danger: but when you call a man great, you call on your hearers to acknowledge in him a certain superiority which pre-

vents their judging freely whether he is good, since by his very greatness he seems to be placed above their standard and beyond their full comprehension; and I think that you do judge your great men with something of this submissive spirit, not without peril to the cause of goodness. Moreover, from this selection of greatness as the characteristic to which your attention is mainly directed, you are led to dwell prominently on firmness and perseverance and skill in leading men, and overcoming difficulties, as admirable qualities. And so they are; but their value depends on the cause in which they are used, and I hold it not to be good moral teaching to put them in the first place, or seem to do so—which your scheme appears to me to lead to. For though you praise these qualities as used in the cause of justice, and truth, and humanity, yet when you have made your hero a great man, you do not lightly grant that justice, and truth, and humanity are with his adversaries; for that would doubtless detract much from his greatness. Nor does it appear to me very consistent with this mode of describing men, to allow a due force to established rules of justice, and truth, and humanity. For your great man is above rules, knows that they must at times be violated, and proves that he does so at the right time by his success, or at least by his energy. This I hold to be a dangerous tendency. It leads you at times to speak as if rebellion, insurrection, and revolution were good and great, in general and in the abstract. It is true that you have, as I have said, passages of an opposite tendency (as p. 77 of Cromwell). But still this general colour of an admiration of the violation of rules and subversion of institutions appears to me to predominate, and to show through other parts of the painting. And though, of course, it is taken for granted that the great man, in making his revolutions, has justice and truth on his side, yet it is *taken for granted*, or left undiscussed as a matter in which his greatness leaves the presumption much in his favour, and which is perhaps too hard to solve. This is the impression made, I think, by leaving the main question of right and wrong open, as the regicide in the case of Cromwell. For if truth on this subject be important, your ordinary hearer will think, why do you not try to set him right by deciding it?

The difference between us I have sometimes expressed, as

you probably recollect, by contrasting worship of heroes with reverence for ideas. It appears to me that a reverence for the ideas of truth, justice, humanity, and for the forms in which they have been embodied—law, institutions, books, national habits, including, of course, religious light and heat—that these are more truly deserving of reverence than any man's character. And the progress of mankind in which you rejoice, and in which I rejoice so far as I dare, consists in the progress of these things, and not in the energy with which at intervals this man or that labours to promote their progress. If your Cromwell really had a great share in the improvement of the English law, or in the promotion of toleration, I should admire him more than I do; but I do not find that he did anything intelligent, certainly nothing permanent, in this way. If he did, as you think, it appears to me hardly of any value in making him one of your great men, for they are made great by other qualities. The person who really fought the great battle of toleration in England was a man greater, in my opinion, than Cromwell, namely, William the Third. And when you ask what superiority the Revolution of '88 had over the Rebellion of '41, the answer is very simple. That the Revolution deviated from the constitution no further than was absolutely necessary, and stopped as soon as liberty was secured. And this historical fidelity and political moderation had their reward. They led to the noblest constitutional structure that has ever existed. On the contrary, not one of Cromwell's constitutions would stand or work. In the same manner Savonarola's reforms were all swept away in a few years. So it must be, if men, however great, begin to make all things anew. Only a slow progress is granted to man, and only a slight share to any one man, and the men to whom the greatest share is due are not, I think, those whom you call great men.

I am not, however, insensible to the value of great reformers, even when they are intemperate, convulsive, revolutionary; for I know that the reverence for the established forms in which the great ideas of moral and religious truth are clothed may end in being a regard for the forms when the idea has slipped out of the clothing; I know that institutions may become worthless when their spirit is gone, and they become the

instruments of error and injustice; and then it often happens that a bold and vehement reformer breaks to pieces the dead form, and leaves room for a newer life to work. But this is only one way, and that not the most ordinary or hopeful, as it seems to me, in which human improvement takes place; and is no sufficient reason for making all bold and vehement advocates of reform, if they meet with any considerable success, into great men.

You will say, and truly, that you have other sort of characters than those among your great men. Cranmer and Coligny, for instance. And in truth I have no fault whatever to find with them, or rather I read them with unmingled pleasure and sympathy. The character of Cranmer is more truly given, as I conceive it, than in any other modern representation thereof; and with regard to these, my objection, if indeed I needs must object, reduces itself to some small discontent at having these good men classed with your great men. They are not great in the same sense; and it appears to me that they have not justice done them by being put into a class with Cromwell, and even with Savonarola. I say this not contesting the truth of your picture of the religious character of the two latter, because I think that the religious sincerity and earnestness of a man, though it be something far better than greatness, cannot be looked upon as making him great—that is, I think the manner in which this feature is introduced, shows still further the inconvenience of trying to make a gallery of great men.

But I believe I am growing captious in my criticism, and certainly it is much longer than I intended when I began, though I have left out many things which I intended to say. These must wait till we can discuss them *viva voce*, if you think my views worth discussing. At any rate I have had the pleasure of dwelling somewhat the longer upon the thought of your book, which I really think of with great delight over and over.

The spring was passed as usual at Cambridge. Mrs. Whewell's letters and journals tell of mornings spent in business connected with allotment grounds and clothing club, afternoon drives or rides with her husband, evenings of talk and reading aloud. To Dr.

Mackreth on March 21, Dr. Whewell wrote, 'I am glad that you like my sermons, for to tell you the truth I like them myself. I like the opportunity of speaking seriously to the excellent young men that compose almost the whole of our congregation.'

Their summer movements included visits to Clifton and the neighbourhood, and in Cumberland.

The journal shows us that after the return of Dr. and Mrs. Whewell to Cambridge from their visit to Norwich, they received on October 30 M. Guizot, his son, and two daughters. It was one of several visits paid to them by the Guizots and other French exiles with whom they had had pleasant intercourse in Paris.

In the autumn of this year Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis lent to Dr. Whewell a book called 'Evenings with a Reviewer.' This book was written by Mr. James Spedding, and privately circulated with the intention of calling out the 'corrective criticism' of his friends, as an assistance to himself in preparing for a labour to which many subsequent years of his life were to be devoted, that of placing Lord Bacon, his character, and his works, fairly before the public, and thus appealing against the popular view of his character, especially as represented in Lord Macaulay's article on Lord Bacon in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Dr. Whewell read the book with great interest and sympathy, and a correspondence took place between him and the author, which by Mr Spedding's great kindness I am enabled to give entire.

To James Spedding, Esq.]

Trinity Lodge: Nov. 17, 1848.

Ellis has been kind enough to lend me your printed remarks on Macaulay's article on Bacon. I have read them with very great delight, and go to the whole length that you do in my

belief in his goodness as well as greatness; one or two minute scruples which I have about your views are not worth mentioning. But you have the less merit in winning me to your opinion, or rather, in making me admire the manner in which you have maintained it, inasmuch as I never believed the usual calumnies about Bacon; and, for instance, with regard to Essex, always thought his own defence of himself quite satisfactory. Those who condemn him very strangely shut their eyes to Essex's atrocious guilt, which was such that if Bacon on the discovery of it had broken off all friendly relations with him, he would have been quite justified. I will venture to suggest an explanation of a passage which you say you do not understand. It is p. 68: 'Of all nations the English are not subject, base, nor taxable.' I suppose this to refer to the description given by the French people in their law books: that they are '*peuple bas, soumis*, (or some such word), *taillable, et corvéable à merci et à miséricorde.*' Bacon means to say that the English may not be taxed arbitrarily and indefinitely, though perhaps some nations may. Is not this the probable explanation?

Your speculation as to the distinctive character of Bacon's philosophy is very interesting, and will bear a great deal of consideration. Perhaps I may have more to say about it. Cowley appears to have understood it nearly as you do, as you may see in his 'Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy,' which of course was a view less biassed by the subsequent history of science than the view of our day is likely to be. But I think Bacon's design is better apparent by his New Atlantis. In his proclamation of a new epoch he had been anticipated by Telesius and Campanella, and even by Roger Bacon, who was, I think, as extraordinary a man as Francis; but all this I have said, and, I hope, proved, in print. He also borrowed from Gilbert, and I think borrowed images as well as thoughts, as I have also shewn. And almost the only matter for which I find reason to blame him is his injustice to Gilbert, whom he scarcely ever mentions, except to blame him for the narrowness of his method, but whose philosophy was really almost as wide as Bacon's own, and solid precisely on account of his starting from such a reality as magnetic forces.

I do not know whether I should be taking too great a liberty if I were to enquire whether you have a spare copy of your 'Remarks.' You could not bestow it, if you have, upon any one who would use it more faithfully or with more pleasure. If I were not afraid of making the mistake which Bacon notes in James's dealing with his Parliament, treating a matter as a bargain which should be put on grounds of kindness, I should say that I have a copy of my 'Philosophy' very much at your service. If I could separate the twelfth book from the rest I should not hesitate to offer it you, for it is all about Bacon, his predecessors and successors; but I fear you will be alarmed at my two volumes.

A rough draft still in Mr. Spedding's possession shows that to this letter the following answer was returned:—

I need not tell you how much I have been gratified by your letter, which, going round by Mirehouse, only reached me last night. I have sent you a copy of Vol. I. by the post, and hope to send Vol. II. in a week or two, the last proof being now in my hands.

I am aware that it seems absurd to print a book, and yet to wish not only to keep it private, but to prevent it from *circulating* privately. But after a great deal of consideration of the matter, and looking only to the interest of the subject itself,—I mean to the chance of making a successful and durable impression on public opinion—I am satisfied that to present the question first in this form would not be judicious. It would be very likely to provoke controversy, and the reviewers would be the judges. Until they have heard the evidence as well as the argument they will not be in a condition to judge, and so long as the body of evidence is not easily accessible, and bound up with the argument, they will proceed to judgment without hearing it. In such a case, considering the strong current of popular prejudice against my view, and the tendency of all first appeals against popular prejudices to raise a dust of popular objections, the verdict would in the first instance go against me. And though I might appeal with a

better chance to second thoughts and the next generation, yet, the appeal would be conducted at great disadvantage, because I should stand in the position of an advocate with a personal interest in the cause. The 'occasional works,' as I hope to edit them, will contain all the evidence, clearly and impartially set forth. Everybody who possesses them will possess the means of judging for himself; and if I can get that credit for justice and impartiality which I mean to deserve, I do not much doubt the issue. But the first reception of the work (upon which in these times so much depends), will itself depend very much upon my coming before the public with a clear and unsuspected character; which if I shall have previously incurred the reputation (justly or not), of an advocate engaged to make good his own position, I cannot expect.

It is true that private circulation among friends does not expose a book to public or unfriendly criticism. But since some half-dozen copies which I had distributed during the last few months, with injunctions of privacy, have already brought me about half a score of applications from other friends for the like, I fear that private circulation is likely to extend beyond my own friends to the friends of Macaulay and of some others whose names are not very ceremoniously dealt with; in which case it would be but fair that they should be informed of what is going on against them. And then what becomes of the privacy?

I could add much more to the same purpose, but you will easily see how difficult it is to keep a printed book really private. My object in printing it was partly to secure it against being lost; because in case I should be prevented from going on with the greater work, my objections to the publication would be removed, and I should be glad to think that so much is left in a producible form; but chiefly that I may have the assistance of what Myers calls 'corrective criticism,' of which in so large a subject a much wiser and more learned man than myself would stand in need, and for which one cannot ask when it involves the reading and returning of a manuscript. There is no one from whom I should hope for more valuable assistance in this way than from yourself, if you think my labours worthy of it; therefore no one to whom (if I had thought myself at liberty to ask so much) I should have been more desirous of

submitting the volumes. But I hope you will agree with me in thinking it better for the present that they should not get into many hands, and use them with discretion accordingly.

I am much obliged to you for the explanation of the passage in p. 68: (subject, base, and taxable) which I should never have found for myself, and which I think quite decisive. Could you refer me to the book where the words occur? I should have been glad to hear of the other scruples which you do not mention; for it is one of the advantages of delaying publication that it enables me to keep the whole subject open to the last.

With regard to the distinctive character of Bacon's philosophy, I expect Ellis to take care of that. It is a question which I should not have presumed to treat, except as it bears upon his personal character, and those aspirations and endeavours which I suppose formed the greatest part of his life. I can easily believe that the results attained or attainable by his method were not so great as those contemplated by Gilbert; but I confess that I shall be slow to be persuaded that the results which he *expected* were not both different and greater. My conclusion as to this rests (as I think) upon positive evidence. Perhaps I may be a little biassed in favour of it, because, if I am right, it saves him from the charge of injustice to Gilbert.

To James Spedding, Esq.]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: Dec. 12, 1848.

Again I have to thank you for an invaluable volume. I have read it through with even more delight than the former one, and go along with you every step. It appears to me that 'A' is very hard to convince, and I suppose you intended to convey that impression, or at least to set him up as the representative of those who are so. I am so much moved to indignation at your complete exposure of the injustice of common fame, and of Macaulay the advocate of that Diabolus, that I cannot without much reluctance assent to your delaying the public remedy of the wrong till you can put it in a more formal and complete shape. I dare say you are right. But I cannot conceive how the public should not be strongly interested in the discussion as you have now printed it. The criticism is a

model of patience, clearness, and fairness; and when you give your own view of Bacon's history it is to me deeply affecting. Observe, I do not really wish you to deviate from the course you have marked out for yourself; for I believe you have a sager view of the nature of the beast, 'public opinion,' than I, especially fresh from your whole book, have. And no doubt few, except patient readers, or those already impatient of the vulgar way of talking about Bacon, would be willing to spend so many evenings with you in the tranquil frame of mind which the right estimate of the case requires. So I can only thank you heartily on my part, and long for the time when you shall publicly come forward as that executor whom Bacon designated to clear his fame in future ages.

I am especially delighted that you have found your great puzzle where I always found mine—in the contrast of Bacon's demeanour immediately after the accusation against him, and again when it had been urged a little further; and your solution of the problem, though quite new and unexpected, strikes me much: but you are aware that, being so new, it is well for 'A' to ponder a moment to decide upon it, or at least to get full possession of it.

I will notice one or two small matters (p. 382). I think if you look again you will see that 'his Majesty' must be the King of England. Bacon means to say that the Indies are worth more than all the islands, even though the King be, as he says, 'the greatest islander in Christendom.'

I have not yet found in any formal shape the French phrase to which I suppose Bacon to refer in the passage which I formerly mentioned to you. And this brings to my mind that, waiting to do *that*, I have not yet thanked you for giving me so kindly the first volume. I shall not fail to regard your desire of privacy in the use of these excellent volumes.

I said that I had some scruples about some points, or perhaps I should rather say, one point. In the case of Essex, you suggest that one reason why Bacon might be willing to appear against him was that he might press the case less severely than another advocate on that side. It appears to me that this mood of mind—an intended or foreseen modification of a positive duty by an adverse affection—is a dangerous moral

condition. Indeed I do not expect you to deny that it is dangerous; and I dare say if I were to look back I should find that your phrases are careful of the moral condition. Only on my first reading I set this point aside to be meditated morally.

I told my publisher to send you my two volumes. In page 214 of the second you will see noticed several remarkable points which Bacon, I think, took from Gilbert. But undoubtedly he did contemplate something greater, as a practical and definite plan, than Gilbert did. I am afraid I should have to say that the defects of this plan as he conceived it, and without working by light which rose afterwards, made it certain to fail. But this is not your question, you will say. Again thanking you for what you have done for our noble-minded, ill-used friend, believe me, &c.

To this letter the following was Mr. Spedding's reply:—

Your judgment upon my last volume, or rather upon the case as there expounded, has given me great delight and consolation. I am very glad that you think no better of my friend A's judgment. I meant him to represent by it the impression with which a man of a candid and just and open mind, but one who set out with a full belief in the popular estimate of Bacon's character, and was not much disposed to admire the kind of man he really was, might be expected to rise from a first perusal of the book; giving him credit for a moral taste unlike my own in all those points in which moral tastes may fairly differ; and making him concede no more than I think candour would compel such a man to concede. Many men, I hope, will think him, as you do, unreasonable. More, perhaps, will in the first instance agree with him, and will modify their opinions by degrees, and so come nearer to my view; the rather because they will feel that I am not blinded by enthusiasm, but can put myself in their position and see the thing as they see it.

Your two volumes arrived duly, for which I am much obliged. I had read the passage to which you refer me. Indeed I believe I had read everything you had written concerning Bacon; and that, without finding anything in your exposition

which I could not easily acquiesce in as consistent with what little I know of those matters myself. It was not from any unwillingness to admit either great deficiencies or great errors in Bacon's philosophy—errors in his estimate both of things and of men—nor from any anxiety to glorify him, that I was led to my conclusion with regard to the distinctive difference between his philosophy and those of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors; but really and truly from a difficulty I found in reconciling the language he used in describing his mission, and the course which he took in working it out, with the notion that the difference was no greater in kind or degree than that which you point out. This difficulty I felt the less hesitation in urging, because it was more likely to be perceived in endeavouring to follow closely the character and career of the man than in tracing the history of science. As far as the man is concerned my solution (if otherwise tenable) is I think satisfactory. It implies indeed a considerable error of judgment; but a kind of error into which such a mind was peculiarly liable to fall—the error of a great imagination, great hope, great sense of power; which transported him too far beyond the ignorant present, and showed him the future in the instant; an error which, if one could have the secret and *personal* history of any of the greater discoveries in philosophy, I should expect to find had been fallen into by some great mind or other in the course of it. Now, I suppose Bacon to have regarded Gilbert (without the least thought of disparaging him, but honestly and seriously) much as you might regard a man who, having diligently investigated the ebb and flow of his native river, and discovered a law in it, should have set himself thereupon to frame a theory of tides, without first consulting the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Mediterranean. I suppose such a theory might have been constructed, and might have contained a great deal of the truth; and yet it might have been reasonably rejected as in its nature unsound and unphilosophical. Nay, I suppose, if his river had been luckily situated, such a man might have actually hit upon the true law; have assigned to the moon her actual function, and possibly led by anticipation, or by another path to the discovery of the universal law of gravitation. I can well believe that Bacon, acting under this impression, and

being himself subject to certain 'idols' of his own, which were beckoning him in quite an opposite and (as it turned out) an utterly wrong direction, might have paid less attention to Gilbert's great and fortunate generalisation than it really deserved; just as Professor Airy paid less attention to Adams's calculations than they deserved; thinking, and it would seem not without reason (for I am told that there was much of luck in that discovery too), that there was no hope of discovering the place of the external planet upon those data. I said that I might be a little biassed in favour of this opinion; but it is not because I am unwilling to admit faults in Bacon, but because the fault implied in his alleged injustice to Gilbert is one which does not seem to me to belong to his character, but supposes an element in it which I cannot square with the rest. On the other hand the charge of *borrowing* from Gilbert, or from Roger Bacon, or from any one else is one which I find no difficulty in allowing, because I believe that minds like his are the greatest borrowers of all, and least able to say from which source each borrowed item came: not to add that a very strict and solicitous account of debtor and creditor in such matters is not in my opinion to be recommended; for it tends to interrupt the proper process of the mind, which is unconscious assimilation of all that is best and truest, to encumber discussions with irrelevant matter, and to divert attention from the work itself to the rival pretensions of the workmen.

With regard to the moral question which you raise upon part of the Essex case, my expression is perhaps not so guarded as it should have been. I meant merely to anticipate an objection which might be made by those who are not satisfied with my own view of Bacon's true duty in that case, namely that of unhesitating fidelity to the larger interest and the juster cause, and say that he ought to have preferred the private to the public obligation. To which I answer, *that even upon that supposition* it would have been natural for him to take the course he did; for that his sole chance of serving Essex at all was by interfering to prevent any unjust or undue pressure of the evidence against him; and it was only as one of the counsel for the prosecution that he could have any opportunity of such interposition. His choice lay not between speaking for Essex

and speaking against him; but between taking a part in the examinations and prosecution, and leaving all to Coke. I think I have expressed strongly enough my dissent on moral grounds from Macaulay's suggestion that at least he ought not to have answered the arguments which Essex put forward in palliation of his crime.

The passage (vol. ii. p. 382) where I suppose that 'his Majesty' means the King of Spain, puzzled me long. While I took it to mean the King of England, I could not understand the argument; and the explanation which you suggest does not quite remove my difficulty. The least success to be hoped for from the proposed enterprise, (says Bacon,) is the cutting off the returns from the Indies; the loss of which, he says, would beggar the King of Spain and make him the poorest King in Europe. And *in that case*, he goes on—for the intervening sentences are parenthetical—(i.e. if the returns from the Indies were cut off), 'if all the lands that belong to the Crown of England were offered to his Majesty, I would not give my advice to receive them, much less to conquer them.' Now, I think Bacon could hardly mean that if the King of England had to choose whether he would have the treasures of the Indies or keep the British Isles, he would advise him to choose the treasure, but he might very well say that if the King of Spain had to choose whether he would keep his Indian treasure or conquer the British Isles, he would advise him to keep the treasure and leave the British Isles, even though he could have them without fighting.[1]

Early in 1849 Dr. and Mrs. Whewell were in London, and a lively letter of Mrs. Whewell's to her sister, Mrs. Temple, relates how on March 29, when resting after a Drawing-Room, and preparing to dress for dinner with Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall at seven o'clock,

[1] Mr. Venables's explanation of the passage in question is certainly the right one. 'That case' is the case of the conquests by England in France, and the meaning is that the King of England is better *without* all the lands in France which England claims, even though they should be *offered* to him.' 1851.

her husband not yet come in from his club, a messenger arrived with a command to dine at Buckingham Palace at eight o'clock precisely. 'I could not even begin to dress, for I was not sure if we ought to go in colours or in black, for the Court was in mourning, but the Drawing-Room was in colours. W—— did not come in till five minutes to seven!' However, the important point was settled in time, and a black velvet gown put on; 'and at ten minutes before eight we were in the picture-gallery, a most pleasant waiting-room with all those beautiful pictures to look at.' 'Lord Castlereagh took me in to dinner, and we had to walk all the length of that long table before we could find a place. However, I was settled at last between him and the Queen's chaplain, Mr. Courtenay, both very agreeable neighbours.' 'On the whole the visit left a most pleasant impression . . . and I enjoyed without disturbance or drawback seeing our Queen's kind and gracious looks (especially when bestowed on my husband and myself), watching the Prince's most handsome and intelligent countenance, and also looking at the splendid rooms, pictures, flowers, plate, &c.'

The following letters to Miss Whewell and to Professor Sedgwick tell how the summer holiday of this year was spent. After returning from Germany Mrs. Whewell went to Lowestoft, and the letters from her husband of September and October were addressed to her there. A visit was paid by Dr. Whewell to Hurstmonceux in November, where he had much talk with Archdeacon and Mrs. Hare and Mrs. Alexander, though not, he declares, at 'railroad speed.' A letter to his sister, written at the close of the year, tells her of the appointment of the new Bishops of Llandaff and Carlisle, and bids her never believe 'such foolish stories as

Mackreth told you out of the newspapers. My work is here, and I am well contented that it is so.'

To his Sister] *Bonn: August* 19.

I have been down the Rhine as far as Cologne, and am now on my return up the river, willingly staying at some of the points where I have friends with whom I formerly became acquainted, or churches and antiquities which I have formerly speculated about.

The Cathedral at Cologne, which I am inclined to think the finest building in the world (for it is the finest Gothic cathedral, and a Gothic cathedral is the finest kind of building) is an object of interest in another point of view. The King of Prussia has undertaken the restoration of it, or rather, I should say, its completion: for it was never above half completed; and this completion is now going on on a gigantic scale—that is, as to the design, for the expense bestowed upon it is not excessive; but it goes on steadily, through all the troubles and agitations which have shaken Germany, and will, we may hope, be completed in the course of twenty years or so—a small period in the building of a great cathedral, even in the ancient days when people laboured in earnest on such objects: even in 'the ages of faith,' as Digby calls them.

I have the pleasure to find here an old architectural friend, M. Boisserée, who published a magnificent work upon the Cathedral of Cologne a long time ago; and by that and by other labours bestowed upon the history of the Cathedral contributed in a very great degree to the great undertaking of its completion. I shall stay here a day or two longer for the pleasure of seeing him, and then return to Kreuznach.

To Professor Sedgwick]
Kreuznach, Rhenish Prussia: Sept. 3, 1849.

I always rejoice when the forms of our old friendship take the place of our casual relations of master and vice-master, and was glad on that account, as well as on others, to receive your letter here, which I found yesterday on my return from a week's excursion as far as Switzerland. The railroad which

carries you along the line of the Bergstrasse as far as Basle was too great a temptation to withstand, though I was obliged to content myself without going further. The view of the mountain shore of the old Rhine basin seen in this way in the course of a single day is exceedingly beautiful, and as the railway keeps to the flats it is as if you were gliding along on the back of a dinotherium—if they ever condescended to take passengers in the time of the pre-adamite lake.

I was very sorry to hear that you still have some stiffness in your leg. I hope you will persevere in some medical treatment of it which may restore it to its former flexibility.

I had seen the account of the death of the Marchese in the newspaper, and had heard some time before that it was an event which could not be far distant.

Nöggenrath passed through this place a week ago on a visit to the agate mines of Oberstein, but I did not see him, being then on a short tour. I had, however, seen him at Bonn a little while before, and had found him very much occupied with speculations concerning the formation of agates. He has made a collection of them on purpose, which he showed me at Poppelsdorf.

I should be very glad to see your Preface,[1] in proof or otherwise; I have been looking for it with great interest, though I hope the extravagant wonderment about the Vestiges has died away. The great difficulty in satisfying the mind of general readers on such subjects is that you have to oppose to attractive positive generalisations, nothing but negations and doubts. The ordinary reading world are always ready to ask, 'if the world was not made as this man says it was, you must tell us how it was made.'

But I am merely talking from general notions without knowing the line which you have taken; and I am full sure that what you have written will be full of valuable philosophical thought and sound geology, which will make its way with all reflecting readers. I suppose you will not have to refer much directly to the author of the Vestiges. The world will listen

[1] This is the Preface to the new edition of his Sermon referred to in a later letter.

more willingly to instruction independently delivered than to the continuance of so old a controversy.

To his Wife] *Trinity Lodge: Sept.* 30.

I have been dining in Hall to-day. I sent to ask Willis, who came, having arrived only last night. He assures me what I suspected, that I possess all the books which I want to borrow of him, so when you come back I must try to find them. I have no expectation of finding anything till that happens.

Sedgwick, it seems, has been here great part of the summer, principally employed I think in writing and printing the Preface to the new edition of his Sermon. The Preface will in fact be a book of 200 or 300 pages. I gave him my paper about Hegel, which happens to fall in well with some of his criticisms of German philosophers; so he goes on discoursing and laughing about it with great vivacity.

The Bishop of Manchester has not yet appointed an Archdeacon of Lancaster, though everybody wishes that he would put Mackreth in the office, which indeed he is by the Act of Parliament bound to fill.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 3.

I got your letter about business a little before dinner, while I was busy with the answers to my mathematical examination papers. I contrived to finish my papers by four (working from one); good evidence that it is not a very heavy examination, and then I went to walk in the cloisters, where I found Martin and Remington, and subsequently Rothman. I had ordered my horse, thinking that I saw some gleams of good nature through the gloomy drizzle, but there was no mitigation till about five, when the showers ceased and I walked towards the Observatory. And then there was the most brilliant blue, wet sky that you can conceive, with tawny gold edged clouds, looking as if they had been combed out of the wet rain-clouds.

But I suppose that you, business-like woman, think that all this is not talking in a business-like way; no more it is. But do not despair of me nor despise me. I have read all that you say about accounts. It is very wise and comfortable.

I hope I shall be wise enough not to do as the Duke of Buckingham did—go on buying land and houses till he was not able to pay for his eating and drinking. But I am not disposed to let Cliff Cottage till I see better than at present whether we shall be constrained by not having it to go to. And as for the fifty pounds, or whatever it is you get for it, I had rather write a book to obtain the money! Do not laugh at me for vapouring. Have I not a note from Mr. Deighton this morning to tell me that he wants a new edition of my Conic Sections? And do you not like to have the Cottage to go to at a moment's warning? However, we can talk about all this.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 6.

About the bed-maker's place I have many applications, but I am helpless and stupid about such matters when you are away from me. I am sure it requires great insight and great steadiness to deal justly and kindly with these poor people, and I want you much to help me—but there is no hurry. I am glad you find plenty to do at the Hospital and elsewhere. I wonder what impression Lady Alderson's reading produced upon the 'rough' men? Among other pleasant reasons for returning to Lowestoft is the prospect of meeting the pleasant Aldersons.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 8, 1849.

I have been considering how much of their interest all the letters which I have opened lose by your not being here to read them and talk them over with me. I am disposed to think that if I were to say they lose nine-tenths of their charm it would be saying too much; but if I were only to say that they lose five-sixths, it would certainly be saying too little. But you do not comprehend these fractional ways of talking of such matters!

I had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Holland's with Mrs. Holland and the two girls, and Lord Lansdowne, with whom I afterwards walked down to Berkeley Square. Then at the Athenæum I met James Ross, just rushing in from Baffin's Bay. I was sorry to find that he had no belief in the Esquimaux stories which they have put in the newspapers, and very little

hope about Sir J. Franklin. I was glad to see him safe and well, and also to hear from him that Sir J. Richardson was safely arrived at Liverpool.

I am glad you find the 'Lives of the Lindsays' better, or at least less factitious and fictitious, and more real, than you at first expected. I, on my part, have been somewhat disturbed at having to send on 'Shirley' without your reading it. For a good novel which we both read is like a new and clever acquaintance which we have in common, and 'Shirley' is, I think, much cleverer and more dramatic than 'Jane Eyre.' Then it puzzles me much as to the sex of the writer. It has even more of the cleverness, largeness of speculation and audacity, which made me think 'Jane Eyre' a masculine performance; but then there are some ways of dealing with male and female relations which look like feminine workmanship. For instance, all the women fall in love with the men, which is I think a female characteristic. But if it be a woman's book, women are growing to be very strange and alarming creatures.

There goes the fly, rumbling, rumbling, rumbling, across the court with Sedgwick's female creatures. I told you he had a party to-night.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 11, 1849.

I must write and send you the various matters which have come to hand, as you will not yet come and take them.

I have been working very hard to-day—sermon writing. Then I have my architectural lecture to-morrow, the meeting about Smyth the next day, which I find will take more trouble than I reckoned on; this sermon on Thursday, and another on Sunday put me, idle sermoniser that I am, quite in a bustle. Then to-day when I was writing as fast as I could, and hoping to get through, they very stupidly set the roof of St. Michael's Church on fire, with the flues of the stove, and came to ask for the college fire-engine, disturbing the whole town out of its Sunday propriety, though of course the young men were delighted to form lines and hand fire-buckets. Yesterday brought a graver piece of bad news. Dr. French[1] had a paralytic seizure.

[1] Master of Jesus College.

I have been dining in Hall, as I mostly do on Sundays when you are not here, a very disagreeable *when*. I took in Sir Edward Cust. Sir J. Stephen was in chapel, but dined in his own college. I have to-day Dr. Lee's announcement of himself as candidate for the Regius professorship. I must answer Hare's letter of which I told you yesterday. I hope no more bed-makers, grooms, or professors will come into the field, for they, along with sermons and lectures to deliver, and syndicates and committees to attend, and proof sheets to correct, go near to bewilder me. However, I must fight through as well as I may, and you will come and help me bye-and-bye.

Sir J. Stephen comes to choose furniture rather than Lady S——, because, as he said, men always like the first thing which is offered them, and that saves time and trouble. You speak of having written yesterday, but no such letter has arrived. I suppose all this happens to me that I may know how much I depend upon you: the lesson, however, is disagreeable (as most lessons are) and superfluous.

I have got your letter of the 10th, and send the envelope that you may see why I did not get it sooner.

Addressed:—

'The Rev. the Master,
The Lodge,
Cambridge.'

'The Postmaster, unable to decide which Master this is intended for, begs to send it to the Vice-Chancellor.'

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 13.

I am glad I shall have no more letters to write to you. I have so much to say and to hear, it seems that pen, ink, and paper are a slow way of dealing with it.

Dr. French died yesterday afternoon; a very sudden removal. Those who thought his attack very severe still spoke of an imperfect recovery. But it was not to be so. I did not know that it had happened when I gave my lecture yesterday evening at the Philosophical Society, and heard the news only as I came out of the room. My lecture was, I suppose, successful. There were many people there, and a great number

of ladies. They seemed much interested, and what was much more to the purpose, Willis said he was 'quite charmed' with the names of my three principles.

On November 12, 1849, the Master offered to the University two prizes of 15*l.* each, to be given every year so long as he held the professorship of Moral Philosophy, to the two persons who showed the greatest proficiency in Moral Philosophy in the examination for the Moral Science Tripos. This examination was appointed to commence in 1851. The prizes were given in every year from that time to the year 1855, when he resigned the Professorship and was succeeded by Professor Grote.

To James Garth Marshall]

Trinity Lodge: Christmas Day, 1849.

This letter cannot do otherwise than begin with loving thoughts and good wishes to you and your wife and children. May the new year bring you and us all good, and especially the best good, that we may grow better than we are. When we look back at the past we see that Providence has managed so much better for us than our own wishes and fancies could have done that we may well and thankfully trust Him with the future.

I sent you my reply to John Mill. I have now said my say about him, and I do not suppose that he will think any rejoinder necessary, so the matter will rest. I could easily have said a great deal more about his book, and could have shown, as I conceive, the errors of several of the doctrines of his logic; but I was resolved to confine myself to induction, which is my special business. You will see that I have refused to pursue the controversy about *Ideas*. My 'Fundamental Antithesis' will, I think, now stand without further help.

Sedgwick yesterday had a fall in riding, and I grieve to say, broke his right arm just below the shoulder. He is doing well, but his accident quite saddens our Christmas.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 31, 1849.

I suppose this will find you at Woodside at the opening of the year, enjoying the season, I hope, with our cousins. My best wishes for all the blessings the new year can bring, come with my letter. Tell William Newton that I shall be glad if he can get me exact information about the height of high water at Liverpool during last week and this morning and afternoon, and also how much it rose above the usual spring tides. Also I should be very glad to know if the tide was expected at Liverpool in consequence of any local knowledge or local tide tables. It does not appear that a very high tide was predicted by the Government tide tables; but the Yarmouth boatmen expected it and prepared for it. The railroad between Cambridge and Lowestoft has been rendered impassable by it.

The letters of 1850 tell their own story. Some on Church questions to Professor Sedgwick may be found interesting.

A part of the summer was again spent at Kreuznach, and during his stay there Dr. Whewell translated into English Auerbach's pretty story of the Frau Professorinn.

The month of September was spent in the north, and in November they went to Yorkshire, to be present at the consecration of St. John's Church, Holbeck, built by Mrs. Whewell's brothers.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 19.

We came here yesterday from Lowestoft, which we found very cold, as I suppose all places were at that time, and rather desolate, which we never thought it before; but the expanse of frozen inundations and snowy flats which lies between us and the sea, and the sea itself, rough and dirty beyond, were not at all attractive. In order to get there we had to go in the railroad carriage through an inundated tract, seeing no rails of course, and pushing the ice floes about as we went along, and throwing little cataracts through the spokes of the wheels. On one

occasion the water put out the fires of the engine, but we escaped better.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 4.

We are here beginning to be very busy. My lectures are commencing, and will take more time than they have hitherto done, as I must accommodate them to our new scheme of studies, which now begins to make itself felt.

We have staying with us a Benedictine monk, Dom Pitra, a very learned and very agreeable man, who is here for the purpose of copying manuscripts.

The election of the Divinity Professor also will take up a good deal of time; for we must hear from each of the candidates a Latin discourse more than an hour long, and there are eight candidates. To insert these eight or ten hours into days which are already occupied with business, will take up nearly the whole week.

I do not know whether you have seen Mr. Evans's last book, 'Parochial Sketches,' so I send it. I think you will like it. I want you to tell me whether the Hincaster Hall opposite p. 71 is your Hincaster House. It is a genuine Westmoreland 'house,' but I suppose yours to be more of a cottage.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: April* 2, 1850.

I have no doubt that your clergy and others at Norwich are agitated, as many persons in all quarters are, by this judgment of the Privy Council in Gorham's case. I think I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you will be one of those who strongly disapprove of the agitation which has been set on foot to overturn the judgment and to eject Gorham. It will be a lamentable narrowing of the circle of persons whom the Established Church has hitherto included, if all those whom the Bishop of Exeter, and bishops of the same tendencies, conclude, on examination of their doctrines, to hold interpretations of our formularies different from theirs, are to be driven out of the Church; and this when they are not trying to evade the language of the Church, but using it heartily and with affection. You must have seen how hotly the Archbishop of Canterbury[1] has

[1] Archbishop Sumner.

been attacked, by addresses to the Bishop of London and otherwise. The Archbishop's friends conceive that it would be a satisfaction to him to have an expression of confidence and sympathy addressed to him; and the draft which I send you is in circulation with that view. I should be glad to know whether many of the clergy and gentry in your neighbourhood would be likely to sign it. I understand your Bishop[1] is against the judgment, though not, I suppose, agreeing quite with the Bishop of Exeter. The Archbishop of York[2] has just been here as my guest for a few days, and confirms the opinion that such an address would be well received. The High Church party, on the other side, are very vehement. Mill has gone so far as to preach at St. Mary's a sermon on the text, 'Father, forgive them, &c.' Hare, as you may suppose, is against this agitation. He has just sent me a charge, in which are some excellent remarks on this question, as well as upon several others.

I hope your ailments go on mending. I was sorry to hear from Charles Wodehouse that your leg, as well as your arm, gives you trouble still. I hope you will bring all your limbs here in a state of perfect ease and use at the end of the month. Our niece Kate has left us, to our great sorrow. I hope yours is well. Our kind regards to her.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: April* 10, 1850.

The address to the Archbishop, which I sent you, was sent me by Jones, who hoped and expected that it would be signed by a great body of leading public men. Since then he has written to say that those whose sentiments it expresses, think it better to pause till Parliament meets, and till we can see what steps are taken on the other side. In this judgment I agree, and I think it possible that a meeting and a separate address such as your clergy propose may give the agitators an advantage. At present the friends of a comprehensive interpretation of our formulæ are on strong ground, as having nothing to ask for. The decision of the Privy Council is in their favour, and a few protesting bodies of the clergy on the other side do them no harm, and do not need to be answered. Indeed, such

[1] Bishop Stanley.
[2] Archbishop Musgrave.

protests do not appear to me at all blamable, for we know that there are clergymen who differ much from us, and we have no wish, I hope, to extrude *them*. If by meetings and addresses on one side a provocation is given to the like proceedings on the other, men's minds may be inflamed, and the event may be, not comprehension, but a stronger separation and ultimately extrusion or secession, which I should think great evils.

The purpose for which the address was supposed to be needed was to support the Archbishop, who should feel that he has a strong body in the nation with him. I am very sorry for the line the Bishop of London [1] has taken. He is most unofficially incautious in the expression of his opinions as well as very vigorous in his doctrine.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: August* 26, 1850.

I see that your Liverpool neighbours have been almost wild about Jenny Lind. I suppose you did not try to hear her, nor venture into the crowds that accompanied her wherever she went. She was singing in Germany while we were there, but not where we were. I heard that the first rank of her audience consisted entirely of arm chairs occupied by reigning sovereigns.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Sept.* 22, 1850.

We arrived here yesterday after a pleasant circuit among sisters and brothers, beginning with you. From you we went to Coniston, whence I made one or two short expeditions with James Marshall, one to the top of Sca Fell Pike, the highest mountain in England, I believe, and certainly the harshest and rudest and most disagreeable of all the English hills I have ever climbed. Thence we went to Patterdale, then to Keswick, where we stayed at Derwent Island some very pleasant days, till the time came for running southwards. We passed your house on Friday last. The day was very misty but still we could see at a distance the grey battlemented towers of Sizergh, and we recollected the odd broken English in which Mr. Strickland's valet had talked to us about the old falconet which they had 'blowed off' when he came of age, and the various old-fashioned things which we saw there.

[1] Bishop Blomfield.

I went to Kendal while I was staying with James Marshall at Coniston. I found they had disclosed the foundation of the piers only the day before, and the result was they were in such a condition that all who saw them wondered they had stood so long; especially one old lady who had been in the habit of sitting near the most dangerous piers, and who seemed quite shocked at the danger which she had escaped.

To the same] *Nov.* 28, 1850.

This has been a very busy time. Among other employments has been an expedition which brought me a good deal nearer to you. This was a visit to Leeds, to be present at the opening of a new church which my brothers-in-law have built and endowed. The church is a very beautiful one; early English, with three aisles of equal height, and a stone roof; the lofty clustered pillars rising in two rows, and the windows being for the most part lancets, but some in the choir with circular tracery. Dr. Hook preached the sermon at the opening, and I preached the next day, which was Sunday. A little before we had had another opening of a church here in Cambridge; St. Michael's, re-opened after damage by fire, on which occasion also I preached. I believe they pretended to report my sermom in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, and altered it much, whether for the better or worse I do not know.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 13, 1850.

I learn that our friend Benjamin Satterthwaite is removed from this life. He has been so long on the verge of the grave that the event hardly seems a change, and had survived so many of his nearest relations that he makes no blank in a family circle; but to me his loss has its especial sorrow, for he was one of the very oldest of my friends; a friend who sought me out at the very beginning of my course. And this year has removed so many of my friends that such an addition to the list has its especial solemnity.

CHAPTER VIII.

1850–1855.

University Reforms—Studies—Moral and Natural Sciences—Statutes—Memorial to Lord John Russell—Royal Commission—Address of Heads to the Vice-Chancellor—Constitution of Commission—Evidence of Dr. Whewell—Private Tuition—Caput—Council of the Senate—Report—Lord Palmerston's Letter—Reply from Master and Seniors of Trinity—Science Fellowships—Scholarships—University of Oxford Act—Dr. Whewell's Notes—Cambridge Bill—Protest of ex-Royal Commissioners—Dr. Whewell's Attitude—Two kinds of Reform—Resignation of Professorship—Vice-Chancellor again—Seat on the Council of the Senate—Westminster Scholars—Regius Professorships—Governing Body of Trinity Refuse Assent to Revised Draft Statute—Master's Remarks—Meetings of the Governing Body—Outline of Code—Master's Circular—St. John's Circular—Revised Draft—Code of Statutes—General Annual Meeting—Retrospective Sketch of influence on Studies—Lord Lyttelton—Divinity Examinations—Progressive Sciences—Moral and Natural Sciences Examinations—Boards—Triposes—Mr. Henry Sidgwick's Review of their History—Mrs. Austin—Lancaster School—Mr. Myers's Death—Kreuznach—Aubrey de Vere—Grotius—Plurality—Royal Visit—Proposed Lecture at Leeds—Sermon at Heversham—Dinner at Lansdowne House—Glasgow Meeting—Sydney Smith.

DURING the three years that had elapsed since the election of the Prince Consort to the Chancellorship, Dr. Whewell had not been idle in promoting what, in his judgment, had been the chief object and justification of that election. He had already published in 1845 his work[1] 'Of a Liberal Education in general,' which, how-

[1] This treatise, to which very frequent reference is made in the text, was published in 1845 with the title 'Of a Liberal Education in general, and with particular reference to the leading studies of the University of Cambridge,' and was followed in 1850 by a second, and in 1853 by a third series bearing the same name.

ever, contained particular reference to the leading studies of Cambridge. The work attracted much attention there, and led to the adoption by the Senate of changes both in the Mathematical Tripos and in the Ordinary Examination for Degrees. A Board of Mathematical Studies was also established. In all the proceedings requisite for bringing these changes about Dr. Whewell took the most active part, but the most conspicuous testimony to his influence as a reformer was the success which attended his proposal for the establishment of Honour Lists in other subjects besides Classics and Mathematics. The scheme for the Moral Sciences and Natural Sciences Triposes, which was made law for the University by a vote of the Senate passed in October 1848, was in substance, though not in form, his own. In 1850 Dr. Whewell published a second part of his work on a Liberal Education, and the nature and probable effects of these changes was there set forth, and discussed with great care and minuteness.

Another important branch of academic legislation had in the meantime received his attention. On March 7, 1849, a Syndicate was appointed by grace of the Senate to revise the Statutes of the University; it was renewed in 1850 and again in 1851.

For some time past it had been universally admitted that the various fragmentary ordinances and regulations governing the University ought to be consolidated into one code, that the written law should be brought into harmony with the salutary practices of the University as established by long custom, and that manifest defects should be removed, and obsolete and impracticable injunctions rescinded. Such was understood to be the task entrusted to the Syndicate; but an agitation for larger changes had arisen within the University, and

was not without its exponents on the Syndicate itself. Indeed, the question of University Reform had by this time been mentioned in Parliament, and mooted elsewhere beyond the boundaries of Oxford and Cambridge. It is not surprising that under these circumstances the Syndicate was inclined to overstep the immediate object of its appointment and, among other changes of a less important character, discussed some which affected the constitution of the University itself.

Before the Syndicate had entered upon their discussions a memorial had been addressed to Lord John Russell, then first Minister of the Crown, praying that a Commission might be issued to reform the Universities *ab extra*, and alleging that they could not efficiently reform themselves. Dr. Whewell imagined that the best answer to the memorialists would be to make known the movements then going on at Cambridge with a view to improvement, and accordingly he sent to Professor Owen, who was one of their number, a Syndicate Report recently issued, in which the scheme for the new Triposes was recommended for adoption. This was in accordance with his well-known doctrine that 'University reformers should endeavour to reform by efforts within the body, and not by calling in the stranger.'

The memorial remained for two years unheeded, but on April 23, 1850, Lord John Russell announced in Parliament the intention of the Ministry to advise Her Majesty to issue a Commission.

The Heads of Colleges at Cambridge at once drew up an address to the Vice-Chancellor, informing him that he would have the feeling of the University with him in any steps which he might take to oppose the intended visitation. This address was signed by about 160 resident members of the Senate; a very

large proportion of the whole number. Indeed, Dr. Whewell, writing to the Provost of Oriel about this time, expressed an opinion that there were not five resident graduates at Cambridge who wished to see the proposed Commission appointed.

The terms of the address were communicated by the Vice-Chancellor to Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University. It was at the time generally supposed that the Prince was favourable to the contemplated measure, but Dr. Whewell asserted confidently to the Provost of Oriel that this was a mistake, that the Prince was not privy to the Prime Minister's announcement, and that he was extremely grieved that such a project was entertained by the Ministry.

However this may have been, Commissions for Oxford and Cambridge respectively were issued in August 1850. The Cambridge Commissioners were Dr. Graham, Bishop of Chester and late Master of Christ's College, Dr. Peacock, Dean of Ely, Sir John Herschel, Sir John Romilly, then Attorney-General, and Professor Sedgwick.

The selection proved that the Government had endeavoured to confide the task of enquiry to men who from their connection with, and their known attachment to, the University, would attempt to second the work of improvement which was already in progress there. Nevertheless, in spite of his personal regard for the Commissioners individually, Dr. Whewell retained his strong objection to the Commission collectively. He thought it his duty to take legal advice on behalf of the College, as to the attitude which should be assumed towards any such body, and, acting on the advice thus received, he reserved to himself the right of withholding any information which could not be furnished consistently

with what he might conceive to be his duty to the College and to the University. Subject to this reservation he expressed his readiness to give the Commissioners every assistance in his power.

The enquiries of the Commissioners were submitted to Dr. Whewell in three capacities; first as Head of a House, taking part in the government of the University, secondly as Master of Trinity, and thirdly as Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Every enquiry addressed to him was answered with great care and precision, but he never failed to preface his answer with a protest against the undue exercise of power implied by the question. It was not unnatural that he should feel aggrieved at seeing his own long-continued and spontaneous labours in the work of reform superseded by the interference of Government, at the instance, as he believed, of persons who were not very friendly either to the University or to the Colleges. All this gives to his evidence an air of opposition, which ought not, however, to detract from its real value.

It is not necessary here to notice in any detail the evidence he gave or the suggestions he furnished. Most of those relating to the University studies are repetitions of what he had already urged in his treatises on University education. He assailed the practice of private tuition as strongly as ever, and may perhaps have hoped that external authority might avail to extinguish what he found by experience to be beyond the reach of domestic reform. Perhaps the most interesting part of his evidence is that which refers to the expenses of the Universities and of the Public Schools. This has been already referred to in a previous part of this work.

Before the Commissioners issued their Report, in August 1852, the Syndicate for the revision of the

Statutes, which had been simultaneously labouring on a portion of the same field, had, after considerable controversy, arrived at a unanimous decision on the question which had been at once the most important and the most difficult to settle. So much afterwards turned upon this point that it may be as well to explain it here at some length.

It had reference to the Caput, an ancient institution, which seems originally to have been intended to advise the Chancellor, or Vice-Chancellor, in the selection of those Graces which he might think proper to pass or to reject, though in course of time each individual member of the Caput obtained a right of veto in this matter. The appointment of the Caput under the Statutes of Elizabeth was made by the Heads of Colleges and Doctors, out of three lists of five persons each, all possessing a prescribed qualification for the office, and severally nominated by the Vice-Chancellor and the two Proctors. In practice, this body, which was appointed for a whole academic year, was usually so selected as to place the chief legislative power of the University under the control of the Heads of Houses.

The particular questions discussed by the Syndicate respecting the Caput were, first, as to its mode of election, and, secondly, as to its constitution and powers. Dr. Whewell was prepared to acquiesce in some change as to the mode of election, but firmly adhered to a resolution he had formed not to sign any report which interfered with the power of the Vice-Chancellor, as a member of the Caput, to reject any Grace which he thought unwise or inexpedient. The Syndicate, which, on the whole, was working harmoniously on the revision of the Statutes, was divided into two antagonistic parties

on this point. When it reported in December 1851, it suggested some change in the mode of election, but refrained from making any recommendation which would have the effect of diminishing the powers of the Caput either individually or collectively. The report was signed by a majority of the Syndicate, but a considerable minority, consisting chiefly of the younger members, withheld their signatures, probably on the ground that the extraordinary powers of the Caput were left intact. Graces embodying the recommendations contained in the report were offered to the Senate in April 1852, but were not passed.

The Syndicate was again renewed, and in May 1852 made a special report dealing with the constitution and powers of the Caput. The Syndicate now unanimously recommended that the Caput elected and constituted as prescribed in their former Report should retain the power of submitting Graces for conferring degrees, but that for all other purposes its authority should devolve on a new body, of a more representative character, to be called the Council of the Senate. This council was to consist of fifteen members, three to be appointed by the Heads of Colleges, three by the Doctors in the several faculties, three by the Professors, and six by the Colleges, according to the cycle of Proctors. A council so constituted could hardly be called representative of the Senate, but nevertheless the recommendations contained in this Report were entirely approved and endorsed by the Royal Commissioners.

After the publication of the Commissioners' Report, August 1852, and in consequence of a communication from the Home Secretary drawing the attention of the University to it, the Syndicate was again renewed, and resumed its labours.

It was found convenient that the mind of the Senate should be ascertained on the subject of each important proposal of change as the occasion occurred. The completion of the draft of new Statutes was thus delayed until October 1854; but this draft was never offered to the Senate for confirmation; probably because it had by this time become certain that Parliament would deal with the whole subject of University and College legislation.

The work of this Syndicate had been protracted and laborious. A perusal of the questions discussed and of the recommendations adopted, when separated from all extraneous matter and arranged in the classified form they ultimately assumed, gives an idea, though but an imperfect one, probably, of the magnitude and difficulty of the task. Several of the points were in reality extremely minute, but not the less troublesome on that account. Whether minute or important they all received the most careful attention from Dr. Whewell, and were actually made the subject of detailed discussion in the third part of his work on a Liberal Education, which was composed solely and expressly for that very purpose. In that work he takes each of the thirty-six changes proposed by the Syndicate *seriatim*, and explains, in some cases at great length, the bearing of each, adducing arguments in favour of those which he thought desirable, and sometimes expressing his opinion when he thought the changes uncalled for. This little book is a remarkable evidence of the extraordinary industry and patience which he brought to the performance of a duty certainly not congenial, but which he conceived to be of great importance to the interests of the University.

It explains also how he acquired his extensive and

exact knowledge of the minutiæ and formalities of University practice; a knowledge which could scarcely be attained except by one possessing his habits of mind as well as his official opportunities; and it was his special praise that he was both able and willing to give to the outside world a clear insight into such matters, even when he was dealing with the more recondite and peculiar institutions of the University.

The suggestions and recommendations contained in the Royal Commissioners' Report were in general conformity with the reforms already proposed by the respective Syndicates which had been engaged on the task of revising the University Statutes, and enlarging and improving the University course of studies. The tone of the Report was studiously careful and moderate. The Commissioners did not advise any immediate interference upon large and fundamental questions. On that of religious tests, for instance, they contented themselves with foreshadowing, as likely to result from the effect of time and the wisdom of the Legislature, the just and generous policy which found its full accomplishment some twenty years later.

In October 1852 the Report was officially communicated to the Chancellor of the University, and reference was made to it in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament in the following month.

In the next session a statement was made to the House of Commons on behalf of the Government, to the effect that no legislation on the subject of the Commission would be proposed for the present. Reference, however, was made to some essential points with respect to which the Government conceived that it would be the desire and expectation of Parliament, with a view to the public welfare and to the extension of the

useful influences of the Universities, that plans of improvement should be entertained. These points comprised, first, the introduction of a more general and effective system of representation in the constitution and government of the University; secondly, the admission of University students unattached to any College; thirdly, the removal of appropriations and restrictions from fellowships and other College emoluments; fourthly, the conditions of tenure for fellowships; fifthly, the propriety of requiring the Colleges to contribute out of their funds towards the general purposes of the University.

On December 12, 1853, the Government, considering that a sufficient interval of time had elapsed for the consideration of all these matters, and of the various recommendations of the Commissioners, desired to be informed what measures of improvement the University and Colleges of Cambridge were about to undertake, and what aid they would desire from Parliament in carrying out those measures. The enquiry was addressed to the Chancellor of the University in a letter from Lord Palmerston, who was then Home Secretary. A hope was expressed that there would be no occasion for repeated and minute interference by Parliament in University and College affairs, which would best be obviated by some declaration of enlarged designs of improvement on the part of the University and College authorities themselves. And it was intimated that it would be convenient if the answer to this enquiry were received before the month of February ensuing. Lord Palmerston's letter was communicated by the Vice-Chancellor to the several Colleges, and the reply from Trinity College, which was drafted by the Master and settled by the Seniority, was sent to the Vice-Chancellor on January 10, 1854. The

Master and Seniors having pointed out what improvements they were prepared to undertake, and having expressed their dissent from some of the principles which had been enunciated in Parliament during the preceding session, and reiterated in the Home Secretary's letter, stated that they would require no aid from Parliament: that the Governing Body could establish the necessary changes by its own authority, or, if that were insufficient, by obtaining the sanction of the Crown. The improvements referred to were suggested by Dr. Whewell, in a paper which he drew up almost immediately after the publication of the Commissioners' Report. In this paper he suggested a plan for making the funds of Colleges available towards the general purposes of the University, without however directly taxing the Colleges, either in proportion to their respective revenues or the number of their students.

The plan now propounded by him in a definite and practicable form had been foreshadowed in his evidence on the subject of College expenses and teaching. It was (1), that four of the College Fellowships should be called Science Fellowships, and should be appropriated to the encouragement of the Moral and Natural Sciences, the Science Fellows being required to act as quasi Professors in some of the branches recognised by the Moral and Natural Science Triposes, but in return being freed from all obligations as to Holy Orders and celibacy; and that, (2), six new Scholarships should be established, to be assigned with other of the existing Scholarships to the encouragement of the same studies, a certain number of the Science scholars being employed as lecturers or assistants to the Science Professors and Fellows, and thus performing the functions which, in the case of Classics and Mathematics, were performed by private tutors.

The candidates for the Scholarships were to be persons who had distinguished themselves in the Science Triposes, without regard to their Colleges.

The grand and final object of the scheme when brought into complete operation was that, while the Science Triposes supplied candidates for the Science Scholarships, and the Science Scholarships candidates for the Science Fellowships, there would be maintained a body of cultivators of the Moral and Natural Sciences residing in the University, and employed in studying and teaching those sciences.

This scheme, when compared with that of the Commissioners, had in Dr. Whewell's judgment this advantage, that while it would be equally efficient in encouraging the new studies of the University it would retain the administration of College funds within the control of the College authorities, and strike a blow—though an indirect and partial one—at the system of private tuition.

The following session an Act was passed to make further provision for the good government and extension of the University of Oxford. The most important provision of the Act, as it proved, in its bearing on the future legislation for Cambridge, was the constitution of an Hebdomadal Council to discharge the functions assigned in the Statutes Revision Syndicate to the Caput and proposed Council of the Senate. This constitution, while allotting to the Heads of Houses and Professors a decided preponderance of seats on the Hebdomadal Council, established at the same time the principle that all its constituent parts should be elected by one and the same body, viz. the aggregate body of graduate officers and residents in the University. And this, in point of fact, determined the final shape which Parliament sub-

sequently gave to the constitution of the Council of the Senate at Cambridge.

While the Oxford Bill was under discussion, Dr. Whewell published some notes upon it in reference to the Colleges at Cambridge. The pamphlet omitted all consideration of those clauses of the Bill which referred to the constitution of the University, and was mainly directed to the provisions relating to the conditions of award and tenure of College emoluments, and the requirement of College contributions for University purposes. The conclusion of the pamphlet betrays the deep dejection with which he foreboded the result of all this University legislation. And for some years afterwards he could not allude to the subject without a touch of sadness.

Early in 1855 a Bill for the University of Cambridge, analogous to the Oxford University Act, was introduced into the House of Lords, and was ordered to be printed on March 30.

The Bill, as first drafted, proposed to leave the power of the Heads of Houses practically untouched, but substituted for the Caput a Council identical in its constitution and jurisdiction with that recommended by the Statutes Revision Syndicate and approved by the Royal Commissioners. The model of the Oxford University Act was followed in many particulars which were not applicable to the Colleges at Cambridge, and this alone would have rendered it necessary to reconsider several of the provisions of the Bill; but in one particular the Cambridge Bill differed from the Oxford Act, and that was by disregarding the principle that all the members of the Council should be elected by the resident graduates in the University. The Bill had been already read a second time in the House of Lords when the ex-

Royal Commissioners, with the exception of the Bishop of Chester, drew the attention of the Lord Chancellor to this point. A considerable agitation had already arisen in Cambridge among those who were favourable to the principle of the Oxford Act, and the proceeding of the ex-Royal Commissioners, who addressed a second memorial to the Lord Chancellor, was interpreted as indicating an abandonment of their own deliberate convictions in deference to popular clamour. The Heads of Houses were particularly indignant at what they deemed to be a breach of faith, and their views were urged by Dr. Whewell in a succession of pamphlets during the months of April, May, and June.

The Lord Chancellor was indisposed to alter the provision in the Bill, as it had passed the second reading, but the Government was compelled more than once to make concessions. The Bill passed through some further stages, and the names of the proposed Commissioners were divulged; but it made no effectual progress that session, and was eventually withdrawn.

It has sometimes been thought that Dr. Whewell was an uncompromising opponent of those changes in the government of the University which resulted in deposing the Heads of Houses from the power they so long had exercised. That he believed that power to have been on the whole judiciously exercised in later years is true; and he thought he saw special reasons for continuing the government of the University by the Heads rather than by the Senate, in the then—as he imagined—critical condition of those newer studies which he had been so long endeavouring to foster and encourage at Cambridge. But in October 1855, when the first heat of the controversy had cooled down, and while the question still remained unsettled by Parliament,

he stated in a letter to Lord Monteagle that he was inclined to think the Oxford scheme for the constitution of the Hebdomadal Council better than the one which had been proposed in the first draft of the Cambridge Bill, and which he had hitherto advocated so strenuously. In truth, his opposition to constitutional reforms in the government of the University was based chiefly, if not wholly, on an apprehension that they would render all other reforms impossible. According to his own description, contained in a private letter written about this time, two kinds of reform occupied the minds of the contending parties; 'the one, the encouraging Sciences, Professors, and the useful application of College funds, which is the reform *I* am for; the other, the putting elections entirely in the hands of the Senate. . . . These two kinds of reform do not go together; on the contrary, those who are most strenuous in asking for elective power are among the strongest opponents of the Professorial system and the University application of College funds.' Dr. Whewell feared that if the 'Elective Reformers,' as he called them, won the day, the University would have a series of retrograde measures forced upon it, and the position already gained for the new studies would be lost.

This was certainly the judgment of Dr. Whewell at this time. Of his sincerity in the cause of those particular branches of reform which he advocated there could not possibly be a doubt, but it may be questioned whether he did not take a mistaken view of the tendencies among the younger resident graduates, and this he probably found out for himself at a later period of his life.

During the year 1855 Dr. Whewell resigned the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, an office with which

his name would certainly have been always associated in Cambridge had he not held the appointment of Master of Trinity. At the end of the year he was appointed Vice-Chancellor for the second time, much to his regret, for he foresaw the 'vile waste of time' and the uncongenial occupations which it would entail upon him, especially with a University Bill under discussion.

The Bill was passed in 1856, very much in the form which it had finally assumed in the preceding year. But the constitution of the Executive Commission created by the Act was, with one exception, changed, and, in the opinion of Dr. Whewell, not for the better. The effect of the Act was, as had now for some time been anticipated, to transfer the substantial government of the University from the Heads to the new Council of the Senate. Dr. Whewell was elected a member of the Council on its first establishment in November 1856, and continued to be a member by successive re-elections to the time of his death.

There were two subjects upon which he never lost an opportunity of insisting during the earlier stages of the Bill. One of these was the necessity of abolishing the close Scholarships at Trinity College, attached to Westminster School. In this matter he proved himself a consistent reformer, and it was on his urgent representation to Lord Lansdowne, a distinguished and patriotic 'Old Westminster,' that a section was introduced into the Cambridge Act empowering Trinity College to abolish the preferential rights of Westminster to Scholarships, and to compensate the School by an arrangement more advantageous to its educational interests.

This was the first matter taken up by Trinity College as soon as the legislative powers conferred upon it by

the University Act came into force. A Statute embodying the views of Dr. Whewell was framed by the Governing Body of the College in December 1856, and, after approval by the Commissioners, became law in June 1857.

The other subject related to the three Regius Professorships of Divinity, Hebrew and Greek These were founded by Henry VIII. in 1540, but, having been subsequently connected by him with his newer foundation of Trinity, they partook of a twofold character, and became at once University and College endowments. The Professorships were subsequently regulated by a Statute of Queen Elizabeth, when she gave a code to Trinity College in 1560, this Statute being expressly made a common Statute of the College and the University. The Professorships of Hebrew and Greek were afterwards affected by a Royal Letter of Charles II. in 1662, as well as by an Act of Parliament in 1840, which assigned to them two stalls in the Cathedral church of Ely. Finally, among the revised College Statutes of 1844 the Statute of Elizabeth was retained unaltered, but the Letters Patent by which the revised Statutes were confirmed, revoked and annulled all Statutes, Ordinances and Decrees, other than those which they confirmed. This having been done contrary to the intention of the College and without the concurrence of the University, questions had arisen as to the exact state of the law regulating the Professorships, and these were specially noticed in the Report of the Commissioners. They recommended that a new Statute should be framed for the purpose of removing all ambiguity. Dr. Whewell lost no time in submitting to Lord Palmerston, then Home Secretary, a draft of a Statute which would have the desired effect. No reply was received from

the Home Office, but the interpretation of the law was practically settled by a decision of the Visitor in a case that occurred shortly afterwards. The earlier drafts of the Bill of 1855 did not provide for the settlement of difficulties which might arise between the College and the University in dealing with an endowment common to both, but this defect was eventually removed upon the repeated representations of Dr. Whewell, and it was enacted that no statute should be submitted to the Senate for modifying the relations between Trinity College and the three Professorships without the assent of the College.

Out of this arose the first occasion which brought Dr. Whewell into conflict with the majority of the Governing Body of the college. In May 1857 the Governing Body refused their assent to a draft Statute for the three Professorships, which was submitted for their consideration by the Council of the Senate and supported by the advocacy of Dr. Whewell. A revised draft Statute, more in accordance with the views of the College, which was afterwards submitted to the Governing Body, received its assent in the following month.

In explanation of this unusual antagonism between the Master and the College it must be stated that the University Act did not recognise the Master and eight senior Fellows as the Governing Body for the purpose of framing and revising Statutes, but conferred this new power and authority on the whole body of Master and Fellows. A meeting of the sixty Fellows could not but be a promiscuous gathering of men of all standings, resident and non-resident, who had never worked or consulted together for a common object, and the great majority of whom were ignorant of almost everything that concerned the affairs of the College.

It was probably on this account that the Master and

Seniors had, with questionable wisdom, refrained from calling the Governing Body together for the purpose of considering the general question whether the Statutes needed revision or not. This was resented by some of the junior Fellows, who naturally felt some interest in the welfare of the College and were prepared to discharge to the best of their ability those functions which Parliament had deliberately entrusted to them.

The first discussion on the Statute for the three Regius Professorships led to other discussions more vitally affecting the constitution and government of the College. Before the meeting of May 1857 was dissolved a committee was appointed to receive and consider proposals on the subject of the revision of the Statutes. Many of the Fellows took advantage of this opportunity to suggest fundamental changes in the College system, and more especially in connection with the tenure of Fellowships. The committee issued its Report in June 1857, but as the long vacation was at hand it was resolved to print and circulate the Report at once, and to defer the discussion of the proposals relating to Fellowships until a meeting to be held in the October following.

The injudicious conduct of the Master and Seniors in attempting to stifle discussion had thus left the Governing Body only two months and a half for the consideration of the many and important points which were now to come under its notice.

In the interval before the proposed meeting, the Master circulated among the Fellows a paper of remarks on the proposed changes in the College Statutes. This was dated September 23, 1857. It took for its text the suggestions which had been submitted to the committee, among which were proposals of change in the constitu-

tion and government of the College, which he naturally regarded as of a very fundamental and sweeping kind. Nevertheless, on certain points in which there seemed to be a pressing call for change, he professed his readiness to do his best to come to some arrangement. The tone of the pamphlet was generally fair and moderate; more so, indeed, than that of others which succeeded it, when the prolonged struggle with the Commissioners had engendered party heat on both sides. Even when discussing proposals for curtailing the power and authority of the Master, which, apart from personal considerations, was a subject offensive to his love of strong government, he wrote in language of studious self-restraint.

The pamphlet is chiefly interesting as showing the Master's views of the College system, in theory and in practice. According to him the College was a family, and it was necessary for its beneficial and effective working that there should prevail among the Fellows a love and devotion to the College inciting them to make exertions and sacrifices in its service. That service included the duty of giving instruction to the College students, and taking part in the College administration. It also required such of the Fellows as were in Holy Orders to undertake spiritual duties in connection with livings of which the College was patron, in return for which special advantages were secured to this class of Fellows. It was true that many Fellowships were held under looser conditions of service, but these Fellowships, with two exceptions, were tenable only for a limited term, and were not without advantage to the College, being objects of competition to many, and thus forming a nucleus of zealous students who made zeal in study habitual and general in the College.

Such, according to Dr. Whewell, was the College

system in theory, and such, for a long time, had it been in practice. If it were not so still, this was due to the decline of College spirit. If it were found necessary to provide additional inducement in order to get College offices filled and College work done, he admitted that the removal of the restriction of celibacy would be the most powerful that could be offered, and he would be willing to do his best to overcome any difficulties which the introduction of such a change in the constitution of the College must necessarily occasion. On one or two other points of less importance he professed himself open to a compromise. But he was altogether opposed to the proposal that the College emoluments generally should be thrown open to the competition of the whole University, after public notice and examination. A change of this kind must subvert the family character of the College, and would bring the whole system of University and College teaching under the empire of examinations, confounding all traditionary distinctions between the older foundations in Cambridge and making one and all of them conform to one model, and that model Downing College.

It was also objectionable, as he thought, on other grounds. It would give a great stimulus to private tuition and tend to supersede College lectures, while the monopoly it would ensure to Classics and Mathematics would greatly increase the power of resistance to the one reform which he most earnestly advocated, viz. the establishment of Moral and Natural Science Triposes on an equal footing with the old Triposes.

The October term of 1857 was spent in discussing the matters which formed the subject of this pamphlet, and more especially that of College Fellowships. Numerous meetings of the Governing Body took place, but the

time was too limited to admit of framing a new code, even if it had been thought desirable to do so. All that was done was to submit sixteen amendments in the shape of revised Statutes, for the acceptance of the Commissioners. All of these but one, and that the least important one, were rejected; and thus matters stood when the Commissioners entered upon their powers of framing Statutes for the College on January 1, 1858.

Previously to this they had circulated a paper enunciating what they called their general principles. In May 1858 they sent to the Master and Fellows, for consideration, an outline of a code of Statutes, which was, in fact an embodiment of those principles. This outline was not the official document which had to be submitted for acceptance or rejection by the College, but was intended to serve as a preliminary and tentative mode of ascertaining the sentiments of the Fellows, the dissent of two-thirds of their whole number being necessary to veto a Statute of the Commissioners.

In June 1858 the Master, in a circular letter, invited the Fellows individually to express their disapproval of certain of the Commissioners' proposals which he thought it would be expedient, if possible, to reject, and he succeeded, in most instances, in obtaining a sufficient number of signatures to convince the Commissioners that the proposals in question would not be carried.

A similar outline of Statutes had in the meantime been prepared for St. John's College. There seemed to be a prospect that the general principles enunciated by the Commissioners were to be made applicable to every College in the University. Under an apprehension of this kind, a requisition was addressed to the Vice-Chancellor to convene a meeting of members of the Governing Bodies of all the Colleges. At this meeting

the two outline drafts were discussed, and the general feeling expressed being adverse to the views of the Commissioners, served to support the opposition which Dr. Whewell had aroused in his own College. Even the Fellows at Trinity, who were more or less favourable to the principles of the Commissioners, began to feel that those principles must not be pushed too far. Accordingly in December 1858 they addressed a communication to the Commission, suggesting several modifications in the outline draft which they believed would have the effect of conciliating all parties.

In February 1859 the Commissioners sent a second or revised draft of Statutes, containing the modifications thus suggested. The Master was now required to be in Holy Orders. The opening of Fellowships and Scholarships to the whole University was to be optional, not compulsory. The tenure of Fellowships was to be terminable, but subject to exceptions specially favourable to clerical Fellows. The rule of celibacy was only to be relaxed in favour of University Professors and officers, but married Prælectors were to be recognised in the tuition of the College. Regulations for attendance in College chapel were to be left to the consideration of the Master and Seniors. The dividends of the Seniors and other Fellows were not to be equalized, but a simpler and more reasonable scale of gradation than that in force was proposed. Finally, the College was not to be required to contribute for University purposes until all the other Colleges were placed under the same obligation. The Master expressed to the Commissioners his gratitude for these concessions, though they failed to remove entirely his objections to the Commissioners' proposals.

In April 1859 the Commissioners at length sent

down, for acceptance or rejection, the code of Statutes as finally settled by them under their official seal. But in this code one important change had been introduced. It had been recently discovered that the Commissioners had no power under the Act to allow a preoption of a College living to a former Fellow; and it was by a device of this kind that the terminable tenure of clerical Fellowships had been made acceptable to several among the Fellows. This concession being now deemed illegal, the clerical tenure was put on the same footing as the lay tenure, except in the case of certain contingencies which were likely to prove rare and unimportant. In this form the two important Statutes relating to conditions of tenure of Fellowships and presentations to benefices were rejected. Two other Statutes of less importance shared the same fate, but the remaining forty-seven became law in due course. In November 1859 the four rejected Statutes were replaced by eight new Statutes; these were accepted. They reserved to clerical Fellows all rights of tenure which they had hitherto enjoyed. The alteration effected by the new Statutes in the tenure of Fellowships was thus limited to a relaxation of the rule of Holy Orders in favour of certain College and University officers and teachers, and a relaxation both of the rule of Holy Orders and of celibacy in favour of certain University Professors and officers.

This practically brought the whole business of the revision of the College Statutes to an end, although certain formalities requisite for repealing the existing Statutes and replacing them by the new code deferred the actual completion of the work until the month of April 1861.

When the Statutes were definitively in operation the

Master loyally accepted them. One of the innovations which he most disliked and opposed was the provision requiring, once at least in every year, a general meeting of the Master and all the M.A. Fellows of the College, for the purpose of discussing propositions for the more efficient government of the College or the promotion of its interest. Yet, when it became the law of the College that such a meeting must take place, he contrived that it should be held so near the Commemoration Day as to be generally convenient to non-resident Fellows, and while many of the senior Fellows habitually neglected to attend the meeting year after year, the Master was always to be found in his place, and ready to take an active part in the proceedings. It was at the meeting held in December 1864, the last but one which he ever attended, that he successfully defended the order of Fellow Commoners against an attempt to abolish it. He considered the question of sufficient importance to state his arguments in writing, as well as verbally at the meeting.

As soon as the heat and excitement caused by the controversies connected with the new Statutes had passed away, Dr. Whewell returned with increased vigour and interest to his self-imposed task of placing the new studies of the University on a more satisfactory footing.

This will be found a convenient place to look back on the work of educational improvement at Cambridge, in which Dr. Whewell had been engaged for more than forty years. It was natural that his first attention should be bestowed on mathematics. When he took his B.A. degree in 1816 the study of mathematics at Cambridge was so far below the continental standard that the symbol of differentiation had not yet been used in a Cambridge examination paper. In 1819 it had

altogether superseded the symbol of the fluxional calculus. This progress was due to the labours of Herschel, Peacock, and Babbage, who first introduced the French analysis into Cambridge by publishing various mathematical works.

Following their example Dr. Whewell published a treatise on Mechanics in 1819, and another on Dynamics in 1823. These were followed at intervals during the next thirty years by a series of works too numerous to mention on the same branches of mathematical study. He filled the office of Moderator in 1820, and again in 1828, in which latter year the practice was originated of printing all the questions proposed in the Mathematical Tripos. While engaged as a College Lecturer and Examiner in Mathematics he constantly endeavoured to improve the examinations both for Honours and for ordinary degrees. The necessity for such improvement was by this time generally recognised. The ancient practice of Disputations was rapidly falling into neglect, and was finally abandoned in 1838. The examination for a degree in Honours was every day assuming more and more an exclusively mathematical character. Syndicates were appointed in 1827, 1831, 1836, and 1838, to consider the whole question of reorganizing and improving the examinations for the B.A. degree. Dr. Whewell was the most prominent member of each of these Syndicates, and the main author of the several new regulations which were the practical fruit of their labours.

In December 1840 Dr. Whewell, writing to Archdeacon Hare, says: 'I have done what I could, or at least in a few months shall have done all I can, to improve the mathematical studies of the College and of the University.' But in the first part of his work on a

Liberal Education, published five years later, he showed that he still saw room for improvement in the mathematical examinations. The improvements he wished for were effected under his guidance by Graces of the Senate which passed in 1846, and came into operation in 1848. The alterations in the questionists' examinations for Honours thus produced remained in force up to the time of his death.

In dealing with the Classical Tripos, Dr. Whewell was not so fortunate in enforcing his views during his lifetime. Those views were set forth with considerable persistence in the first part of his work on a Liberal Education. The late Lord Lyttelton, who was a distinguished Cambridge scholar, after reading the book, wrote to Dr. Whewell, confirming from his own experience the account there given of certain evils attendant upon the state of classical studies and examinations at Cambridge. Lord Lyttelton's letter was quoted in the second part of the same work, in which Dr. Whewell discussed some recent proposals for making the classical examinations of the University more comprehensive and philosophical. In the interval between the publication of the first and of the second parts a paper in Ancient History had been introduced into the Tripos. Dr. Whewell would have added other substantial elements, such as the Philosophy, Antiquities, and Philology of Greece and Rome. These have been added since his death, and the scope of the Classical Tripos has been thereby extended very much in the manner recommended by him.

The examinations in Theology were at one time, as has already been noticed, the subject of a correspondence between himself and Archdeacon Hare, whose advice and assistance he sought, in the hope of thereby

improving the means of clerical education at Cambridge. He was to some extent interested in the matter as Professor of Moral Philosophy, or, as the instrument of his foundation termed it, Professor of Moral Theology and Casuistry. But the tone and purport of his letters to Archdeacon Hare show that his interest was not purely official. In 1841 and 1842 he served on a Syndicate which established the first Divinity examination at Cambridge, formerly known as the 'Voluntary Theological.' He lived to see it supplemented in 1856 by an Honour examination in Theology; but it was not until after his death that the examination was accepted as sufficient to qualify for a degree, although this measure had been recommended by the Royal Commissioners in 1852. When this change was made it was at once raised to the dignity of a Tripos.

The expediency of adopting this course had been discussed in the University Studies Syndicate of 1853, and conflicting resolutions passed, the last of which was unfavourable to the claims of Theology. Dr. Whewell drafted several of the papers and reports printed for this Syndicate, but it does not seem quite clear what side he took on this question, which was ultimately decided by a majority of one. A Board of Theological Studies was, however, created in 1854, and remained in existence until it was superseded by another board, somewhat differently constituted, under a Statute which became law, 1860.

The great object, however, which Dr. Whewell had in view while labouring to improve the studies of the University, was to procure academic recognition for the more modern branches of science and philosophy. His earliest project for establishing in the University system what he called the progressive sciences, was sketched in

a crude form in the concluding pages of his first treatise on a Liberal Education. It led to the appointment of a Syndicate, whose task, however, was confined to the consideration of those progressive studies for which Professorships already existed in the University. The Syndicate recommended that these Professorships should be rendered more generally useful by requiring all candidates for ordinary degrees to attend the lectures of some Professor occupying one or other of these chairs, and it further proposed the institution of two new Honour Triposes to be called the Moral Sciences Tripos and the Natural Sciences Tripos, which should be open to students who had obtained the degree of B.A., B.C.L., or M.B. The Report, drafted by Dr. Whewell himself, was published in April 1848. Graces confirming it passed the Senate, after some opposition in October of the same year. As a sequel to the action of the Senate the Professors in question were 'charged with the execution of the regulations respecting the new Triposes and the Professorial condition for the ordinary B.A. degree.' In the discharge of this duty they drew up a body of subsidiary regulations, which were also drafted by Dr. Whewell. These, with a programme of Professors' lectures, were published in June 1849, and were in due course approved by the Vice-Chancellor.

It is clear, from the papers Dr. Whewell left behind, that he not only gave the first impulse to the movement which brought about these educational changes, but that, in the whole process of elaborating details, his was the guiding and constructing hand. The result attained inadequately represented all he aimed at, for the new Triposes were placed in an inferior position, as compared with the older ones, by not being made avenues to a degree. Moreover, the subjects they respectively em-

braced were restricted to those sciences for which chairs happened to exist. This accounted for the imperfect syllabus of subjects introduced into each Tripos. In one were comprised Anatomy, Physiology, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, and Chemistry. In the other, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, General Jurisprudence, the Laws of England, and Modern History. Although Dr. Whewell was most fully alive to the importance of physical science, and never, when urging the claims of new studies to recognition, postponed its interests to those of moral science, he, from this time forward, left to others the task of organising the Natural Sciences Tripos, and took up the Moral Sciences Tripos as his own peculiar charge. This was but natural in one who filled the chair of Moral Philosophy, and who had long devoted much thought and attention to the systematic teaching of ethics.

His first contribution to that subject had been a preface to Mackintosh's dissertation, written in 1835. This was followed by various writings connected with moral philosophy, most of which were already published before this time, though he continued to write on the subject up to a later period, his last work being the 'Platonic Dialogues for English Readers,' which appeared at intervals from 1859 to 1861. Whilst still a Fellow of Trinity, and, as such, taking part in the annual Fellowship examination, he had succeeded in giving substantial reality to moral and intellectual philosophy as an element of that examination. A paper of questions bearing on philosophy had always been set, but hitherto it had attracted a merely nominal attention both from candidates and examiners. Some trifling element of philosophy had in the same manner always formed part of the regular College examinations. But the text-books

in use were not satisfactory, and one of Dr. Whewell's first steps after becoming Master was to amend the examinations and change the text-books.

The first examination for the new Triposes took place in 1851.

In order to mark his special interest in the study connected with his own chair, Dr. Whewell offered 50*l.* a year so long as he held his Professorship, to be awarded to those candidates in the Moral Sciences Tripos who showed the greatest proficiency in Moral Philosophy. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Senate. The new Triposes did not prove very successful, and it was evident that the studies for the promotion of which they had been instituted must languish unless their conditions were modified.

In 1853 a Syndicate was appointed to consider whether measures should be adopted for augmenting the existing means of teaching by public professors and lecturers, and for regulating and encouraging the studies so taught. The Syndicate was a numerous and important one. The recorded minutes of its proceedings prove that its business was conducted in a very methodical manner, and that it embraced every topic of discussion that could properly come under consideration. This was attributable to the fact that it had as its text the carefully digested and classified recommendations contained in the Royal Commissioners' Report, which had, a few months before, been brought under the notice of the University by the Home Secretary, for this very purpose. Early in the year 1854 the Syndicate reported, and in the following May Graces were proposed to the Senate for carrying out its recommendations. Three separate Graces were submitted, for conceding a B.A. degree to Honour men in Classics, Moral Sciences,

and Natural Sciences, respectively. The concession was granted to the Honour men in Classics, but the two other Graces were lost.

The Syndicate, on the motion of Dr. Whewell, at once resolved that it was not expedient to prolong its deliberations further, and therefore adjourned *sine die.* His feelings at this disappointment of wishes he had so long nursed will best be gathered from a letter written by him to Professor Sedgwick, on May 12, 1854. He says—

> The rejection of the Graces on May 3 was a very unfortunate reverse in our progress. . . . The motive, alleged in a printed paper, for opposition to the proposals, was that special sciences give information not education. But the result went beyond this reasoning, for the proposal that Honours in Classics alone shall give a degree was carried and thus the event is even worse than if all the Graces had been rejected: for now the classical men are required to read nothing but classics, except for the previous examination. The real motive for the opposition was, I suppose, dislike to the innovation proposed: but a manifestation of this feeling in that manner and with such an utter disregard of consequences, is certainly as childish a proceeding as can well be imagined, and very little suited to give other persons a belief that we are fit to manage such matters for ourselves. The Syndicate which made the proposals considered the rejection of them so final a measure that there could be no further use in their deliberations, and they have suspended their sittings, nor do I see how any scheme of improvement can be resumed with any hope of success.

In this letter to Professor Sedgwick there is one sentence eminently characteristic of Dr. Whewell's attitude towards external legislation in University matters. We have seen how he dreaded and disliked it, and it is easy to imagine his mortification on finding that the Senate by its own deliberate vote had seemed to invite interference from 'the stranger.'

After this unfortunate reverse there ensued at Cambridge, as we have already shown, more than five years of turmoil and agitation, partly in contemplation and partly in consequence of the Cambridge University Act. But as soon as the storm seemed to be fairly over Dr. Whewell returned to his self-imposed task of forcing the claims of the progressive sciences upon the attention of the University.

In the latter part of the year 1859 a new Syndicate was appointed to consider whether any changes should be made in the regulations concerning the new Triposes. The Syndicate reported in December of that year recommending that students passing the examination for these Triposes with credit should be admissible to the degree of B.A. The Report was considered by the Council of the Senate in February 1860, and a few weeks afterwards a Grace was passed confirming the conclusions of the Syndicate. At the same Congregation Boards of Moral and Natural Sciences were constituted. Dr. Whewell was a member of the former Board, which proceeded at once to frame the requisite regulations for reorganising the Tripos with which it was associated. At this task he worked with unabated ardour. The selection of standard works bearing upon the Tripos was in the first instance sketched by himself, and was most carefully revised and elaborated by him in consultation with his younger colleagues. The detailed arrangement of the examination, which now comprised a more complete scheme of the moral sciences, seems to have been suggested by him. Finally, in the first two examinations under the new rules he undertook to act as one of the examiners. He had so acted in an official capacity when the Tripos existed in its original form, but, having resigned his chair in 1855, he had not taken any part in the examinations since that date.

Dr. Whewell had now at length the satisfaction of seeing accomplished the great object which he had steadily pursued for so many years, and by acting as an examiner he was able to impress upon those studies which he regarded with especial interest, the character which he wished them to assume.

Except on one occasion, he took no further prominent part in discussing or defending the system of University examinations which he had done so much to introduce. In March 1864 he circulated a paper drawing the attention of the University to the part assigned to the moral sciences and the natural sciences in the conditions of the ordinary B.A. degree. The compulsory attendance of certain students at Professors' lectures had been attacked, and the matter was then under the consideration of a Syndicate. Dr. Whewell stated temperately, but earnestly, the reasons why this condition had been introduced in 1848, and contended that they were still in force. The paper concludes as follows :—

> The Moral Sciences Tripos and the Natural Sciences Tripos were established as parts of the University system at the same time as the Professor's certificate. It is much to be regretted that the candidates for these honours have not been more numerous. If those Triposes had become a more usual road to University distinction, the task of the Professors would probably have had more interest and dignity given to it, by a superior class of hearers, and by the sympathy felt in the examinations by the academical public. All persons to whom the reputation and the usefulness of the University are dear, will I am persuaded still look forward to such a result, as an event which would be very happy for the University and the country.

Dr. Whewell's foresight has been justified by the partial realisation of these hopes in recent years, and there can be no doubt that the new Triposes are destined

to become more and more a road to University and College distinction.

We have seen that in 1852 he proposed to his College to appropriate certain Fellowships and Scholarships for the encouragement of the progressive sciences. This proposal met with little or no response. A year later, in a Syndicate which was considering the recommendations of the Royal Commissioners, he moved the following resolution:—

'That it would tend greatly to the advantage of the University in general and of the Colleges in particular that the Colleges should declare their willingness to contribute from their corporate funds to the support of Professorships of special subjects;' but this resolution was defeated.

Among his papers, after his death, was found a rough draft, showing how, according to his judgment, special Professorships might be assigned to special Colleges. The proposals recently put forward, by the Cambridge University Commissioners of 1877, were thus in principle anticipated by Dr. Whewell, at a time when there were few men either in his own College or in the University able to recognise the importance of measures which have since been pronounced by Parliament to be most urgent and indispensable.

We may fitly conclude this chapter by quoting the following extract from a paper in 'Mind,' written by Mr. Henry Sidgwick in April 1876:—

Very early in the career of this new [the Classical] Tripos it began to be felt that Greek philosophy deserved more distinct recognition in the classical course. In Trinity College a succession of remarkable lecturers—Julius Hare, Thirlwall, and Thompson—laboured to secure in their own College a somewhat more intelligent study of the works of Plato and Aristotle. Meanwhile on the other, mathematico-physical, side of Cam-

bridge studies, some general philosophical interest was aroused by the appearance of Herschel's 'Discourse on Natural Philosophy' in 1831. A couple of years afterwards, Sedgwick's 'Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge,' and the controversy which followed it, still further stirred the waters. But it is to Whewell more than to any other single man that the revival of philosophy in Cambridge is to be attributed. Although (as I have noticed) in his controversy with Hamilton and elsewhere, he maintained the superiority of mathematics and classics over all other studies, as the main instruments of University education, this conviction did not prevent him from making sincere and sustained efforts to secure for other sciences that place in the academic system which he conceived to be their due. For this end he worked not only in the modern external fashion by constructing examinations, but also by the older, more spiritual method, of teaching and speculating earnestly and effectively on philosophical subjects. In 1839, from the long silent chair of Casuistry, he began to deliver lectures on Moral Philosophy; of which at least the earlier, historical, courses were found highly attractive. Some years previously he had transformed the traditional paper on philosophy in the Fellowship-examination of his own College, and made it an effective instrument for inducing the abler candidates for Trinity Fellowships to undertake a systematic course of philosophical reading after their first degree. Meanwhile his own elaborate investigation of the methods of modern science was being prosecuted to fruitful and stimulating results. In 1840 his 'Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences' appeared. Ten years later he took a chief part in constructing the first Moral Sciences Tripos. The scheme of this examination, however, was quite inadequate, being in fact formed by a combination, not of the different divisions or aspects in which philosophy is commonly studied, but of certain subjects in which the University happened to possess Professors: thus it did not include Logic or Metaphysics, or even Psychology, except under the head of Moral Philosophy. But from the point of view of the students whom it was intended to attract this Tripos had the graver defect that it did not confer a degree: for the badge of inferiority thus attached to Moral Sciences, in comparison with Mathematics and Classics, rendered

it difficult for them even to aspire to the substantial rewards which the Colleges had to bestow. In 1860 this badge was removed, and at the same time a more complete scheme of examinations constructed; of which, though it has since been twice modified, the main features still remain.

From the history of Dr. Whewell's academic labours, which has carried us far ahead, we must now return to the correspondence and domestic events of 1851. Early in this year Mrs. Austin writes to thank him for the 'Professor's Wife,' which he has sent her in its English dress. She says:—

I cannot tell you how captivating I find it. There is a homely freshness, a genuine simplicity mixed with intimate and delicate touches of feeling, far superior to anything else I ever read of Auerbach's. I suspect he owes a great deal to you, for you are at ease in the most vernacular language, and find wonderful equivalents for words and expressions that others leave in despair.

I send you a packet of letters, that you may make out of them what you can of the present state of things and of minds in Paris. The whole thing seems to me utterly baseless, and, if I may make an awkward word, *cementless*. Let me thank you once more for poor Lorlei, who is the type of so many a vain attempt to make happy by self devotion. Auerbach's sentiments about the English are, I fear, all but universal in Germany.

To this letter the following was the answer:—

To Mrs. Austin] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 26, 1851.

I hoped that you would read the Professorinn before you wrote to me, or rather that you would write to me after you had read it, that I might know what you thought of it; and certainly I have great reason to be glad that you did so, when you can find such pleasant things to say of the translation. Your praise on such a point is of first-rate value.

I am glad you like my Lorlei. She was my companion all

the summer, and parts of her story were written at every place where I stayed; several pages on the top of the Faulhorn, 8,000 feet high. It is much the prettiest of Auerbach's stories, and I think the greatest favourite in Germany. They have made a play of it. I was somewhat consoled for Auerbach's bad opinion of the English by seeing how plainly he is quite ignorant of us, and takes his view from our revilers, coloured by his own notions about religious observances. Do you suppose that the work by a 'Person of great pretensions' which the Collaborator attacks, alludes to Bunsen's 'Church of the Future'? I was much amused with the manner in which Auerbach makes it the summit of the Englishman's insolence to criticise German philosophy, about which I suspect Auerbach knows as little as he does of English life. We English are as stupidly servile in looking with reverence on all German philosophy, as we are stupidly conceited about our social institutions and manners.

I am much interested with the letters you sent me, on account of their private as well as public bearing. I am quite sorry for Cirecourt. I do not see how the French are to get out of their present difficulty; but it is one not peculiar to them, though aggravated by the circumstances that their last revolution was the most absurd of revolutions. It has always been hard for the assembly and the ruler of a constitutional government to settle into their positions of equilibrium. The ruler has to learn that he is no ruler, and the assembly has to learn to allow him to be something; hard lessons which neither Germany nor France can yet learn. I think Germany a more melancholy spectacle than France, for they have not only put out the conflagration, but seem to be extinguishing all traces of domestic fire.

A letter to Dr. Mackreth of February 2 repeats what we have found before, that Dr. Whewell did not conceive himself to be under great obligations to Lancaster School, though he owed much to Mr. Rowley, and recalls with much regret that in the speech he made at the Lancaster dinner in 1842 he had missed the opportunity of expressing this as heartily as he felt it. A

letter to Mrs. Austin of March 30, it is thought, will gain in interest by the addition of two extracts from her correspondence. The summer of this year brought one sorrow, and the succeeding winter another. Mr. Myers died in July and Mrs. Temple in December 1851.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 2, 1851.

I am really very much obliged to you for offering me your advice with regard to any subscription which I may make towards the rebuilding of the grammar school at Lancaster.

I do not conceive that I owe much to Lancaster school as a school, though I do think that I owe much to Mr. Rowley, my master, who was one main cause of my coming to College. My obligations to him I have always been ready to express; and I am only sorry that on the occasion of the dinner given to Owen and me I did not sufficiently take advantage of the opportunity of expressing those obligations. I did soon afterwards write to him, and express my great regret for this omission.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 9, 1851.

I must not rashly promise anything too magnificent (as a contribution towards the rebuilding of Lancaster school) for the following, among other reasons. Some time ago Evans wrote to me and told me it was necessary to rebuild Heversham school, and that he wanted subscriptions for that purpose. Now, to that school I have considerable obligations, though, of course, my native place has special claims upon me.

Evans's project was to obtain an architect's design for the school and to rebuild it, I presume in an ornamental form. From this plan I attempted to dissuade him, thinking that it would suffice if the school were rebuilt in its present form, or with little alteration. I do not know how far he intends to follow my advice, nor do I exactly recollect how much I promised him. But if he persists in his more magnificent project, and both my early nursing mothers put on fine clothes in their old age at the same time, there must be some proportion between my filial offering to the one and to the other. Do you think you can ascertain what is intended to be done about

Heversham from Evans? or perhaps from Edmund Sharpe? for I think he was the architect that Evans intended to employ. If you can do so, the information may in some measure guide me.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 16, 1851.

With regard to Lancaster school I am quite willing to give 50*l.*, which, as the Corporation give 500*l.*, may be considered perhaps a fair contribution. I am obliged to aim at something like proportion in such cases, for very few posts come that do not bring applications for aid to schools, churches, and the like; and I do not lightly reject such applications, thinking that there is now a season of zeal amongst our clergy, and of opportunity in the state of our population and of the law, which may not be easy to recover if it is not taken advantage of at present.

The next letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell enclosed one from Victor Cousin, full of lamentations over revolutionized France, his diminished means and advancing age.

Weybridge: March 27, 1851.

There's a philosopher for you! You may suppose, best of Masters, how I scolded and scorned him in my answer. I said, 'Je vous trouve lâche vis-à-vis de la vieillesse.' I can't understand how a man lives to be sixty without preparing himself to relinquish the privileges of youth.

Mrs. Austin here gives details as to his loss of means consequent on the Revolution.

But now, dear and honoured Master, it would be *ganz ausserordentlich schön* if you would write him a few lines—of—not condolence, but sympathy, and such kind things as you know how to say and to *feel*, and administer to him a cordial that shall dispose him to rub up his armour and gird it on.

I rather frightened my husband on Thursday. I was so ill. To-day I am better and in very brave spirits; but though these vary extremely, you will understand that the 'fonds' remains

the same. I am under no illusion and no terror. I wish I felt sure that my extreme serenity and cheerfulness about death rested on a better ground. I feel so much *love* and *trust*, and so little *fear*, and yet why? Is this anything more than constitutional? For as for merits or claims—oh! as grounds for reliance they are out of the question, and I am not sure that my faith in any scheme of Atonement would explain my serenity. It seems to me rather a boundless trust in the Source of all Good, such as His Son reveals Him to us.

I wish I could talk with you about this.

To Mrs. Austin] *Trinity College: March* 30, 1851.

It was very kind of you, my dear friend, to send me Victor Cousin's letter, even though the privilege brought with it the task of reading the epistle, which is not a very easy matter. But it was still more amiable of you to think that I might gratify the dear old Eclectic by expressions of interest in his future labours. I dare say he will not derive much pleasure from my doing so; but, that you should try to procure him such pleasure as my encouragement could give, was one of those kind thoughts which make us love you.

Accordingly, inspired by your suggestion, I have sent such a letter to him. It so happened that I had with me at the time a French man of letters just about to return to Paris; and to him I committed my exhortations to Cousin to continue his speculations, pointing out some questions on which we should all, in England and France, listen to him with deference. I was glad to learn from my friend that Cousin is supposed to be so rich as not to be seriously distressed by his losses, even should they come upon him as they threaten.

With regard to his fear of age, which is a more inevitable evil, if it be an evil, I hope your exhortations will not be wasted on him. It is no doubt a little mortifying to human conceit, that we must leave the world to a new generation; for it appears to me more mortifying because it interrupts what we do than what we enjoy. We have done so little, and matters seem to be going on so ill! But we must make up our minds to this, and 'trust the Ruler with the skies,' and with the earth too, and really *trust* Him; believe that He is ruling well, and will do so

when we are no longer actors in the scene. Only I think there is nothing presumptuous in hoping that we may know a little how it does go on; follow the later scenes of the drama, and see the dénouement to which it is tending. This is a kind of consolation which cannot deceive us, for we shall have this or, we may humbly hope, something better. I trust it will be long, my dear friend, before you have to seek for the consolations which belong to the close; but I must say that an entirely filial spirit of resignation, hope, and love is what I have seen with most satisfaction in the cases of others who were dear to me, and what I most desire for myself. Any special view of the manner of acceptance only leads to this. This seems to lead us beyond the bourne directly. May God bless you and restore you, is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend,
W. WHEWELL.

To this letter Mrs. Austin replied a few days later :—

I must thank you, my dear Master, for your letter, which gave me great pleasure and comfort. You are very generous to love me *pour si peu*. What have I to do with this rag of my life, but to think of anything that can give the least pleasure to my friends.

Cousin will certainly be extremely gratified. I thank you for him. I wish I could respect, as much as I admire and like him, but that is impossible. He has great weaknesses, and they are not English weaknesses. . . .

Thank you, dear and good friend, for the few words at the end of your letter. I can get no further than that—but as you say, is not that the consummation, and is not our Divine Model great and touching above all in that absolute self-giving?

To his Sister] *Westminster School: May* 27, 1851.

We have been in London some time and have taken a house in Birdcage Walk close to Lord Monteagle's. I am now engaged in the examination of Westminster scholars, an employment which brings me here every year on the day before Rogation Sunday. I think I have frequently written to you under the same circumstances, as during my sitting of many

hours I have time to write letters. The Dean of Christ Church comes from Oxford on the same errand, and he, the Dean of Westminster, and the Master of Trinity are here called the three Deans. The poor Dean of Westminster's place is supplied by the sub-dean, Lord John Thynne, and Mrs. Buckland kindly supplies me with a room at the Deanery.

To-day we dine in the hall of Westminster College, and after the dinner the scholars come to the high table in order and recite Latin epigrams, on which the guests at the high table bestow upon them shillings and half crowns; curious old practices which, I suppose, go back to the time of the foundation of the school.

Cordelia and her niece, Kate Marshall, are gone to the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: June* 15, 1851.

We shall spend the summer in our cottage at Lowestoft. We shall be very glad if you can come and see us there. We shall be there the greater part of July, August and September. In the beginning of July we go to the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, of which Airy is President.

We saw the Mackreths several times, and hoped to have seen them again, but they grew homesick and I suppose sick of the noise and bustle of London, which are more than usually overwhelming this season, and ran away suddenly.

To the same] *Bath Hotel, Clifton: July* 22, 1851.

On Monday we went to Emsworth in Hampshire, where Cordelia was to nurse her sister while her husband was away. There we found tidings of a very sorrowful kind, not quite unexpected as to their purport, but awfully sudden. Mr. Myers, the Incumbent of St. John's, Keswick, and the husband of our sister Susan, died here on Sunday.

He is to be buried in Keswick churchyard on Saturday; it is fit that he should lie there where he laboured so faithfully among his people, where he has done so much good and where he was so happy.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 30, 1851.

I have been to London to give a lecture on the lessons of philosophy and science which may be drawn from the Great Exhibition. A great room-full of people came to hear me at the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi.

Mrs. Whewell went in the course of the autumn to stay in Hampshire with her sister, Mrs. Temple, then dangerously ill. During her absence she received daily letters from her husband, from which the following are extracts :—

Trinity Lodge: Oct. 18, 1851.

I rejoice with great thankfulness at the view which you are now able to take of Dora's case. God grant that the improvement may assume a permanent form, and that she may be restored to you and to her family. Whatever be the result, one imagines that every one must be at all future times fitter for removal to another world, for having been so near the gulf which we must all pass through at one time or other, in our way thither.

Oct. 19, 1851.

We had this afternoon a sermon from Mill (Professor of Hebrew), who preached on his special subject, prophecy, by no means ill; but when one saw all those hopeful young men blackening (and blue-ing) the galleries at St. Mary's from side to side, I could not help wishing that they had had some one to speak to them more heartily and directly with reference to feelings, that, coming here for the first time, they have or might have excited in them. However, this is not so easy to do as to wish; and perhaps when it comes to our own turn we shall make no great hand of it.

I have been much interested, but rather painfully than otherwise, by Carlyle's Life of Sterling.

Trinity Lodge: Oct. 26, 1851.

I am very glad, my beloved Cor., you are coming back to me so soon; for though I continue to live in a sort of way without you, it is a life which is a series of makeshifts and wearinesses.

Do you recollect my hinting to Daniel Gurney a request for a copy of his book about 'The House of Gournay,' and his staving it off. He has sent me one, nevertheless, which I am glad of. I want to send him a packet of my small books, (for the large books frighten people), but I think I must wait till your return before I make so great an exertion in the way of recollection. Besides other privations which your absence brings, you know you take my memory away with you.

To Dr. Mackreth]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: Dec. 18, 1851.

Mrs. Whewell a little while ago received a kind letter from Mrs. Mackreth, expressing your sympathy with our great loss of my dear brother-in-law Myers, whom I had come to love as a brother, and whom I shall never cease to miss and to mourn. We have had, I grieve to say, another shadow long hanging over us in the alarming illness of Mrs. Temple, a sister of my wife's, who has been supposed for some time to be in a hopeless state.

The year 1851 closed in gloom. The letters of 1852 are few in number, and show traces of anxiety and depression. Kreuznach was again recommended, and again resorted to. In November an interesting letter was written to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, thanking him for a volume of poems which he 'sipped like a refreshing beverage amid the turmoil of common employments.' From this letter we perceive that his taste had altered considerably since the days when he disliked all sonnets, and especially those of Wordsworth. He dwells upon the advantages of a profession as an aid to internal resolution, like a man who had found the full benefit of 'common employments' discharged in the spirit of duty. And this was as characteristic of him as his sense of the value in education of *un*congenial studies.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: May* 2, 1852.

During the time that Lizzy was with us, we had the American Ambassador also, with his wife and daughter. The young Yankee

lady and Lizzy appeared to take much to one another. The young American ladies are lively and conversable, but much more forward than their mothers in most of the families which I have seen. This characteristic, I think, struck Lizzy as much as it did me.

I was in London yesterday, dining at the Royal Academy dinner. I was obliged to come away early, so I heard no speech after the Duke of Wellington's, but it was interesting to hear him speak with pride of the military discipline shown on the occasion of the wreck of the 'Birkenhead.'

To his Sister] *Kreuznach: Aug.* 7, 1852.

I have just returned from an excursion to Berlin, where I have not been since, I think, 1825. The railroads now make that an easy and short journey which used to be a long and laborious one. I was there for a week, and saw several persons whom I was very glad to meet, especially some old friends. Of the persons I was with there whom you will care most to hear about are Ranke, who wrote the 'History of the Popes,' and Humboldt, the great traveller, whom I had often before seen, and who was friendly enough to come all the way from Potsdam, an hour by railway, to see me, though he is eighty-two at least.

Berlin is grown to be a very fine city since I saw it, and I should think is now next in splendour to London and Paris.

To the same] *Kreuznach: Sept.* 10.

Soon after I return to England I shall be in the north, though only for a day or two. The distribution of prizes at Lancaster school is to be on Monday, the 27th; and I have promised to be there and also to preach at Lancaster on the 26th for the school. I hope I shall see you, if it be only for an hour or two, for I must try to find time to go and look at our new church at Kendal, and my excursion into your region must be brief, as our Fellowship examinations begin almost immediately.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Kreuznach: Sept.* 7, 1852.

I must also agree to preach at Lancaster on the 26th, though in truth such an office is very far from being agreeable

to me. I have no pleasure in preaching to any congregation except my own in College, and I much dislike preaching a charity sermon, but having consented to come at that time I must make the best of the proposal which you convey to me.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.] *Trinity Lodge : Nov.* 21, 1852.

I ought sooner to have thanked you for your kind recollection of me shown by sending me your volume of poems; and to have told you of the pleasure which the poems themselves give us. They lie on the table and I sip them from time to time, like a refreshing beverage among the turmoil of common employments. And they are not at all out of their place there; for it is one of the best merits of pure and dignified poetry like yours, that it can impart a portion of its own tone to the most common occurrences of life. Indeed a great portion of my most common employments would be absurd occupations if they did not require to be carried on with pure and large intentions. And in reading your poems, and especially your sonnets, I have often wished that it were your business, bound upon you by a profession, to urge upon men the serious and weighty views which you have there expressed so pointedly and weightily.

It is true that an earnest and truthful writer does make his employment hold the place of a profession; but I think most of us were intended by Providence to submit to the chains of external profession as well as inward resolution. When we have put ourselves in this position we have this advantage, that none of our energy being required to keep us in our appointed path, we may employ all our powers in going forwards.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge : Dec.* 2, 1852.

I went up to London to see the Duke's (of Wellington) funeral. The Managers, (the Court Martial) gave us Cambridge Heads seats near the centre of the building, whence we saw the ceremony to great advantage. I went all the way from Westminster (Lord Monteagle's house, where we were staying) to St. Paul's, along the streets on foot, in my Doctor of Divinity's gown, to the great admiration of the spectators. Every inch of that way the streets were many deep on both sides, and every

window was full, and was prepared for giving a view to as many as possible. Everybody behaved well and feelingly.

Very early in 1853 Mrs. Whewell went to Kreuznach, there to spend the whole spring and summer. Writing to Professor Sedgwick, at Norwich, on April 13, Dr. Whewell says:—

I took Mrs. Whewell to Kreuznach very prosperously, and left her there very pleasantly situated, with Valence Ainslie and Maria Herschel for companions. Since then I have very good accounts of her and of the girls. But I am sadly lonely in this great house by myself, and wonder how Dr. Wordsworth endured it so long. And what is worse I can hardly get away for a day. Besides which I have got a detestable cold which will not go away, and which deprives me of sleep at night, a new infliction for me, with which you can sympathise. I hope in time we shall get through this merciless spring.

Early in June he escaped from this solitude to Kreuznach. The summer of 1852 he had devoted to an edition of 'Grotius'; that of 1853 was spent on 'The Plurality of Worlds.'

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: April* 6, 1853.

I returned to Cambridge on Friday last, having had a very prosperous journey to Kreuznach. On the road from Aix to Cologne we saw a very grand exhibition in the sky; mock suns and halos more numerous and beautiful than I had ever seen before. We had had a similar show at Cambridge about a fortnight earlier. The appearance arises from the coldness of the upper region of the atmosphere, and was continued in part at night and during the next day, when we were on the Rhine. I should like to know whether anything of the kind was observed at Wormenhall or at Liverpool.

To the same] *Kreuznach: July* 14, 1853.

The pony and pony carriage and my horse have enabled us to see much more of the country here than we had ever seen

before. A few weeks ago we were tempted to make an expedition of about thirty miles to Langen Schwalbach, one of the Brunnens of Nassau, which we executed in glorious June weather, having among other things to cross the Rhine, there half a mile broad, on a floating bridge. Then, I have also been on a week's expedition into the Eifel, a country of extinct volcanoes, not far from the Rhine. You may perhaps recollect in my book on German architecture, a picture of the abbey of Laach which stands on the brim of one of these ancient craters, now a lake surrounded with woods. My companion was Dr. Daubeny of Oxford, who has written a book about volcanoes, and is now on his way to Norway.

The return to England took place at the end of September, and two letters to Dr. Mackreth show with what pain the truth was being recognised that Kreuznach had done little for Mrs. Whewell's health, and that cause for the gravest anxiety remained. In October they went to Cliff Cottage, and there such intervals of ease as were granted were enjoyed in the bracing air and grateful quiet of garden and sea shore. Dr. Whewell was recalled to Cambridge for the visit of Prince Albert and the Duke of Brabant. To the niece who remained during his absence in charge of the invalid, some letters are given, less because, of any interest or importance attaching to the criticisms of the stories she was reading, than because, like everything else he wrote to her, they show how gratefully he received love and sympathy, and with what pleasure and alacrity he turned to the interests and amusements of the young. Great part of the winter was spent at Lowestoft by Mrs. Whewell. They returned to Cambridge in January.

To Dr. Mackreth]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: Oct. 6, 1853.

Perhaps you have been expecting to hear from me since our arrival in England; and I should probably have written to

you if my mind had been more at ease. But with great anxieties about the persons dearest to us, pressing upon our minds, it becomes difficult to write any letters which are not absolutely necessary. I am full of the deepest trouble about my dear wife. I cannot look forward without a very heavy heart and extreme distress. I need not say to you that all this is for your private ear; for though these portions of the lot of our human nature have nothing in them which requires concealment, we cannot but wish the overwhelming ebbs and flows of hope and fear not to become matter of discussion to ordinary acquaintances.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge, Oct.* 16, 1853.

Your letter showed the same cordial kindness which you have always manifested to me; and I should not have hesitated to take advantage of your and Mrs. Mackreth's kind offer, if there had been any occasion. But we have a very helpful niece staying with us, and Lady Monteagle came as soon as she knew she was wanted, so that my dear wife has been, I trust, well nursed.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 16, 1853.

I intend to send this with the third volume of 'Cyrilla' by the five o'clock train. I am almost sorry to send you 'Cyrilla'; it is such a dreary dismal story, and the people are all so very worthless, or nearly all. I can hardly except 'Cyrilla'; for the way in which she involves herself at first, and then her concealment and mystery ever afterwards, which make it impossible for her friends to understand her, render it difficult for me to like her. As for Z——, he is a more complete villain than ought to appear in a novel; too bad even for a modern tragedy. However, there you have the book, and I hope you will not cry your eyes dim over it, for that would be a pity.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 19, 1853.

Probably you will read over again Sintram, which I sent yesterday. I do not think you will find so much in it as poor Sir Guy did. I do not know whether you ever heard anything of La Motte Fouqué, the author. Once in my early days of

German travelling, I fell in with a German student, a cousin of his, who gave me an account of him. He was himself descended from those old Norsemen you admire so much, and delighted in having about him all the relics of garments, armour, and the like which reminded him of his descent. He was a little spare man, and when he set himself down to write Sintram and the like, he girded himself to a sword as long as himself, put on a hat with awful brim and plume, and a very savage looking gauntlet on his left hand, and then found himself full of Norse fire and fancy.

To Lord Monteagle] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 4, 1853.

It is very plain that we sympathise in our proceedings, for you, if I rightly understand your letter, have been doing exactly what I was thinking of doing; viz. sending my remarks on Induction to Cameron, to convince him that he had been, to some extent at least, misled by John Mill, as to the direction in which great future discoveries in science were to be looked for. What you say about the different moral effect of the two methods, the Inductive and the Deductive, upon the mind, interests me much; the more so, as I had tried to say something to the same effect, in a former work, my Bridgewater Treatise. If that happens to come in your way, pray look at two chapters in the latter part of the work, 'On Inductive and on Deductive Habits of Mind,' where I have followed almost exactly the same train of thought which you express. It appeared to me, at the time, curious and important; although some of my scientific friends were rather disturbed by the promulgation of such doctrines.

But it is true, nevertheless, that the notion that we have already possessed ourselves of the principles of all the knowledge which is to be had, is adverse to humility, and to the hope of a large increase of our knowledge of Truth. I believe that there remains to be discovered by Induction, far more than has yet been discovered. But I am running into a strain which is so familiar to my thoughts, that I may well fear tiring other people with dwelling upon it.

I run over to Corrie, whenever I can find or make a vacant day. I left her yesterday, very comfortable, and gathering, I

hope, health and strength by going out every day in a Bath-chair upon the Denes. There is much malady still remaining; but I hope likely to continue long comparatively inactive; and with the return of greater strength and more vigour of health, and with the use of such medicines as Brodie most kindly has devised, we must not let our hopes of a degree of permanent restoration decline. She will stay at Lowestoft for the present; but I hope before the end of the term she may come here if it be only for a short time. . . . I was much interested, as you may suppose, with Cameron's letter, which I return to you. It is something to find that what one has written is incorporated into English life in that way. I am afraid if you see a part of my 'Plurality,' you will be scandalised at my doctrines, but pray do not condemn them utterly till you see how they hang together.

To James Garth Marshall]

Cliff Cottage, Lowestoft: Nov. 16, 1853.

I have come here for a day only, and must return to Cambridge this evening. I find Corrie much stronger and better, though I fear the original malady is still unsubdued, and there seems reason to doubt whether the Kreuznach waters ever produced any considerable diminution of it, though they very likely retarded its advance. It appears best that she should stay here at present, both for the sake of the air, the mode of life, and the opportunities of exercise. I come over to her for a day when I can, though my visits are necessarily brief at the present time. Katie is still with her, but, I grieve to say, goes away in a few days. However, her mother has been very kind in sparing her to us so long. I must try to keep her supplied with nieces and deputy-nieces so long as she remains here alone.

I shall soon have my 'Plurality of Worlds' finished. There are, as you said, *three* courses for my readers; one to assent to the arguments and to accept the conclusion; another to reject the conclusion and to answer the argument; the third to do neither; and I suppose most readers will agree with you in adopting the third.

To his Wife]

Trinity Lodge: Nov. 17, 1853.

I have a letter from Col. Grey to say that their Royal Highnesses would come on the 22nd, and that he had written to the Vice-Chancellor and to Professor Sedgwick to consult with me. The Duke of Brabant cannot go to any chapel service, being a Roman Catholic, and cannot dine in Hall on the second day, as they must go away at four. So they will dine with the Vice-Chancellor, and I shall have to provide breakfasts and luncheons. The persons they bring with them are, as I expected, M. Van de Weyer and Count de Launoy, Col. Grey and Col. Gordon. I have no doubt we shall manage very well.

To the same] *Nov.* 18, 1853.

The only peculiar feature in the scheme for their Royal Highnesses' visit which has come from Windsor, is that the visitors should hear a lecture or two. So we have proposed a lecture from Sedgwick on Tuesday, and one from Willis on Wednesday. Sedgwick is *for that day* to exclude his lady disciples, who fill all the best places. I am sorry to say he is by no means well—a great determination of blood to the head. Paget bled him to a considerable extent on Wednesday, and by rights he ought to leave his work and go play. I recommend Lowestoft to him.

We have here beautiful November weather.

I am glad you get on well with ——. You have, I think, a spare copy of the 'Hexameters.' Pray give him one from me, and beg him to read 'Herman,' as the finest narrative poem of modern times; 'the Walk,' as the finest philosophical poem; and 'the Diver,' as a good example of versification. I hope young lovers of poetry like him do not share the prejudices of our Latin grammar critics. Alas! no Kate for love to go to—at least through your hands. *I grieve with you at your* having lost her for the present. She is a joy of the eye and of the heart to me, and must be still more to you. I have this moment heard of the death of Campbell, our oldest Senior.[1] He was a lawyer, who lived very secluded in the Temple. This will of course occasion the election of a new Senior.

[1] This is not correct; Mr. Campbell was in Orders.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 21, 1853.

I am glad you have got over your superstition that your Sunday letters do not come here directly. I assure you the postman here is able (I presume by the aid of the calendar in the Prayer Book) to 'find the Sunday letter' on Monday morning, and so I have just got yours of yesterday.

Nov. 21.—We have been in a dreadful fright; that is, not I, for I did not care which way the result turned; but it seemed probable this afternoon that the Royal visit would evaporate. The Queen of Portugal is dead in childbed, and this shocking news came to London just as the Prince's carriage and horses were setting off by the mail. The horses were already in their boxes, but were stopped and a telegraph message sent to say they were not to be expected, and in the meantime we waited to see what Windsor would determine. However, a few hours afterwards we learnt that the carriages were on their way, and now they are arrived. I have just seen the head-coachman; quite a model of a coachman, such as your dear father would have delighted in; a broad head and body and scarcely any legs! I wanted him to have studied the ground before he drove over it; as to turning right, and left, and right, through the Queen's gate to the Lodge. But he has been busy, he says, and will not have time for such studies to-morrow morning. So George is to ride before him upon 'Winged Words!' and he, George, seems much delighted at having to occupy so conspicuous a place on a horse of so fine a figure.

Nov. 22.—So far all goes well, except that the air has been filled all day with a dense fog, which has made everything look ill, or more properly speaking, look *no-how*. The party arrived punctually, and came in at the Queen's gate easily; George pioneering them on 'Words,' looking much delighted with his office and really doing good service. We went to the Chapel, Hall, and Library as soon as they arrived, and then to Sedgwick's lecture. The Duke is a slim, quiet-looking youth, and appears to take an interest in what he sees. The only disaster was that the Master of St. John's, going upon a temporary staircase at the Senate-house before it was fixed, the whole tumbled down, and he was much shaken and his face cut.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 26.

You will be glad to hear that our election of a senior went off very satisfactorily, Thompson being elected without hesitation.

To Lord Monteagle] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 24, 1853.

I am glad that you do not look upon us who publish on International Law as quite wasting our time. I believe, notwithstanding all the deeds of violence which we have seen committed, that a 'Project of a Perpetual Peace' is by no means a mere dream, if it be based on received International Law. In the cases which you mention, Cuba *is* protected simply by the recognition of such law on the part of the United States, and if the Western States of Europe had boldly told the Czar that he was violating such law (which they told one another but did not tell *him*) it would have checked the aggression. If the Grotius succeeds, I shall probably edit in the same way Puffendorf and Vattel, and shall hope to do some good by proving that 'such deeds are quite atrocious.' Perhaps you retain influence enough in the Edinburgh Review to get the Grotius reviewed there. Cornewall Lewis wrote me a letter which showed that he took a great interest in the subject. I am the more desirous of the book having a circulation because the advantage will go to the University, to whom I have given the copyright. I cannot say that I like the tone of Conybeare's article in the Edinburgh Review about church parties. It is a coarse caricature, in many points seasoned to suit the popular palate by the pepper of injustice, which he must have known to be such. And in this way he does not spare his College. It is a base mob-pleasing in him to talk of Cambridge as the 'luxurious seat of learning.' He must know very well that he was not more luxurious as a Fellow of Trinity than he is as Vicar of Axminster; unless he were unlike his brother Fellows. And he must know too that such expressions feed false opinions and fierce passions in the populace.

As to his assertion that scepticism is increasing, it is contrary to all my knowledge of the cultivated classes. What may be going on among the labouring classes I cannot tell; but we do know that they are imperfectly provided with the means of

being taught religion, both when young and when older. I should fear little from scepticism if the religious education of the country were well provided for.

We have just had a visit from Prince Albert and the Duc de Brabant; very pleasant and well managed, except that there was a dense fog all the while, so that we could not see beyond our noses. They went to a lecture of Sedgwick's and one of Willis's, and the Chancellor presided at the Caput, and conferred a degree on the Duke, and other degrees, in a very orderly manner. It was an ordinary Congregation in the common course of University business.

I am just going to Corrie for a day to take her another niece.

To his Wife] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 28, 1853.

I have had a letter from Hare asking me to sign a protest on the subject of Maurice's removal. I have some difficulty about this, as having nothing to do with King's College, and have suggested other ways of proceeding. It is difficult to make anything good out of these signatures collected by letter.

To the same] *Dec.* 5, 1853.

It was very good of you, dearest Cor., to work so hard and be so prompt in sending me another design for the cover of the P. W. ['Plurality of Worlds.'] (Observe, this is my second P. W. The first was 'The Professor's Wife.') And it is very imposing looking. I will do nothing more till I hear from the binder, to whom I have sent the former design, how far it is practicable. In the meantime I have some notion of being content with powdering my stars into letters; something in the way of the sketch which I send you—what do you think of it?

To Kate Marshall] *Lowestoft: Jan.* 2, 1854.

I cannot let the New Year make its start without sending you a word of greeting and good wishes. I think you know that my loving thoughts are always with you, but one of the uses of a New Year is to give one an occasion of expressing such thoughts, that they may be more present to the mind both of

the giver and the receiver. May the New Year, my darling, be a happy one for you, and the harbinger of a series of happy ones; and may they bring the best of blessings to you, the gifts of God, enjoyed with a tranquil and grateful heart. I owe so much to your dear society, that you are one of the blessings I have to thank God for, and I hope the year will not roll on far in its course before I have the pleasure of seeing you again.

I would have sent you a book as a New Year's gift, but your aunt gives me such an account of your occupations that I am afraid you will not have time to read it; and indeed it is rather out of the line of most young ladies' reading. I should not like to be set on the shelf unnoticed when I came to you, so I will wait till you tell me you would like to have the book. There is a little—not mystery, for that I hate—but reserve to be used in talking of it as my book, for it is published without my name, and contains notions that may be startling to some persons, though I am persuaded that they tend to give us a true view of God's government of the world.

I suppose after all you must have heard me talk of a book about the 'Plurality of Worlds,' which I was writing or finishing when you were here, and now the murder (of the inhabitants of Jupiter) is out.

I hope your aunt is improved. To day she has scarcely any pain.

To his Sister] *Lowestoft: Jan.* 3, 1854.

We have here very severe weather. The neighbourhood of the sea does not seem at all to mitigate the cold or to thin the snow, and cold and snow-clad as the world is, I must go to Cambridge this afternoon, for we have there very important matters going on. Among them the election of a Hebrew Professor in the place of Dr. Mill, which will make it necessary for me and the other electors to sit five hours in the schools (a very cold place) listening to Latin dissertations.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 19, 1854.

I am glad you like my 'Plurality of Worlds.' It was a great pleasure to me writing it at Kreuznach during the past summer, and made my being fastened down to that place very pleasant

instead of very tiresome. I only wish that our summer residence there had answered our purposes in other ways, as well as it did in enabling me to put upon paper what I have long had in my head. The Grotius, which was the fruit of the preceding year, was much harder work, yet even that made the summer pass pleasantly, and rendered the burning heat of 1852 tolerable.

To the Honourable Mrs. J. G. Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 13, 1854.

Corrie is decidedly better. In a few days we must make the migration to Cambridge. It is now ten months since she stayed at the Lodge. I almost wonder how I have got through the time.

By the way, did you see that your quotation from Herbert remains in the pages of the 'Plurality of Worlds'? It is to me a pleasant memory of our intercourse at Kreuznach.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: June* 8, 1854.

I am glad my dialogue pleased you. I called it a supplement to the essay, because there were objections to the argument, from Lord Rosse's and Struve's speculations, which I thought important. I confess I am quite at a loss to conceive how the Pantheists can turn my views to their purposes. I have never seen any arguments against Pantheism founded on the possible existence of intelligent beings in other planets and stars, nor do I see how such an argument can be constructed. The proper antithesis to Pantheism is not intelligent creatures besides man, but a Divine Mind. I have never expressed any doubt of the existence of other orders of spiritual beings; I have repeatedly spoken of them, but I want both reason and authority to place them on planets.

In the first printing of my essay I had pursued my speculations about the Divine Mind a good deal further than in the published book. I suppressed what I had printed because I thought that the greater part of my readers would be repelled by what they would call metaphysics; but if you could find time to read my cancelled pages, I think they would interest you; and I should be very much pleased to hear your opinion about my speculations. I will send them along with this. You will

see that the unpublished part comes after the chapter on the argument from Design.

I have just received a copy of the Oxford Bill as new modelled. In the present state of the Bill all the parts which I had objected to are omitted, being left to be regulated by the Commission: and this Commission is not to enforce any regulations on colleges contrary to the wish of two-thirds of their members. This is a bearable kind of legislation, and may be made to produce good. The Hebdomadal Council, as they have framed it, appears to me a great absurdity. The Professors are to have as weighty a voice in it as the whole Congregation.

Dr. and Mrs. Whewell remained at Cambridge until July, and then, as the following fragment of a letter to Miss Whewell tells, removed to Lowestoft. For a part of the summer the niece whose presence was now more than ever essential to the comfort and happiness of both, was lent to them, and his letters to her in October show how he continued to interest himself in a girl's attempts to study as well as in her amusements. The autumn of this year brought the death of Mrs. Whewell's only unmarried sister, Ellen Marshall, at Clifton.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: July* 14, 1854.

We are just on the point of starting for Lowestoft. We have been detained here till now by the meeting of the Archæological Institute, during which we had several friends staying with us; among the rest Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Carlisle, Dr. Milman the Dean of St. Paul's, and Mrs. Milman.

To James Garth Marshall]

Cliff Cottage, Lowestoft: Aug. 19, 1854.

I should have been glad for yours and Mary's sake, and I will add for the sake of your father, the founder, I believe, of the society[1] in question, to show my goodwill by giving them

[1] The Leeds Philosophical Society.

a lecture; but I could not, at any rate, make an engagement of that kind so long beforehand; and I very honestly doubt whether I have anything to say which I could say or they hear with pleasure. I do not think there is any subject of physics on which I could lecture. The only two branches of physical science of which I know anything are crystallography and the undulatory theory of light; and these require great previous knowledge in the hearers, and great labour and ingenuity in preparing illustrations. They are quite out of your way, and in fact, considering all circumstances, out of mine. The history of science, which is my special subject, would not much please the audience, for the moral of what I should have to say would be that popular knowledge is hardly knowledge at all.

The only subject on which I could lecture with any satisfaction is Socrates and Plato, of whom my thoughts are full, and likely to be so for the next year, so far as other business will allow. I have therefore returned to the President the answer which I enclose, and which I shall be obliged to you to forward.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 8, 1854.

I was very much grieved to find that illness prevented your being present at the service at Heversham. It would have been a pleasure to me to have had you among my hearers when I preached; for I willingly accepted the invitation to do so, as giving me an opportunity of recurring to the recollections of my schoolboyhood, and the reflections produced by the long time that has intervened between that and this; and though there were few or none of the persons whom I had known when I went to Heversham school, the younger generation would perhaps be touched by the natural thoughts which such a retrospect produces.

The only friend of that early time who was there (besides my Lancaster friends who kindly came) was a Mr. Fawcett, of Natland. I think you know him.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 29, 1854.

It seems to me very long since I heard anything of or from you—that is, so far as I know and according to my reckoning.

Of course it must be that all our hearts are feeling the departure of our dear Ellen; so good and loving, so bright and cheerful as she was, we must all think of her as a most bitter loss; and then, besides all her good qualities, we loved her more than for any qualities because she was herself. All that there can be in death to make the recollection of it lose its bitterness among friends there was in hers. So well prepared for and so peaceful! May both you and I, my darling, aim to be like her in the preparation! You in your bright youth (may it long continue, my love!) cannot, I think, understand how in more advanced years we see reason almost to envy such an ending. I am glad to be able to tell you that the event does not seem to have had any injurious effect upon Corrie's health. It had been so long in the line of our prospects, and had so often seemed at hand, that there was nothing of the shock which overwhelmed us last year.[1]

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 12, 1854.

You were so good in sending me an answer to my letter, though you had written to Corrie, that I must not let you wait long for an answer to your question.

You want books that will teach you all that is known about light. Such books are not so easy to write; for to understand what is known you must know something, and, indeed, not a little, of mathematics, which I opine, Katie, you do not. But you will think that there may be books that shall teach you all that you can learn, *popular books* as they are called. So there might be, but I cannot yet find one which I think will suit you. Mrs. Somerville's 'Connexion of the Sciences,' though written by a lady, is, I think, the hardest of all; there is a little book by Golding Bird and Charles Brooke, which comes nearest to what I should like to recommend. It is called 'Elements of Natural Philosophy,' and contains the other sciences as well as the science of light. It involves some quantity of mathematics; and it has a very laudable quantity of pictures of phenomena as well as mathematical diagrams. My belief is that what you want you would

[1] In the death of the Honourable Mrs. H. C. Marshall, suddenly at Lucerne.

understand best in a historical form; and I should (I am quite serious) think you might read with advantage the 'History of Optics' in Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences.' The part is short, and what I am afraid of is that the explanations are too short; but if you like to try, I will send you the volume which contains what I mean. Also if you do not like to buy Bird and Brooke's book, I will send you my copy.

The fact is that the 'History of Optics' does not contain many connected facts. There is the explanation of the rainbow (still the most remarkable), and Newton's prism; and then the new discoveries of our own times, which are, I fear, too complex for general readers, though beautiful to the eye as phenomena. I should like to lecture you on this subject; that is, dear Katie, as long as you would like to hear me!

None of the discoveries can be understood well without some pictures.

To the same] *Nov.* 18.

I send you three books, which will tell you, I hope, what you want to know. I have marked the most essential passages—which are not very long—and I shall be very glad if you will tell me of anything which puzzles you, that I may be able to explain it, either to you or to the world when I print again. And so may Athenian Pallas be your aid, my dear Kate, for she is the goddess both of wisdom and of stoutheartedness, and you have a right to her help, for you are not easily daunted.

I have just been reminded very pleasantly of a very pleasant expedition made with you to Rheineck, to visit the Bethmann Holwegs. A young *candidat* has brought me a letter from Bethmann Holweg in which he sends your aunt and you, on the part of his wife and daughters, kind regards; they still, he says, think with pleasure of your visit at Rheineck.

Bethmann Holweg is at Berlin, the leader of the Evangelical party there, attending much to Church history. Hengstenberg, the young man who brought his letter, gives me an interesting account of societies which exist in the German Universities for stamping the 'Heidenthum' with 'Christenthum.' Societies among the students, I mean.

The spring of this year gives us many letters written to Mrs. Whewell during her husband's absence in London. The Bill about to be introduced into Parliament for the reform of the university of Cambridge caused him anxiety and apprehension. The pressure of domestic anxiety of the gravest kind diminished his elasticity and hopefulness. The fact that several of the friends he most valued were in opposition to him and actively engaged in promoting what he thought likely to prove disastrous and destructive, increased the pain and made him exclaim, in reply to one who thought and felt with him, and who expressed his sympathy by saying, 'I fear this is all very trying to you!' 'Trying! it is breaking my heart!' with a voice and manner which has been described to me as most pathetic. Many of the dangers he most feared were averted. Many of the changes carried out worked in a manner different from that which he anticipated. Courage and patience returned; and happier, calmer days. I believe no interruption in his friendships and intimacies resulted in any single case from the antagonisms of this stormy period.

To his Wife] *London: April* 26.

I offered myself to breakfast with Faraday to-day, and went to him at eight o'clock to talk about his theories which I much want to understand fully. He seemed much pleased with my interest in them, and still more so was Mrs. Faraday, who, as the way of the wives of such men is, thinks the world does not fully appreciate her husband.

You might see by the newspapers that the Cambridge Bill was read on Tuesday evening, and that Lord Cranworth and Lord Lyndhurst were the principal speakers. But you would not see there an incident which bears upon the subject, and which has greatly pained me.

You will recollect that the Commission spoke very strongly of the constitution which we, the syndicate, had framed, and

the senate had voted, praising it highly. The Bill is founded upon this; and on the faith of this understanding we told Lord Lyndhurst that we accepted the Bill. So far good. The day before the debate came on, four of the Commissioners sent a letter to the Lord Chancellor to say that they had changed their minds and did not like the constitution. How John Romilly, Peacock, Sedgwick, and, I believe, Herschel, can have allowed themselves to be so led, is past my comprehension. Luckily Cranworth has Monteagle by him to keep him steady to his Bill, so I expect these four gentlemen will do us no harm.

I shall, of course, have to speak of this matter in some form or other, and it will be difficult to do so with moderation; however, I will try.

To the same] *May* 12, 1855.

I employed myself yesterday evening, as I told you I intended, in writing about the University Bill. It is a very disgusting and disheartening subject. The bad faith of the ex-commissioners and the democratic frenzy which prevails in the University make it difficult to act or write with any hope of doing good; but I do not think I can help taking up my testimony against what they are doing. I doubt whether anything can be done with success; still I must do something. I tried to see Lord Lyndhurst to-day (May 13), but failed. I wished to interest him about University matters, and to explain about the 'Government of the Heads,' the cry which our Commissioners have now so strangely taken up, never having said a word in their Report about what they have now gone out of their way to represent as the greatest of the evils in the University. I must in some way say my say about them, and I have got a few pages in the press on the subject, but I have no comfort in the work.

This treatment at the hands of friends, reckoned as such during a whole life, is a hard trial. Disgust, grief, and hopelessness swallow up even indignation.

To the same] *Athenæum: May* 14.

I am here, very weary after my day's work, as I have not been able to get my printed pages forward so rapidly as I

wished. However, I suppose I shall have a number of copies early to-morrow, and I must see if I can distribute them so as to have a chance of producing some effect. The debate on our Bill comes on to-morrow evening. It is very wretched to have to speak so of such men as Sedgwick, Herschel, Peacock, and Sir J. Romilly.

I shall circulate my pages very sparingly, and only among friends, though I think all that I have said is very moderate; but I do not want to be engaged in a paper war, but to put the case before members of Parliament.

To the same] *May* 15.

Our Bill is put off for a week in consequence of the petition, so we have time to turn ourselves, and I think perhaps we shall be able to prevent much of the mischief. By great exertion yesterday and this morning I got my Remarks printed, and with a slight addition I shall make, shall send them to several peers and members of Parliament. I do not find that they shock those to whom I have shown them, as being too strong or rude, and certainly the Commissioners deserve a great deal worse treatment.

I have just been with Lord Lyndhurst, to whom I heard that their petition had been sent, and I gave him my Remarks. His tone was not at all favourable to the petitioners, and I think he will adopt my arguments, which is a great matter.

To the same] *May* 16.

I am just returning from Lord Lansdowne's, where we had a very pleasant dinner party at a round table, as the wont is at that house. The Milmans, Edward Strutts, Sir John Romilly, Monteagle, and also the Matthew Arnolds, and John Barlow, and Lady Shelburne, and Madlle. Flahaut. I sat between Mrs. Strutt and Mrs. M. Arnold, and enjoyed the talk very much, though when I went I thought myself too stupid for any talk.

The ex-commissioners have sent another letter to the Lord Chancellor, in which they urge yet more revolutionary measures in the University and in the colleges than any that have yet been spoken of.

The summer of this year was spent by Mrs. Whewell at Lowestoft. I joined her at Cambridge in July and went with her thither. In September we returned together to Cambridge, and I left her in November, never to see her again.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: June* 10, 1855.

I think you asked in your last letter why I gave up the professorship? Not precisely because I had said all that I had got to say on the subject, as you conjectured; for I have a great deal to say still, and may say some of it if I can find time, but the task of lecturing was difficult to reconcile with the University and college business which I had to do, and I had long been desirous of freeing myself. I held the professorship only that I might induce the University to put some of the arrangements about professorships in a permanent form, which they did at the commencement of this year. Another reason, if any other had been necessary, was that I may very probably have to take the office of Vice-Chancellor next year, and that would make it impossible for me to lecture. But, indeed, without any special reason I had held the office long enough, and it was time to consign it to younger hands. My successor is Mr. Grote, one of our Fellows.

To James Garth Marshall]

Trinity Lodge: Sept. 28, 1855.

I am here, you see, without taking Coniston on my way. I found Corrie desirous of having me at home; and indeed I was very desirous to see her; not, happily, because she was worse, but because she was better than usual, as she still is. If I could only hope that the improvement would be permanent, I should be very happy.

I found that she and Janet had been living together very pleasantly, and indeed I believe merrily. Janet went on Tuesday to Norwich on a visit to a friend there for a few days; and it happened luckily enough that by expediting my journey as much as possible, I arrived here a few hours before she left; so that Corrie was not left in solitude at all.

Our Glasgow meeting was pleasant enough. You may tell

Mary that I met there Mrs. Gaskell, and took her over Glasgow Cathedral by way of getting for a time out of the atmosphere of science. Milnes was there also. She appears well disposed to acknowledge the reasonableness of his advice—not to write the life of 'Currer Bell,' which she has undertaken, so long as the father, the Rev. P. Brontë, is alive. His character, they say, is so peculiar, and had so much influence in the determination of his daughter's habits and course, that any account of her would be imperfect without a good account of him, which could hardly be given to his face.

Mrs. Gaskell gave me an 'Okeawnt o the Greyt Eggshibishun be a Fella fro' Rachde,' a specimen of the Lancashire dialect which I shall try to read to Corrie and Janet; though being barbarians from Yorkshire, I fear they are not well acquainted with our Lancashire Doric.

The most noticeable persons at Glasgow were Charles Bonaparte and his daughter, who was a good deal thrown into the care of my host the Lord Provost, and his sisters-in-law who were with him, somewhat to the embarrassment of the ladies, who could speak little or no French, and Madame Campello as little English.

To Mrs. Austin] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 28, 1855.

How are you, my dear friend? I have heard nothing of you for a long time; for I have not been in London, and have not fallen in the way of any of our common friends. I was in France for a few days—only eight—but there I saw neither Cousin nor St. Hilaire: the former was at some baths I believe, and the latter was not at Paris; and though within reach of it by weekly visits, I missed him. I sent him some Platonic dissertations—for I too venture to write about Plato; and received in return a book about that Indian philosophy to which he now gives so much attention. I cannot persuade myself that the speculations of a quarter of the world which has produced so little effect upon European culture are of any great interest to us, though I quite believe that the Hindoos are the most subtle and thoughtful race that ever lived, except the Greeks.

I the more want to recall myself to your attention, and to

have a word of account of yourself, because I am, I fear, on the brink of a year in which I shall be entirely absorbed in that weary trifling which people call 'business.' Do you recollect how heartily Cowley's muse abuses it?

> Business! the grave impertinence;
> Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
> Business! the contradiction of my fate.

In short, I am threatened with the office of Vice-Chancellor for the coming year, and shall have to put aside philosophy and poetry and everything else for that time. For the occupations are of a nature that never leave one sure of a moment, and sure not to have many moments of leisure.

I have been looking at the new edition—or rather the reprint for publication—of Sydney Smith's letters. I am glad it is published, though I must own I was one of those who hesitated to recommend the publication. The picture of such a noble, upright, cheery, vigorous character is something which it cannot but do men good to look at, and the book is to me attractive beyond measure. I never take it up without reading onwards as long as I have time.

Adieu! my dear friend. You must give me your sympathy, for I have the pain of seeing my wife in much pain and in considerable oppression. These alternations of ill are very distressing.

CHAPTER IX.

1855–1860.

Mrs. Whewell's Death—Visit to Yorkshire—Elegiacs—Vice-Chancellorship—Fitzwilliam Controversy—Railway Accident—Contested Election—Professor of Music—Mr. C. Kingsley's 'Argonauts'—Mr. Ruskin—Kaye's 'Sir John Malcolm'—Mrs. Austin—Johanna Wagner—Ristori—Visit to Hatfield Broad Oak and Hyde Hall—Edinburgh—His Nieces go to Italy—He follows them—Pictures—Return to Trinity—Lecture at Leeds—'Richard II.'—Lectures at Queen's College—Manchester Exhibition—Marriages—Visit to Mr. Arthur Stanley at Canterbury—Mr. Ellis's Sister Lady Affleck—Dr. Whewell's Second Marriage—Bournemouth—Cumberland—Journey to Spain—Eclipse—Coniston Cold Spring.

THE anxiety dwelt upon in the last letter to Mrs. Austin was more than justified by Mrs. Whewell's condition. The dark cloud, which had been so long impending, was now about to burst. Lady Monteagle was summoned to Cambridge early in December, and after some days and nights of terrible suffering, borne with characteristic courage, reinforced by the wish to spare her husband as much as possible the sight of her pain, on the 18th Mrs. Whewell was released by death. The few words written to Professor Sedgwick on the 19th tell as eloquently as any which follow of the complete desolation of one who in middle age had found the peace and joy of perfect sympathy in home life, and to whom, deprived of this, all life seemed emptied of its value. The first thought and wish which gave any gleam of comfort was the desire to draw closer the ties which bound him to his wife's relations, especially to the sister

who, in her own bereavement, had sadly learnt the lessons of faith, submission, and realisation of the Unseen, to him so hard, and to the nieces who, frequent inmates of his home, and tenderly attached to his wife and to him, he felt could best cheer his childless age. His wish to have two of them with him at once, to be present at the funeral, was denied on the ground of health. But as soon as he could leave Cambridge he came down to us and stayed first in one and then in another of the group of family homes near Leeds. To dwell upon the thought of what he had enjoyed for fourteen years, to talk of my Aunt to those who mourned with, as well as for, him, was the consolation he proposed to himself to seek, and it did bring some solace to his pain even in the first days of desolation. Nothing was more touching than the gentleness of his mood, the humility and tenderness with which he courted and encouraged from others the expression both of their sympathy in his grief and of their own sense of loss, as well as of such thoughts as to them brought any measure of calm or comfort. Whilst in the neighbourhood of Leeds he went to see an exhibition of pictures, in which was one by Horace Vernet representing the Angel of Death carrying away a wife from her husband. The picture moved him much. He returned again and again to look at it and dwell upon every detail by which the painter had skilfully succeeded in indicating love and grief and hope. He made the picture the subject of the Third Elegiac.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 19, 1855.

I am very thankful for your great sympathy in my deep sorrow. It is a satisfaction to think that you saw in some degree how kind and thoughtful she was. The riches of her goodness, wisdom, and love no one could know whose whole life was not

united with hers. I must go on with a life emptied of all its value.

I thank you for your offer of writing letters for me. I should be much obliged if you would inform the Herschels of my loss and also Miss Sheepshanks.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 21, 1855.

Though to have you with me would be the sweetest consolation I could now receive, I think your mother and your uncle have judged quite rightly in deciding against your coming here to-morrow. I should be immeasurably distressed if you were to receive an injury to your health, by complying with a wish of mine. And indeed my wish is already gratified; for the root of my strong desire to see you was the need of feeling that we still belonged to each other—that the tie that binds your heart to mine was not broken, though she who was the centre and heart of our common love is taken away from us. Your dear mother's offer to come and bring you and Janet here in a few days touches me inexpressibly; it is most precious to me as making me feel on what terms you are willing that we should be in future. But I will not avail myself of it in that form at present; I am more disposed to come and see you—and then, my love, we can talk of what we have had and what we have lost. If you two were to cease to be my nieces, my daughters—as you were hers, I should indeed be desolate. And you must let me write to you, and you must write to me as you used to do to her. I shall be a stupid correspondent, but that will not make you cease to love me.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 22, 1855.

I must send you a single line to thank you for the kind thoughts which rose in your mind when you heard of my calamity. I am not alone. Lady Monteagle was with me some days before, and has been ever since, and she is all that the tenderest and most thoughtful of sisters can be. Above all, we can talk together freely of what we have lost, which is by far the sweetest comfort within our reach.

In a few days I shall go to Leeds, and shall be with some nieces of hers who are very dear to me. I do not know whether it will be possible for me to come farther north, but if I should have a day or two to spare and you would like to have me, I will let you know.

To Mrs. F. Myers] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 23, 1855.

Precious indeed to me are your words of sympathy. In the desolation which I feel to be gathering round me, my gleam of comfort is that I shall not cease to be bound by the tie of love to those to whom it was so sweet to be bound through her. She will still be a bond of union between you and me, even as your dear husband is already. You can hardly know how much that has been so. I began by loving him because I loved you, but I ended by loving him for himself from the bottom of my heart, and to this day when any new thought on speculative matters rises upon me, it is accompanied with a pang of regret that I cannot impart it to him and have his view of it. And far more now will every thought which arises of anything which is to be done and felt be accompanied with bitter grief, because it must be done and felt alone. For we shared our thoughts from hour to hour, and if I did anything good and right and wise it was because I had her goodness and rightmindedness and wisdom to prompt and direct me.

You speak as from experience of conscious communion of spirit in carrying on the work which we began in our earthly communion. May I be able to feel this! At present I only feel as if all my objects and occupations had lost their value, and my life were emptied of all worth and meaning.

Dear sister—you have ever been very dear to me; let me not lose any portion of your heart, though I have lost what gave me my claim to it. We have our two dear ones united there—let us cling together here. Your dear children are as dear to me as my own could have been, and amongst the solaces of my life must be loving you and them. You know how sweetly patient she was—or rather though you know of her sweetness and patience, you cannot know how touching they were as the end drew near. She often rebuked herself

for expressing her pain in audible moans. The day before the last, when she had long been in great pain, I went to her bedside and looked, I suppose, sadly at her. She smiled very sweetly and said, 'You see I can still muster a smile.' The last day she had been in pain for a day and night and could not obtain a moment's repose. She complained of dreadful weariness from time to time; at night she became weaker and lay more still, and when I went to her and hung over her she said, 'I am not *so* weary now.' In praying by her side, I said, more for myself than for her, 'If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it' . . . and I could not finish the sentence, but she finished it and said, 'Thy will be done.' It is very hard to say, my dear sister, but I must learn the lesson of you as soon as I may.

She said, 'Do not put upon my grave-stone anything that is merely sad and sorrowful.' I replied, 'We are not as those who sorrow without hope.' 'Yes,' she said, 'not without hope;' and I added, 'Your own device which you gave to Susan: "We live to die, we die to live."' And, dearest sister, I want you to give me a sketch of that jewel which she had made for you; for I think that would be the best form of monument to place upon her grave. You will send me this soon, will you not, dearest?

We lay her in the cemetery to-morrow morning at half-past eight. Immediately after the morning service the coffin will be carried into the College Chapel and the service read there, and thence directly to the grave. There is as yet no chapel in the cemetery ground (only a gate-house where the service is commonly read): but we hope soon to remedy this want. Some days before, I told her that I had in my will directed that I should be buried there, and then we would have a church there like St. John's at Keswick. We shall not have a church exactly like that, for it will not be a parish church, but I hope it will rise higher and sooner on account of her lying near it; as assuredly to all who know her it will be more full of holy thoughts and good influences.

I would come to you soon and share my grief with you if it were possible, but my office of Vice-Chancellor makes it difficult for me to be long absent, and I have proposed to go

during the short time that I can be spared to Leeds, that I may see those beloved children Kate and Janet.

Dearest sister—I go on talking to you, and you must let me do so, as I used to talk to her, and then I shall perhaps be less utterly desolate in spirit. Pray tell me where are the lines you quote: 'Then parted—she to Christ's embrace, I to the lonesome world again.' And now for the moment farewell. God comfort you, and me, your brother in deep love and deep sorrow.

To Mrs. O'Callaghan] *Dec.* 27, 1855.

Your girls have always been so much to us—Kate from the earliest period and so often, and Janet of late—that when I was left alone I felt a strong yearning to know, by having them near me, that I had not lost their love. But I am well persuaded that I have not; and I look forward to seeing them again as one of the best comforts which is left me. I should like to see them often, but at any rate you must arrange that I shall see you and them sometimes.

Lord and Lady Monteagle left me on Wednesday. The comfort of her company in my sorrow was more than words can express. But indeed my main comfort now is the love of you who loved her: and that I trust you will let me anchor upon.

To the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Marshall]

Trinity Lodge: Dec. 27, 1855.

Marianne spoke of your intending to provide a separate sitting-room for me, but that is not at all needed. My main comfort will be to be with those who loved her whom I have lost, and who I hope will love me still. I will not promise not to be sad, for I cannot with fortitude look upon the ruins of my life which seem to lie round me; but the sadness has many touches of sweetness, and need not make me repulsive to your children, and they, be sure, will not be troublesome to me.

To Mrs. F. Myers] *Trinity Lodge: December* 30, 1855.

You will let me write a few words to you, for I am very 'lonesome,' not in the 'lonesome world,' as you will suppose,

for I have seen nobody except Worsley and Katharine, but lonesome by being in a hopeless solitude; while hitherto, solitude, whether near her or far from her, has been 'blest society,' because I could not be separated from her. You will forgive my troubled way of expressing myself. I have been working very hard since Marianne left me, and I hope have done something; but what trivialities such things are! But I am somewhat overtasked with this, and am glad that I am going away to-morrow. I go first to James and Mary, and I have no doubt that I shall find there any comfort which I can find anywhere, but I think my main thought of comfort at present is getting out of the circle of daily memories which meet me at every step. And yet, perhaps, these are better than the want of them. But I shall return soon and make the bitter trial.

Dearest Susan, I know you pity me for not being able yet to find any comfort, or at least any sufficing comfort, where you, with your dear faith and resignation, so like hers, have found yours. But do not despair of me; I shall see more clearly, I trust, soon, when the first dark gloom has passed away.

. . . I thank you for all the good and kind thoughts in your last letter; and, as you see, I confide in your love.

The history of the year 1856 is principally contained in the letters to his niece Kate Marshall. Upon her he depended for interest in every daily trifle, and whilst the deeper needs of his desolate heart were, as we have seen already, expressed to the widowed sister, herself acquainted with grief, to be near whom was the greatest solace he could conceive, the thoughts and moods of every day were poured out to this dear niece in almost daily letters. If useful to him, the correspondence was invaluable to her, comforting a young heart which also had sustained an irreparable loss, and pouring a flood of light from his mind upon all the tastes and pursuits which she and her sister shared and cultivated.

To Mrs. F. Myers] *Headingly, Leeds: Jan.* 4, 1856.

You will not be surprised that I have had a desire to put some of my memories of my beloved one in a distinct form. I think that the kind of verse I send you is the best for the purpose. It enables the writer to shake off entirely the encumbrance of poetical phraseology and the vagueness of conventional modes of presentation of thought, and is, to my feelings, as earnest as prose can be, while many of the things said derive force from the symmetry of structure which this kind of composition favours. Whether this may be so for others I cannot tell; but I can say for myself that I could not have written what I have written more solemnly and earnestly in any other form. But I do not want so much to tell you of my own notions as to know what impression my verses make upon you and Marianne. There are very few persons whose feeling for poetry and versification I esteem so highly as yours and hers; and the deep interest the subject has for you will make you recoil from everything which is not perfectly just and true in the expression, as well as sympathise with everything which is rightly said. Tell me what impression my little record makes upon you. And if there are any harsh expressions or awkward lines, tell me of these, that I may give matter so precious the best form that I can.

Adieu, dearest sister. My heart clings to you all with a most tender love.

To the same] *Elmwood, Leeds: Jan.* 11, 1856.

Your letters are the greatest comfort that I have; and the greatest solace I can conceive would be to be near you, where I might see you and talk to you every day. I am here among those who loved her, and who, I think, love me; and especially Kate's society is sweet as ever, and I live in some degree in her dear looks. But it is vain to defer the hour which must soon come, when I must return to my solitude and my work; it will not be quite a solitude, for her dear companionship will still seem to be with me where everything reminds me of her, and I must endeavour to derive strength from it, not weakness.

Your precious book[1] came along with your letter, and I

[1] Lectures on Great Men. By the Rev. F. Myers.

look upon it with strong affection, thinking of you and of him. I think the preface is very satisfactory, and such as he himself would have liked; and if it be from the pen of a stranger, there is at least this satisfaction, that it shows that strangers, as well as we, can admire and love the spirit that breathes in the pages, and thereby affords a promise that the good, warm, and elevated thoughts which he so lovingly poured out for the benefit of those who were near him may extend their influence to many who are afar off.

I am much pleased with what you say of my verses. You are quite right that the measure is suited for elegiac thoughts rather than for effusions so lofty and solemn as the Psalms are. . . .

Your kind thoughts of me and for me are sweetness in the midst of the bitterness which will not be bidden down. They are most precious to me.

Dr. Whewell's apprehension, expressed in October 1855 in a letter to Mrs. Austin, was verified by his election as Vice-Chancellor in the following month. On this, the second occasion of his holding the office, he does not appear to have sketched out for himself, as he did on the first, a programme of changes and improvements he meant to forward. This would have been unnecessary, as the matter of reform was now fairly in the hands of Parliament.

Early in the year 1856 he caused some excitement in Cambridge by re-hanging the pictures in the Fitz William Museum on his own authority and without consulting the Syndicate, to which the management of the Museum was entrusted. The new arrangement, which proceeded on the principle of grouping by schools, seems to have been in itself generally approved, but most persons were disposed to regard the manner in which it had been effected as high-handed and unconstitutional. A majority of the Syndics protested before the work was finished, but the Vice-Chancellor

would not give orders to stop it, and therefore seven of the eight Syndics resigned. It was found difficult to obtain the consent of a sufficient number of persons to act in their places, and in the then temper of the Senate it was doubtful whether a new Management Syndicate could be formed. The difficulty was overcome by the appointment of a fresh Syndicate to revise the existing regulations for the general management of the Fitz William Museum. This Syndicate recommended that the placing of all the articles composing the Collection should be expressly vested in the Management Syndicate. This recommendation was adopted, but the Vice-Chancellor had by this time gained his point and the pictures had been re-hung as he wished.

Mr. Goulburn, who had represented the University in Parliament for four-and-twenty years, having died in January 1856, a contest for the vacant seat took place between the Right Honourable Spencer Walpole and the Honourable George Denman. Mr. Walpole was elected. The polling lasted some days. The scenes in the Senate House were so tumultuous that the Vice-Chancellor took the extreme measure of excluding the undergraduates from the galleries after the first day.

While the Cambridge University Bill was under discussion, the Vice-Chancellor addressed letters to Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Walpole, in which he made some suggestions, in his individual capacity, on certain of the provisions of the Bill. He had previously consulted 'persons of weight in the University,' and he drew attention to the small extent and moderate character of these suggestions as evidence of a wish to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way of the progress of the Bill as it then stood after the modifications introduced in the preceding Session. In his letter to Mr. Walpole

he remarked that the mode of electing the Council had been assimilated to that directed by the Oxford Act, that he thought it a great improvement, and that he did not know that any one dissented. This marks a great concession after the strong opposition he had offered to the first proposals of the Bill. He observed that he still thought the Vice-Chancellor would have too little power, but that he did not ask for any change.

It became his duty before he resigned office to take measures for the preparation of the Electoral Roll previous to the first election of Councillors under the University Act, and for making and promulgating the necessary regulations for the election and assembling of the Council. Thus the last official act of Dr. Whewell as Vice-Chancellor in 1856 was practically the inauguration of the new system of government which he had so long struggled against, but which in the end he accepted without demur.

Dr. Whewell had in his second Vice-Chancellorship the satisfaction of seeing a settlement of differences which had long existed between the University and the town of Cambridge. This was effected by Sir John Patteson's Arbitration Award which received Parliamentary sanction in 1856, and thereby put an end to vexatious inequalities and interferences of ancient date which had become more and more matters of grievance to the inhabitants of the borough.

To Kate Marshall] *Jan.* 17, 1856.

I write to you so soon not only because my heart is full of you, which is reason enough, but because we had an accident in our train yesterday, which you may possibly hear of, and may like to know that I came to no harm. The wheel of a first class carriage broke, and the carriage, after bumping dreadfully, as those said who were in it, fell over on one side. Nobody was

much hurt. Sir William and Lady Herries were in the carriage. He, though lame, and falling undermost, was not hurt at all; she had a fracture of the arm at the wrist. A fine boy on his way to Eton, son of Colonel Smyth of Heath House, was much scratched and bruised, but nothing broken or dislocated. This was all, though there were several others in the carriage.

The results would have been much worse but for the noble courage of a fine young man (whose name I could not learn), who got out at the window and went along the tops of the carriages to the driver. He brought the train to a stand soon.

To the same] *Jan.* 18, 1856.

I must send you one line to salute you on your birthday. How can I tell you, my love, half the good things that I wish you? All that can make you happy; and most of all that you may be in spirit like her whom we have lost. I can wish you nothing beyond.

I sent you the account of my journey and its dangers. Since then I have been very busy. Not but that I have sent off a long screed of verses[1] to your aunt Susan, and I have been especially busy with my picture-hanging.

. . . So I go on vapouring about myself, but I told you it was my way; and you must let me do it to you, and you will, even about duller matters than picture-hanging.

We are to have, besides, an election to enliven us. I hope not a contested one. If Spencer Walpole will stand, which he is asked to do, no one will have any chance. George Denman is in the field also. Sir James Stephen's friends have talked of him, foolishly as I think, and he tells me he considers the suggestion absurd. I have not yet received the writ, so that the election will be thrown into term-time; but if it be a quiet election there will be no great harm done.

God bless you, my dear child, and give you all good gifts.

To Mrs. F. Myers] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 23, 1856.

I may well go on writing to you, for your sympathy makes you divine the tender places of my loneliness. It is, as you

[1] One of the Elegiacs so often referred to. See Appendix.

say, in the evening when I feel it; for in my happy days I had unlearnt the practice of reading to myself in the evenings, and do not feel as if I could resume it. I walk about, or screech my recollections of songs, or copy out verses as I am doing this evening. I copy them out, but do not write them then; this is done mostly by rising in the night when I cannot sleep. I send you another strain of my elegiacs, which I think will interest you.

I am having the stone executed which is there described. I hope you will come and see it, for I hope you will come and see me, and cheer my lonely evenings, if it be but for a while. . . .

You constantly produce such sweet snatches of song that I exclaim, like Wordsworth to his 'dear, dear sister,' that your 'Memory is as a dwelling-place to all sweet sounds and harmonies.' Where are those most wise and pathetic verses which you quote, 'To weep or not to weep'? God bless you, dearest. I am languishing for some of you; and am trying to tempt Mary Alice to come here on her way to London.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Jan.* 25, 1856.

This is our day of great bustle and noise. There is an abominable tumult in the Senate House all the while that the Degrees are conferring. This is just over. I got through it, I believe, successfully, in a shorter time than usual; but all success now only makes me cry, because I have not her to share it with, and loses all value. Tears were trickling down my face great part of the time: so unlikely a thing in a Vice-Chancellor in his chair that probably nobody saw it: I hope so. And now, darling, I tell it to you that I may not feel so lonely, nor life so very worthless.

I am perfectly overwhelmed with applications for the Professorship of Music; and the organist's place. I find that Charles Spring Rice is on Mr. Denman's Committee, and that Mr. Denman is growing 'very excited,' which I fear means obstinately bent upon going to the poll, however little chance he may have.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 1, 1856.

I am writing early in the morning, 5 A.M. (by a good fire, however), that I may send you a letter soon. It is not so much that I cannot sleep as that I really have so much work that I cannot otherwise get through it. I have to give my opinion in the adjudication of the Smith's prizes to-day, and I have yet to look over the examination papers.

I suppose I shall have the writ for the election to-day or to-morrow, and must then make arrangements for the voting which seems certain to take place. It will be a vile interruption of all rational work.

I never thanked you as I ought to have done for the 'Bairnsla Fooks' Annual,' which I have not yet had time to study as it deserves.

Do you know 'Mrs. Spry'[1] has all but given me up. She comes in for a little while at dinner, but looks discontented and soon goes away. She does not know that it is no fault of mine that I am so stupid. She will not turn at the delicacies she used to prize so much—biscuit, cheese. One day to regain her favour I absolutely carried the wing of a pheasant into the garden for her. She followed me thither from habit, but turned up her nose at it when I had thrown it on the ground.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 5, 1856.

I am afraid that for the next week I shall be able to write to you only little. This detestable election is to take up all my time. The two sides opposed to one another conspire to destroy the Vice-Chancellor. The Walpolians thinking themselves strong in the clergy wish to have as many days as possible, which is *five*. The Denmanites trust in the London lawyers, and want many hours each day, and (odious contrivance) an evening sitting. I am not very easily frightened, but I confess I look at this prospect with horror. Besides, the mere sitting so long will be 'awfully unjolly.' I expect trouble with the galleries, where the undergraduates love to make a noise, which is not only scandalous, but makes business impossible. If it were only for one or two days, I think I could contrive some-

[1] Mrs. Whewell's little dog.

thing to keep them in order; but I shall never find troops staunch enough to fight them for five days.

See what a life of fights I have! My Fitzwilliam fight will, I think, end without ill-humour. Dr. Philpott has agreed to be on a committee to make rules for the future; and I believe there is no dissentient voice as to the goodness of the arrangement.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 6, 1856.

I told you I was frightened at the disturbance and uproar of the election (of course not at the labour). I think I have taken such precautions that I shall be able to keep matters pretty well in order, even for the five days. And at any rate I think I shall so manage that I shall not come into any personal relations with disorderly people, and that if we are beaten from the best position, we can retire on the second best. This, you are to understand, I conceive to be a wise line of proceeding; if only I can carry it into effect!

Thank you very much for your edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets. I rejoice very much to have it given me by you. But what I am trying to find for you is an edition of the Sonnets without the other poems which this volume contains, the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. I am preparing for my first election day, and wondering whether I can contrive to insert a ride as well as a dinner between 4 and 7.30.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 9, 1856.

I must write to you, it seems so long since I did so; seems long because so much has been doing. I have been obliged to fight a battle, and it is still going on. The galleries behaved so very ill on Thursday—shouting incessantly, so that the polling could not go on except in dumb show—that I was resolved to keep the men out of them from that time. I had taken my precautions, so that I did this effectually all yesterday; but it made them very angry.

They screeched and howled outside till they were tired; and when I went home at four, they were assembled in great numbers and hooted me all the way to Trinity. This was really music to my ears, for though I was sorry to vex the men, I was

glad to hear them own themselves beaten. When I had to go to the evening meeting at the Schools, it was reported to me that the streets were full, the men,—angry, had put out the gas at the barricades, and seemed to mean mischief.

I was counselled to go quietly by side gates; but this counsel I rejected, and directed that we should go out at the front gate, and in at the front gate. The Masters of Arts who were near escorted me, and we got easily into the Senate House Yard; the more easily inasmuch as the insurgents were collected at the barricaded gate which is opposite St. Mary's, and I went by the Senate House Gate. This made them more angry still; and after I had been taking the votes in the Schools under the University Library for some time, the windows were assailed from without, and broken glass began to jingle. They had forced the crazy old gate opposite Clare Hall (I never thought of securing that), and had got into the Library Quadrangle. However, they made no way; but when the sitting was over, escort was necessary, for I think they did mean mischief. However, I walked safely home, holding my head as high as I could. The Masters of Arts kept close to me, but there seemed to be a large and fierce mob behind.

Now that we have again time to repair our defences, I think we shall be able to repel all attacks. The senators are so thoroughly committed to the conflict that they must fight it out and stand by me. See how warlike I am, dear Kate!

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 9.

I want to give you the earliest information that the election is over. Mr. Denman has resigned, just in time to save me from a somewhat perilous evening's walk.

The men were said to be still very angry: but I should not have been afraid of them. It is the gownless rabble who are the most noisy and mischievous on such occasions. The mayor had promised me police, and to keep *them* in order. We have still the declaration of the poll on Monday, and I must keep the galleries clear on that day also, or I shall have all my work undone.

I am sorry for your solitude. How I wish I could come to

you as you came to me, that I might talk to you all my 'vapouring' instead of writing it.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 10.

You see I am growing very intemperate in the indulgence of writing to you, but it is a great comfort, and especially when you tell me that you are thinking about me and I may suppose you like to know how the story goes on.

I told you that Denman had resigned; but last night's work did not end there. When the mob found themselves defrauded of their expected uproar by my not going to the schools, they raised a cry, 'To Trinity Lodge,' and rushed to our gate. Our porter, luckily, was resolute and kept them out single-handed. They afterwards went to St. John's, where they tried to force the gate, and to Christ's, where they made the same attempt. They failed at the front gate, but broke in at the kitchen-door. However, they went away, frightened, I believe, at their own success. The provoking thing is, that I can find no one who has courage and sense to face the men and identify them. The greater part of them are not gownsmen, so I am writing to the mayor for police; but I do not expect there will be much more disturbance.

You ask about my rides. I have ridden every day from four to five. It cheers and exhilarates me, and in riding I compose proclamations and schemes. Yesterday I had invented an excellent wire boarding-net to protect a weak wall, and was going to have it executed when I found the note announcing Denman's retirement. The evening before, I rode through the streets a quarter-of-an-hour after I had been followed home by what the newspapers call 'an infuriated mob,' but no one raised tongue or hand. One man, I think, tried to groan, but I am not sure; and he was very welcome to do it. I will close my letter later; I am told there are to be groaners on the way to St. Mary's, but I do not believe it.

Past 8 P.M.—It was all nonsense, as I supposed, and it is reported to me that the streets are quite quiet. I shall finish the election to-morrow morning, and I am just penning an address which will be circulated soon after. I intend it to be conciliating to the undergraduates, but there are certain foolish senators to

whom I must give a slap—of course, in a grave and Vice-Chancellor-like way—so I go on 'vapouring' to you!

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 11, 1856.

I must go on with my bulletins of the war, especially as I now send you the last, what the Duke of Wellington called 'a Song of Victory.' We had the end of the election this morning in what, I believe, would be called a very 'slow way,' that is, we got through the formalities as fast as possible, not being disturbed by the galleries.

So I have sent a large parchment letter to London, to tell the Queen that we have elected Mr. S. H. Walpole to be our 'true and lawful Burgess.' And so everything has passed off quite well, and I have been successful in all that I tried to do. And so—I could not help crying profusely, while they were counting the votes, to think how sweet all this success would have been a little while ago, and how heartless it is now. Dearest Kate, I do not well to oppress you with my sorrows, but I think you will feel them.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 24.

Where are you? I have lost you and must try to find you, for my days are very blank without you. I suppose you are at Dovenby, enjoying mountain breezes and the idle brooks that are allowed to play without working, though very likely your neighbours make them grind oatmeal.

We are here growing more and more eager about the election of a Professor of Music. I have fixed Tuesday, the 4th, for the election. Mrs. Frere is very zealous for Mr. Sterndale Bennett; and, by way of falling in with her humour, I have asked her to come and stay with me here, and canvass the College and the University to her heart's content. I think, too, Lord Monteagle will come and vote, though I hardly know for whom. It is wonderful what a stir this election seems to make in London. Poor Lord Monteagle must be much afflicted at the loss of his sister;[1] they were so fond of each other, and had mingled their enjoyment of literature and art so much.

[1] Lady de Vere.

I wonder what came of your lecture on the 'Plurality of Worlds'; which side did the lecturer take and how did he deal with the question? What kind of impression was made upon Theodosia and the younger hearers? It is difficult to present so doubtful a question to such hearers without misrepresenting it. They do not understand doubting in teachers; they want to be told that a thing is, or is not; and that is more than your lecturer could really tell, whatever he may have pretended.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 27.

I send you a sermon which I preached. You will see, if you read it, what thoughts were in my mind. The words that it contains are very weak; all words are very weak for such thoughts and such things.

I rejoice much to think of you among the mountains and in the pure air of the country; last year we were trying to find country in this neighbourhood—you and I.

I am sorry you are still puzzled about Light. I wish I were near you to help you over some of your difficulties, or rather to ascertain what it is you wish to know which can be known, for there are many of the most obvious questions which the philosophers cannot answer. For instance, as to the cause of colour and change of colour in different bodies, Newton's guesses (they are no more) are of no value; nor those of anybody since him.

You talked of an intention of reading Ruskin's new volume while you were at Dovenby, and I was going to do the same that I might be employed on the same thoughts as you. I can read it as poetry and wit, and never mind the rest.

I am supposed to have behaved with great 'magnanimity' because, when a list of the rioters was offered me, I said, 'The election is over, they will not do it again,' and rejected the record.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: March* 10.

I have got and read Kingsley's 'Argonauts,' which is certainly told in a very animated and fairy-tale manner; the cleverer on his part, inasmuch as the 'Argonautica' of Orpheus, on which it is founded, is a book of small repute among Greek

scholars. Have you read the 'Wanderings of Ulysses,' which is a book by Charles Lamb, of the same kind? If not I must get it for you. The children would be sure to like it.

To the same] *Athenæum: March* 15, 1856.

When I am tired of walking about the dusty streets in this cruel east wind, I come here to the Athenæum and read Ruskin, and fancy that you are reading him too. And in truth you have, that way, led me to a very entertaining occupation; for, as in others of his books, in spite of his defects, I find a great deal to interest me and not a little to instruct me. I have been extremely amused by his chapters about the landscape-painting of the classical poets, of the mediæval and of the modern, and by the moral of landscape; all full of thought and ingenuity, and sensibility, even where wrong.

Do you observe how he begins these speculations by a most fierce denunciation of the distinction of *subjective* and *objective*; knowing well (how can he help but know?) that that is precisely the distinction on which he has to insist? He calls these two divisions of poetry *sentimental* and *creative*, which are very good names, but do not make the others bad ones. The fact is, that (as I dare say I may have told you before) objective is a very good word, for it means that which deals with external objects, but subjective is not a good word, for the word *subject* in the sense there intended is a technical word of very partial propriety. Instead of subjective say, as Ruskin says, sentimental, or mental, or reflective, and the meaning will be clear to the common reader. And so much for *subjective* and *objective*. There is a witchcraft about this antithesis which compels people to go on talking about it when once they begin. But it is a pleasant discussion in Ruskin. And then his estimate of Scott, which is hardly too high, and which is very suggestive, comes out of it very pleasantly.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: March* 20.

Your letter came to me in London, which I hardly hoped, so I write to thank you for being such a dear good child as to write it. I enjoyed being in London so far as seeing dear sisters and brothers went—not much else. I think you know

that I am not enthusiastic about Jenny Lind's singing. I stayed over Tuesday to hear her in the 'Messiah,' which I think I do understand; but her singing of it, though good, does not seem to me to come up to the best that I have heard. Perhaps that is an elderly gentleman's fancy. I should like to hear her at a morning oratorio in a cathedral, for there music is far more sweet than in London in an evening.

I met your friend Marianne North one evening in Park Street, and was glad of the opportunity of talking to her of you. You may imagine all the harm we contrived to say of you! I was amused with your account of your legal studies; but, seriously speaking, a little discipline in the precision of law language and the application of legal principles is a good element in education; just as Euclid is, which ladies sometimes learn.

I did not see Reginald when he came to London to see the boat-race. I hope he was satisfied. I wonder whether he was the man whom a friend of mine met in the street, and on saying to him, 'What do you think of the great event?' (meaning the birth of the *fils de France*) was answered, 'We were sure the Cambridge men could do it!'

I am very sorry for the Dean of Carlisle.[1] I hear your uncle William has offered him Hallsteads for his convalescents.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: March* 23.

How do you get on with Ruskin? I should like more and more to have read it with you; one cannot read such a book over again with quite the same interest, and there is a great deal to be said about his book and his subject. As to 'finish,' I think it is very plain that his account of it is not the right one. Take such an example as this. Landseer paints a dog, or any other creature, so that the hair looks like hair, wet or dry, rough or smooth, as he likes. You look near and you see that the effect is not produced by painting *hairs*, but by wonderful dashes, and smears, and touches, which you never would have thought of. Denner paints the same thing, hair by hair, with the most wonderful fidelity and patience. His work will

[1] The present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait.

bear the microscope. Which picture do we call finished? undoubtedly the latter. But does it differ from Landseer's only in having more truth? By no means. It has lost Landseer's kind of truth, and given another kind which most people do not like so well. What then do I say is 'finish'? I think that the best definition of it would be *microscopic truth*; that is, truth in which you discover new and true features the more you look into the detail. But is this the best kind of pictorial truth? I think not; Landseer's is a better picture. If you go a yard from it the merit of Denner's vanishes, and even in the best finished pictures the microscopic truth soon fails, as Ruskin himself teaches.

The hairs of Denner's dog, if looked at with a microscope, are seen to be mere streaks of paint. It is only finish up to a certain point that is valuable in painting; and on this account there are merits in painting opposite to 'finish.' What is 'touch' in drawing? Something by which you tell to the eye what you cannot tell by finish. You cannot draw every leaf of a tree, but by touch you suggest them.

Ruskin's idolatry of Turner leads him to absurd and ignorant depreciation of other artists. It is not true that Constable does not distinguish black shades from black moss patches. Constable was fond of truth, as Turner was, and sought it most diligently and told it his own way; and the same is true of all the other most admired landscape painters.

You are quite right to call to mind Schiller's Essay upon 'Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' It is really the starting-point of all that has been written since upon the subject, call it objective and subjective, or by whatever other names you will.

For the last few days I have had the judges here, and also an oriental historian, Mr. Kaye, who wrote a history of the war in Afghanistan, and also a life of Lord Metcalfe. He is now employed in writing a life of Sir John Malcolm, who as you know was a great Indian statesman and soldier, and a very dear friend of mine. His daughter was, and is, one of the charming Kates that, as I have told you, I have known. Kaye comes to me to pick up such recollections as he can of his hero. I sent him to Sedgwick, who also was a friend of Sir John's. If he

could keep him to the subject he might get a good deal from him.

I am sorry you had not more pleasure from the Cathedral at Carlisle. When I last looked into it it was so cumbered by workmen that I could see little of it; but I recollect some of the faults you mention. I took a ride yesterday to an old building in this neighbourhood, Childerley, where Charles I. slept two nights when Colonel Joyce had seized him and was taking him to the army. The room in which he slept has always been preserved, with its old decorations, but Mr. Calvert, to whom the house belongs, has restored, almost rebuilt, it. Among other parts, they have restored the chapel, which, not being used, is merely a large vacant room. I asked the good woman of the house what it was to be for. 'Oh!' she said, 'a chapel, or a school, or a smoking-room, or something of that kind.'

I wish I were with you to discuss Ruskin. My advice would be, enjoy his eloquence and his wit (for there is a great deal of wit), but do not let his paradoxes puzzle you. If you try ever so hard, and seem for a time to understand them, you will find they will soon have vanished out of your mind. To attempt to preserve them is like making a collection of soap-bubbles, on account of their beautiful colours.

To the same] *April* 4.

To-day I am going to ride a little further than usual to see a church (Burwell), belonging to the University, which wants mending. My ride is all along the edge of our 'sublime fen,' as my friend Kenelm Digby calls it.

I have bought at the amateur exhibition here, a picture by William Millais, the brother of John Millais, the Pre-Raphaelite, and himself plainly a kindred soul, which I should like to show you with reference to the question of 'What is finish?' For my picture, a waterfall, is full of immense detail and of laborious truth—I mean in ferns, leaves, grass, rocks, water, and the like—and yet would not be called finished ordinarily, because it wants smoothness in the ultimate touches.

It is pleasant to dwell upon the scheme of your meeting your aunt Susan here, even though you seem to have so many

ties and occupations that it is difficult to get you away from home. It is pleasant, and, indeed, it is necessary, for me to dwell upon such hopes; for it is only such hopes that make life to be life to me now. But I do not want to trouble you with my sorrow; only it is very true that the pleasantest employment which my thoughts have is looking forward to the time when I shall again see your dear face.

To Miss Kate Malcolm] · *Trinity Lodge: April* 4, 1856.

It is a great pleasure after so long an interval to find our correspondence resumed, and the old ties between us knit together again. And this might be done much more completely, but for the bad habit which you have of making only short visits to England, and living the greater part of your time abroad. If you will only come and stay at home and be a good English woman, you have no notion how much we will love you and how much we will make of you. At least I can speak for myself. So I am very glad indeed that you speak of not being again such determined absentees as you have been. I am glad that your mother found Mr. Kaye ready to listen to her representations. When he was with us here, he expressed a strong desire to conform himself as far as he could to the wishes and views of your family. Of course we are not to expect that he will have the ardent admiration for your father, which you, my dear Kate, and I venture to add, I, had. But he seems to be desirous of doing justice. His notion of drawing a contrast in all points between Sir J. Malcolm and Sir C. Metcalfe was exaggerated and erroneous, as I tried to convince him; I hardly know with what success. I hope the book will on the whole not vex you or your dear mother. Having gone so far with him, the only thing at present is, to remedy the errors in detail as much as possible.

Your account of your aunt interests me much. I knew your uncle well. He was here several times; much esteemed by my predecessor, Dr. Wordsworth. The resignation which you describe of Mrs. G. Malcolm, his widow, is touching—and enviable. And I have no doubt, my dear Kate, that your society soothes her much. Do you recollect the lines in the

Christian Year? It came out after I was used to quote poetry to you, but we all quote it now.

> Why should I faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die.

The thought does not seem to me to be true.

We faint and fear to live *alone*, though we may be ready to die as God wills.

And now I must say good-bye, dear Kate. I do not think it likely that I can leave Cambridge before the 18th, or indeed before the 26th. But if you must go, come back soon, and be always and ever the dear Kate that you have ever been.

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: April* 13, 1856.

You are very right in saying that I loved your mother very much. I loved her at first better than I loved any of her daughters: and if to repine at the doings of Providence had been permitted, I should not have repined at any former event so much as that she was taken away so soon after she became my mother. And indeed I think she had a mother's heart for me. She told me so. And I do not know whether you are quite aware, dearest Susan, how necessary it is for me to have somebody to love me. I would if possible, inherit all the love that you had for *us* both.

I will, you may be sure, do all I can to help you in finding a good school for your dear boys. . . .

To Miss Kate Malcolm] *Audley End: April* 18, 1856.

So, my dear Kate, you think that you have caught me; and that after the professions I have made I must do your bidding in the matter you mention. I think it is at least reasonable that I should give you good reasons why I cannot do it; which I am very sorry for, since it would have given me great pleasure to do justice to your father, and to do anything which you wish. The fact is that I have not the habits, connections, or talents requisite for the review which you want.[1]

[1] In answer to a request, apparently, to review Mr. Kaye's 'Life of Sir J. Malcolm.'

I have written very few review-articles in the course of my life; and those have not been popular, except one or two on scientific subjects. On other matters people are not disposed to listen to me, and I am not skilful in speaking to them. When I have written in the 'Quarterly Review,' a long time ago, I have been disgusted with the way in which the editor disfigured my articles. Lockhart used me very ill in that way. At present I do not even know who the editor of the 'Quarterly' is, and have not the remotest expectation that he would insert an article by me, even if I were to write one. But especially an article on Indian affairs, which he would very justly believe I ought not to write and could not write well. For, as you may guess, I really know nothing about Indian affairs; and could not, even by reading your father's book and others, diligently for months, seem to know so much as the reviewer of Mr. Kaye's work should know. Therefore, my dear Kate, you must excuse me though I do not do this thing which you ask me; and must keep me in your kind regard notwithstanding; and must believe that I should like much to do anything which you wished, where the reasons the other way were not so strong.

I hope Mr. Kaye's book will fall into the hands of some much fitter critic. I think that generally the readers of biographies read the letters which they contain, and in doing that, Mr. Kaye's readers can hardly fail to see that he has not done your father justice.

I sent yesterday, directed to you, a few verses [1] which will explain themselves. They need to be read by indulgent eyes, but your eyes will be indulgent. Such efforts of a sorrowful man to soothe his grief by expressing it, are, after all, very ineffectual.

Thank you, dear Kate, for your kind sympathy, as expressed in your last. Even when we are so happy as to attain to a feeling of Divine companionship, we need here a sympathy in the feeling.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: April* 16, 1856.

Now that I have finished my Elegiacs it seems almost a profanation to have done it. Not, however, to send them to

[1] The Elegiacs referred to before.

you, who know when and how they were written. Every time I look at them I feel how weak and worthless words are. May you never, my love, have the like experience! I send you copies for dear Janet and your dear mother, and will send you others for any friends to whom you wish to give them—for you will not give them to any one who will not make allowance for the efforts of a sorrowful man, to soothe his sorrow by giving it utterance. But the verses must say all this for themselves.

To the same] *April* 22, 1856.

I am going to do a very idle piece of truant playing. I am going with Monteagle to see the Naval Review at Spithead to-morrow. It is not that I care for the show, but none of you come to me here, and I grow so weary of my own company that I must make a break. I do not mean to complain of you, I am sure you will come when you can.

By the way, you may go on with your Ruskin reading to a large extent. Here is his fourth volume on my table; and a long and serious review of him (reviewal, Lockhart always wrote it, when he meant a single article *in* a review) in the 'Quarterly,' and another in the 'Edinburgh.' The new volume appears to be mainly about Turner, which is generally his best vein. I have not read much of it (how I wish you were here to read it with me!) but I am amused with his present notion of truth in painting. Your picture is true if you paint what you *see in your own mind*. Accordingly, when Turner, painting a scene where there is one mountain ridge 3,000 feet high, represents three ridges each 10,000 feet high, it is true, because a dream told him to do it. But through all this nonsense gleam constant flashes of poetry and bright satire.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: April* 26, 1856.

I came home with Mr. and Mrs. Milnes and the Bracebridges (Miss Nightingale's companions), as well as Lord Monteagle. We had a meeting in aid of the Nightingale Fund, of which I was chairman. It was very interesting, even affecting, to hear Mr. Bracebridge describe in the simplest way, by numerous traits of character and small events, Miss Nightingale's way of doing her work.

To Miss Kate Malcolm] *Trinity Lodge: May* 1, 1856.

I was very sorry not to be able to make my way to you yesterday. I was seeing sights with some boy nephews, an engagement which they much reckoned upon, and I was loth to disappoint them. But I cannot be satisfied without knowing how your dear mother is, after hearing how ill she was on Tuesday. So be a dear good child, as you are, and write me news of her. And then you will tell me if your plan holds of leaving England at the beginning of next week. It is quite sad to me, after getting a sight of you once or twice after so long an interval, to lose you again, nobody knows for how long, or into what remote regions swept away. Even if I could move into any part of Europe as easily as I used to do in former times, I could not make any attempt to find you in foreign lands this year. Undoubtedly, in those former days, such a motive would have been very sufficient to determine the direction of my summer travels; but this summer I can go nowhere except where I can go with my three Esquire-Bedels carrying their silver maces before me; which necessarily makes my motions somewhat circumscribed. So you must, like a dear friend as you are, write to me from time to time, and let me, at least in that way, keep my hold upon you.

I forget whether I told you that Sir H. Rawlinson has borrowed the Babylonian cylinder, inscribed with arrow-headed characters, which your dear father gave to this College; and that it is found to contain a curious history of some portion of the family of Nebuchadnezzar. He is going to send me a translation of it.

Various visits from relations and old friends came as a most welcome break in the solitude of this sad year. Lord and Lady Monteagle went down as often as the claims of London would permit; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spring Rice were most welcome guests; Dr. Mackreth paid a visit which is referred to in a few lines written May 7; and Mrs. Austin, in whose society Dr. Whewell had very great pleasure, stayed with him shortly afterwards, bringing her brother, Mr. Taylor,

with her. Miss Statter passed some time at the Lodge in the later summer. The meeting of the British Association tempted him to Cheltenham in July, and that of the Archæological Institute to Edinburgh in August. His Lancashire and Cumberland friends were visited both before and after. In fact, he was restless, and wandered about hither and thither, drawn in one direction or another by the attraction of sympathy in his loss, or by the hope of finding comfort in the revival of old affections and associations which, though never forgotten, had remained latent during his happy married life. Literary and intellectual occupations had lost their charm for a time, and the general public was no longer an audience he cared for.

To Mrs. Austin] *Trinity Lodge: May* 23, 1856.

I was glad to hear of you, my dear friend, and to hear of your being in harbour again. I hope you have as pleasant recollections of the part of your voyage which lay through Cambridge as I have. Your coming dispelled an almost intolerable gloom of solitude which was settling upon me; and though it may well be that such relief is only temporary, I am not the less thankful for it.

It seems to me, at present at least, doubtful whether literary and intellectual occupations will ever supply any large portion of such relief. I have been led to feel that the main value of such employments is the points of sympathy which they supply with those with whom we live. Thinking, itself, seems a very aimless and useless employment when there is no one to whom one is in the habit of imparting one's thoughts. As for the public and those who represent it, I feel less and and less care for its sympathy; for the creature is very stupid; and very often says, or is made to say, very spiteful as well as silly things. But I must not weary you with my weariness and wailing. I am very grateful for your kindness—affection, I gladly think that I may write; and feel a pleasure in all speculation and literature which may give me a sympathy with

you. Whether anything of the kind remains on my side must be seen hereafter.

I shall read with great interest what you say of Goethe. I really was partly won by what Mr. Lewes says of him; though Mr. Lewes is a critic who has been absurdly unjust to me; but I hold firm to my opinion that the Hermann and Dorothea is the best specimen not only of his morals and heart, but of his genius. I forgot to ask you when you were here, whether you ever saw a long commentary on that poem by Wilhelm von Humboldt; another trait of the deep vein of sentiment which ran through his mind, under all his learning and wisdom; and, indeed, it is a part of the wisdom of our dear Germans that they have such a vein.

I hope we shall meet again before long. I shall be in London on the 29th, for a few days, at Charles Spring Rice's, in Eaton Place, South; and if you come to town about that time I will seek you out if it be possible. I send you the papers you mention, though they are of too temporary a kind to be worth it. I send you also your pen, though I would more willingly give it you; but I fear my memory. I hope my way of packing it will succeed. Goethe once gave a book to a lady of my acquaintance, and in wrapping it up for her, said, 'If I can do anything it is to fold a packet.' I am afraid I cannot even do that!

To Miss Kate Malcolm] *Trinity Lodge: May* 28, 1856.

I ought not so long to have left your last kind note unanswered; for it has been most pleasant to find myself once more exchanging such notes with you. But I have had a series of visitors here, occupying my time and my thoughts. After a season of very dreary solitude, a number of very dear persons, sisters and nieces of her who has left me so lonely, have been with me. If you were to stay in England I should hope that you and they or some of them might become acquainted; for it seems to me only reasonable to share our best possessions, our friends, with our friends; but so long as you go rambling as you have done and only let me have a glimpse of you myself from time to time, I must think that much (as indeed I do), and only look forward to the time when I myself may see you

again. I am still in a good measure the prisoner of the silver maces, and quite in need of all the sympathy that you can bestow upon me for my hard fate. In the course of next week I follow the maces—I may say so, for they go before me—into the Queen's presence, to deliver to her an address which I have had to compose, congratulating her on the peace; and on Friday—but that to be sure, is without the maces—I have to go to a concert at the Palace, to which she is good enough to invite me. But, so far as I can foresee, I shall for the most part be a prisoner here during the summer; and if I can get myself free for a week or two, I must go into my own beloved north, and pick up the recollections that belong to the mountains and the valleys there. It is not impossible that I may go as far as Edinburgh, for there is a gathering of antiquarians there; and there are to be some expeditions to the Scotch abbeys, which I think will be interesting if your Scotch mists will allow them to be so. But all this is very doubtful. Nothing is certain but that I shall be here very solitary and very dull during a great part of the summer.

I go on writing about myself as if there were nothing else to write about; but in truth it is to induce you to do the like, and to tell me about yourself and your dear mother. I hope you made the crossing to Boulogne in comfort, after doing Neptune the honour of waiting for his more tranquil moods. I hope especially that I have not, by waiting so long, lost my hold on you, and allowed you time to leave Boulogne and to fly off into some unknown region.

To Kate Marshall] *May* 9, 1856.

I was right glad to see your handwriting again, not that I mean at all to complain of you; but I have nothing now to do with my thoughts half so pleasant as to think when you will write and when you will come. And yet I have not been quite alone these last two days. I have had with me Mrs. Austin and her brother, John Taylor. He is quite a wonder of an old man; mild, kind, intelligent, and full of recollections of all the things he has seen in his long life. He has been a very large manager of mines in every part of the world, from South America to Norway, including the copper-mine at Coniston;

and is still much engaged in such matters, though he grows feeble, and leaves them mainly to his sons. His sister is very fond of him, and it is pleasant to see how she takes care of him, and gives him the kindness which old age so much needs, and to hear him call her Sally!

They are on their way to Norwich, which is the original nest of the family, but where he has not been for forty years.

I shall send this to Eaton Square, where I think you were to arrive to-day. I hope you will enjoy your London sights, and still more, as I know you will, your London friends. I see that Mr. Ruskin has been publishing a pamphlet about the water-colour exhibition. I presume you Ruskinians will read it before you go or while you are there. It will not fail to be amusing and probably instructive.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: June* 22, 1856.

It was a great happiness to see you as often as I did while I was in London. I wanted to have been with you yet a little more, and to have taken you with me to see and hear Johanna Wagner. I did not propose it for fear of being thought unreasonable. I should have enjoyed her much more if you had been with me, but I did enjoy seeing and hearing her very much, as it was.

She is a fine tall, graceful, figure, with noble and impressive gestures and attitudes, and her singing is to me very striking and dramatic. Grand eloquent runs through wide intervals, and most impressive contralto notes at the end of them, full of dramatic power. I believe the subtle connoisseurs find a want of Italian refinement in her manner, but I was satisfied and delighted, and want to hear her again and again. And the opera, 'Romeo e Giulietta,' contains the most pathetic position in Shakespeare's play, made even more pathetic than he has made it. She is thrown into a death-like slumber, which drives him to poison himself in despair; and then she awakes before he dies, but too late to save him. And Miss Wagner made this really pathetic in acting. I see that Ristori is acting that miserable play 'Pia dei Tolomei,' which I saw her act in Paris. Worse even than the last act of Maria Stuarda, for she is dying all through the play.

I went to Sir James Stephen's on my way here, and was glad to be there. It was pleasant to see Milly, but one could not talk much with her in two days.

I am as if alone here, for though A—— and B——, and I suppose other persons, are here, I feel little comfort in the thought of going to them. I have turned to *her* dear letters, which are sweeter than can be imagined, and it is not such a heart-breaking employment now that I may speak of it to you. And yet it is unreasonable at your age to draw your thoughts again and again to the subject, and indeed I almost think I ought to destroy this.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: July* 1, 1856.

I have had all the hubbub of the Commencement for the last few days. I think you were never here at that time—indeed I have generally been absent myself. I have had Lizzie [1] with me, and her brother James. She, I am glad to see, makes a very favourable impression upon all whom she meets. Yesterday I had an official dinner, and set her to sit at the head of the table, with the Bishop of Lichfield for her partner. She is not frightened at such distinction (she was the only lady), simply because she is entirely frank and natural, and has great pleasure in hearing men talk and in being talked to.

To-day Madzie and Harty Doria and she have been to the Senate House together, to see the great show of the Commencement, when the prize poems are recited and all the ladies collect. The Senate House was full without being too full, and the gentlemen had the grace to let the ladies have the seats, so the house looked prettier than I ever saw it look before. Among the new Doctors we had Mr. Sterndale Bennett, made a Doctor of Music, but he did not appear in the beautiful 'singing robes,' as Milton calls the poet's official dress, which poor Professor Walmisley used to wear. Now that this is over, I believe the stillness of the real vacation will begin to settle upon Cambridge.

To the same] *Lowestoft: July* 12, 1856.

Part of my Essex visit was to lay the stones of two churches in a very large parish (Hatfield Broad Oak) which we (the

[1] Miss Statter.

College) have to do with; part of it was a sort of 'Sentimental journey.' I wanted to see again Hyde Hall, a house of Lord Howden, where nearly or quite thirty years ago Sir John Malcolm lived on returning from his government in India, and where I often was. His family (as I have often told you) were very charming persons, and especially a certain Kate, who was then about the age that you were when I first knew you, dear child. I just gave a glance at the house to retouch the ancient memories, and found that they flashed up into lively colours as if they had been pictures of yesterday.

Then again I had another revival of old recollections. I went with Thurtell (my Norfolk host) to look at a 'long-and-short' church, and there we found the vicar and his pretty pleasing wife. It soon appeared she was the grand-daughter of my first classical schoolmaster,[1] an old clergyman, who now at eighty-seven does his daily duty. By dwelling among these ancient memories, I seem as if the present hardly belonged to me; and yet I will not say that, so long as you love and are so good to me.

I found in a church what seems to me a very pretty epitaph on the memory of a family of persons who, dying at various times and at various ages, are buried near to each other.

EPITAPH IN ONBOROUGH CHURCH, NEAR STOKE FERRY.

Here undisturbed repose the kindred just,
Till when the trump of God shall wake the dust,
They find, once more at home in Heaven on high,
That kindred of the soul which cannot die.

To the same]

Granton House, Edinburgh: July 23, 1856.

Here I am in a charming house on the extreme shore of the Firth of Forth, in the middle of trees and sunshine. The water is so calm that it looks like a lake, and its blue and sunny surface, streaked with grey and white bands, which must be the paths of the water nymphs, for there is no visible reason for them, spreads away from the tops of the trees as I see them

[1] Mr. Rowley.

from my upper window. It is like one of our own lakes, only the hills are lower and the water wider; but still it is a pleasant plunge from Cambridge into lake and mountain scenery; and yet I ought to ask pardon of the Firth for calling it a lake, for it has tides, and light-houses, and all kinds of marine dignities.

The place where I am is Sir John McNeill's, whose name you have seen lately. When I accepted his invitation, I did not know that he was so far from Edinburgh (three miles at least) as to be somewhat inconvenient for the purposes of the meeting; but the place is so pretty I cannot wish myself quartered elsewhere, and we shall manage to do what is requisite for the Archæological Association some way or other. You see I am like little Arthur. I think 'this place feels like Keswick, it is so pleasant.'

To the same] *Patterdale Hall: Aug.* 3.

Your letter found me here, and contributed to make me happy here, as your letters always do. We have had, as you say, lovely days—even glorious ones—as bright and hot as *the* three glorious days we spent in our Norfolk tour five or six years ago; and I have enjoyed them for the most part by sitting still in the shade; though unquiet spirits would needs go boating and driving, and riding, in spite of the broiling sunshine.

The first day that I was here, however, I spent in graver pleasure; for it was a pleasure, though full of sad thoughts, as you will easily conceive. I went to Hallsteads alone, and rambled about the dear place for hours, to Old Church, and to the Knotts, and along the walk by the boat-house, Skelly Neb is not the point called? I tried to find the stones which marked the great marine mole which I built for you and Janet in the water, so long ago that I think you must have forgotten it. I could not be sure of any of the stones; I suppose there must have been stormy days on the lake since that time, and the greatest works of us little men must yield to time and weather.

I hope to make another visit to the north, and at any rate I hope I may find courage to come and give a lecture to your Leeds friends during the winter, if they will be content with a lecture on Plato; but I must not authorise you to say so at present. By living alone—alone, that is, to all purposes of

thinking—I seem to myself to have become so stupid that I cannot believe that anything that I have to say is worth hearing or likely to interest anybody. But I will try to get over this feeling, and your sympathy will help me to do so.

To the same] *Hincaster House, Milnthorpe: Aug.* 29.

I hope you enjoyed your music at Bradford. Mr. Mackreth has been to hear it, all the way from Halton, near Lancaster, and gives a very favourable account of it. I should have enjoyed hearing it with you, but to treasure up a few more summer recollections of lakes and mountains for my memory to feed upon in winter and in the flats of Cambridgeshire, appeared a more important use of opportunities not so easily found.

We had a good walk over the hills from Derwentwater to Coniston, and a charming day for the purpose. (The glass had not broken the weather by falling). To-day there is an expedition to the top of the Old Man.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Sept.* 17.

I was beginning to weary for a letter from you, and now your news is that you are going away for nobody knows how long! If it must be so, I am glad for your sake and Janet's[1] that you should see Italy at this period of your lives. If it is to be Italy, I should suppose that Naples must be the place. According to all accounts, the winter at Rome is very unkindly, though no doubt it would be very pleasant to winter there. I must needs grieve for your plan so far as it diminishes the chance of my seeing you, but who knows? After November 3, I shall be neither Vice-Chancellor nor Professor, and there are to be no more meetings of Heads, so that I shall be much freer to move than I have hitherto been. I have always had a dream of visiting Italy. But I only whisper this in my own heart to comfort me, and in yours who will not betray my dream.

My newest news is of Spry, who had several convulsive fits while she was walking with me to-day. I went to see the

[1] I was ordered to winter out of England, and my sister and I joined some friends who were going to Rome for the winter. Dr. Whewell came there himself rather later.

church which is building, and at the gate of the cemetery she fell down. She was seized twice again as we came over the Pieces home. I suppose people thought it an odd sight to see the Vice-Chancellor sitting on the grass coaxing and nursing a crazy dog, for they gathered round in a circle to look.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 2, 1856.

The reason which particularly determined me to go to Cromer was that Mrs. Austin was there. We went about the neighbourhood looking at churches, of which there are some very curious ones. I was amused at a specimen of the manners and literature of a young lady we met. She persisted in calling Mrs. Austin, Miss Austen; which Mrs. Austin tried to correct. She talked of 'my daughter, Lady Duff Gordon,' of 'my grandchildren' very markedly, but all in vain. She was still Miss Austen.

At last the young lady, with much awkwardness, said she had a great favour to ask, 'Miss Austen's autograph.' Mrs. Austin said she was willing to give it, though it was not worth having, but added, 'It strikes me that you take me for Miss Austen, the novelist. She has been dead forty years.' This put the young lady to the rout. She fled, and had not the sense and manners to say, I should be glad of your autograph still. Mrs. Austin says that Sidney Smith used to scold her for not encouraging such delusions. He himself readily encouraged those who took him for *Sir* Sydney Smith. I dare say you know the story.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 13.

We have just finished the election of Fellows, and, as usual, I am a little vexed that all the best men run away from us to study law or to teach schools, so that it is difficult to get persons duly qualified to stay here and do the work of the College, and especially to stay here till they attain any ripeness of experience and influence.

The 'fresh gentlemen,' as the bed-makers call them, are beginning to appear. 'Thus with the year seasons return, but not to me returns'—I am, however, hoping to see friends for a day or two. Mr. Trench, who is our Select Preacher for

November, promised to bring his wife and daughter; and I hope this arrangement may not be disturbed by his being made Dean of Westminster.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 26, 1856.

Of course my thoughts follow you, and therefore they may as well try to catch you, Poste Restante, at Paris. I hope you have had an easy passage and a prosperous railroad journey. On the French railroads they take so much care of you, and control your movements so imperiously, that you cannot go wrong—only you may grow very tired. You will find Paris looking very bright and pleasant in *l'été de St. Martin.*—I hope you will find a bonnet to your liking. I wonder whether one shall see any vestige of it when one looks you in the face. I do not think I should. And then, after a few days, away on the long line to Lyons! A weary journey it used to be before you were shot thither by steam. Now, I see by the Road Book, that you may go through in one day. You see I am going to study the Road Book for your sake, and—in your ear, as before, possibly for my own. I will not give up my little ray of hope. It would be pleasant to eat my Christmas dinner with you *there.* That is hardly possible; but perhaps something near it may be, and at any rate hope is something to live upon. It is hard to live without either hope or enjoyment!

To the same] *Nov.* 27.

I rejoice in the pleasure that you find in your travels, and the sights that you see. I rejoice still more in your thinking of me while you are among them, and wishing that I could see them with you. I am glad that you do not repel the recollection of that most dear one whom we have lost. Your memory of her is most sweet and soothing to me, and I am sure it will sweeten more than sadden all your joys, my love; and help you to draw out the best influences from what you see. You must forgive me for referring sometimes to our loss; for even yet it often rushes upon me as it were suddenly, like a discovery of desolation. Not that I have been all alone. Since the Trenches went I have had the Temples with me.

To Chevalier Bunsen]

Trinity College, Cambridge: Dec. 15, 1856.

I am glad of any occasion to recall myself to your friendly recollection. I hope I may one day do so by finding myself at Heidelberg, where I am glad to hear from several friends who have seen you that you are well in health, and, of course, well and happily employed. But my present cause of writing to you is different. Many years ago, when our dear Hare used to speak to me of his intercourse with you at Rome, I formed a strong wish to see you there, and often made plans which were to give me that pleasure. These all failed, and happily I had the good fortune to enjoy your society, and I hope I may say your friendship, since. But now, at last, as it seems, I am going to Rome; and though I cannot have the advantage of your guidance there in person, and the gratification of seeing you there, you may perhaps still be able to make my residence there more instructive and agreeable by giving me access to the society of some of your friends there who are willing to see strangers. If you can do so I shall be very grateful.

I leave England, as I expect, on the 17th, so that any reply which you are good enough to give me must be addressed to Rome, (Hôtel de l'Europe). I shall stay only till the latter part of January. I am to find there my nieces Kate and Janet Marshall, whom you know. They are staying there for the winter, to save Janet from the inclemency of that season in England, which at present she is not well able to bear.

I see from time to time indications that your literary activity is not abated, and while that continues we are sure to profit by it. I hope Madame Bunsen is well and your children. Everybody hopes, and I as much as any one, that you will one day return to England; and if so I hope that you will again come to Cambridge. For though this house cannot be what it was before my grievous loss, there are still, I hope, persons and things here which would interest you; and you would always find me yours, with very great regard and esteem,

W. WHEWELL.

The next letter was one to Miss Kate Malcolm, written, as well as that to his sister which follows it, on board the Neapolitan steamer 'Maria Antonietta.'

Dec. 21.

I could not have imagined a transition more complete from winter to summer than I brought about in thirty-six hours. On Wednesday I was in the cold fogs of London, which accompanied me through all the north of France. So far as I have ever seen they are quite as bad there as in England. Early on Friday morning I was rambling on the shores of the Mediterranean at Marseilles, and had to return to my inn to put off my overcoat. I have not seen a cloud since then till this evening, when a few gathered at sunset, but they are melting fast away, and leaving the stars shining brighter than we see them at home; Jupiter and Venus absolutely blazing.

My introductions are principally to men of science and of art. The Duca di Rignano, the Duca di Gaetano, and others, presidents of Academies, and the like. I was so busy in Cambridge during my last days—filing away my chains and concealing the implements, like a prisoner escaping—that I had not time to read through Mr. Kaye's life of your father. The chapter about Hyde Hall I did read, and was a little indignant to find Hare represented as my senior in your acquaintance. As if I had not introduced both Hare and Sedgwick to your family. You were quite a little thing then, and may not recollect, but I appeal to your mother against this shocking injustice!

So far as I read, the tone of the book seemed to be good; and though not speaking of your father as we should speak, still speaking with a cordial admiration of most of his qualities.

Dec. 21, 1856.

I write this at sea in the Gulf of Genoa on board a Neapolitan steam-ship which is to take me to Civita Vecchia. I hope to eat my Christmas dinner with my nieces in Rome. I have been delighted with all that I have seen; more delighted

than I thought I could be travelling alone. The country about Marseilles is beautiful, and the shores of the Mediterranean as charming as any one can imagine them. We have been all day near enough to see them in all their beauty—white towns and churches and castles all along the shores, and running up the hills from point to point; fine mountains rising behind, and beyond them the snowy Alps looking over from the far inland.

Dr. Whewell's journal of his tour tells us that he left Cambridge on December 17, crossed to Calais on the 18th, and went straight through to Marseilles without stopping, arriving there early on the morning of the 19th. The journal is in general the briefest, driest record of names and dates, but he spares space to observe on arriving at Marseilles 'beautiful sunshine, beautiful sky, beautiful city, beautiful country, beautiful Mediterranean.'

Dec. 20.—Embarked in the evening on board 'Maria Antonietta,' Neapolitan steamer for Genoa.

Dec. 21.—Glorious view in the morning. Snowy Alps shining over an Italian shore; on the other side the sun rising close to the peaked summits of Carrara, just seen above the horizon; cloudless day till sunset.

Dec. 22.—Genoa, after being detained till after 8 A.M. Wreck on shore. The palaces make a very fine effect in the narrow streets in which they stand, the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi.

Then follow enumerations of the palaces and churches he visited, and a few concise and much abbreviated remarks upon their architecture, which interested and delighted him much.

Dec. 24.—Arrived in Rome at 9 P.M.; went to the service in the Sistine Chapel.

He remained in Rome until January 20, engaged not only in industrious sight-seeing, assisted by the advice of Mr. Pentland and others familiar with Rome, but in diligent study of Italian under the guidance of Signor Lucentini, the excellent master from whom his nieces were taking lessons. He enjoyed this much, but his dislike to the versification of Dante contributed to confine his studies to Tasso. He also entered freely and cheerfully into society.

To Kate Marshall]

Hôtel dell' Arno, Florence: Jan. 21, 1857.

I arrived here about half-past seven this evening, after a rather tiresome journey, for the coupé in which I was contained a very dull, and, what was worse, a very broad-shouldered Italian, who hardly left me room to breathe, and when he slept, which he did with little interruption, bestowed a large portion of his weight on me. The coupé was so small that it was like a Chinese puzzle when we got in and out. The third person was an American, who had been at the Dead Sea, and I do not know where besides; and he, in consequence of the shifting of all articles which took place whenever we moved, lost altogether an old hat which had accompanied him in his Syrian rambles. He showed a feeling on the occasion which I think would have tended to remove your anti-American prejudices.

I am very glad I did not go by Terni and Perugia to enjoy scenery; for we had rain, generally heavy rain, all the way, and I was very glad that I came by Sienna. It was a great delight to see a real cathedral again; a cathedral where the difficulties of raising a dome are overcome in a workmanlike manner, by slender pillars and complex relations of arches, which interest the eye, notwithstanding its horizontal ribs of various coloured marbles, which I like no more than you do.

I was not aware before that the Terra di Sienna, which we know as a painter's colour, is the colour of the ground all about Sienna—only varying from 'raw' to 'burnt.' The hill-sides,

with their withered oaks, are a little brighter than the trees; and even the waters are only a lighter shade of the same colour.

There is a very fine Perugino in a church here (not the cathedral), and a very fine Piccolomini chapel in the Cathedral, where are an excellent series of Raphael's frescoes, representing the life of a Piccolomini Pope. Altogether Sienna is very interesting, and to be seen if ever the occasion offers itself to you. Dear child! I go on writing about what I have seen, as if we were to go on seeing things together. I hope we are to do so, though not just now.

To the same] *Marseilles: Jan.* 28, 1857.

I go on writing to you, though my life seems so stupid, now that I have to see sights alone, that it is hardly worth writing to you about.

However, I was very glad to see the pictures at Florence which delighted you so much. Indeed, that place is richer, I think, than Rome in good pictures; and especially in those which interest one, as belonging to the early history of the art. Cimabue and Giotto, and above all Fra Angelico. I was much delighted to see his pictures in his own monastery, and to hear him spoken of by the person who showed it as a 'member of the College,' as we should say.

I now comprehend what I never comprehended before, the interest with which many of my friends regard the early painters. Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, and the like. After seeing many good and some exquisite pictures by these artists, one cares even for the worse. It is interesting to see their success in that at which they seem mainly to have aimed—expression of angelic and saint-like and God-like feelings in the attitudes, and especially in the countenances. In this I think Fra Angelico is to this day unrivalled, and it is curious to see his exquisite achievements in this way, combined with bad drawing and many obvious technical defects in other things.

I suppose I saw in the convent of St. Mark at Florence, some paintings of Fra Angelico which you did not see, as being in the convent. On the other hand I did not s those

of Andrea del Sarto at Santa Maria Novella, which I think you admired very much, nor the frescoes at the Carmelites. Time failed me and my head was as full as it could hold. I was only there two days and the weather was bad.

On the way to Leghorn I saw not only Pisa but Lucca. I find my old love of middle age churches come back upon me. I believe I like them better than Roman remains. On account of both kinds of antiquities, I stayed two hours at Arles yesterday.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 5, 1857.

Here I am again, my journeyings over for the present, and at least one very dear and sweet memory remaining of my travels, the time that I spent with you and Janet. I think of your company with all the more longing now that I am in my solitary home. It seems to me now more solitary than ever, and I hardly know how to look forward to such days and such evenings as I shall have to spend. But work of one kind or other crowds upon me, and that at least will occupy some of my thoughts, and then I shall think of you, and wonder whether your usual round of employment goes on. Signor Lucentini, and Signor Capalti (I hope his work prospers!) and the Signora Parlatrice, and the plays, and the excursions in the Campagna. You will tell me about such things when you write. I hope you and Janet do not give yourselves up too much to seeing galleries of pictures and statues, for I am sure that the cold atmosphere which pervades such places, and their stone-floors, will not conduce to carrying into effect the purpose for which you went to Italy—the escape from the rigour of winter. Our winter here at present, makes me shudder to think of such atrocious practices.

To Miss Kate Malcolm]
Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: March 8, 1857.

I have been in London where one of my employments was to look at the 'Turners' that we have now got together, old and new. I have seen so little of you, that I do not know what your opinions are about Turner—what side you take in the great Ruskin and pre-Raffaelite controversy. I know that you

have a deep interest in Art, and that you have a practical skill in it—but I do not know with what eyes you look upon the novel styles. It is quite provoking when one has such an intimacy with a person, as you are good enough to allow me to claim with you, from interruption of intercourse of many years, to know so little about their—her—sentiments, that one does not know in what direction to look for sympathy. I do not know how it may be with others, but to me at least it is impossible to discuss matters of taste and feeling, without knowing what are the tastes and feelings of those with whom I talk. And yet it often appears as if one wanted such a knowledge only for the sake of wrangling; for I find myself arguing against Turner with the Turnerites, and in his favour when I have to do with his opponents.

Yesterday I found Lady Hardwicke in the College court and brought her into the Lodge, glad to have it illumined by her radiant presence for a little while, for it is usually very empty and desolate.

My nieces are by this time at Naples. I am much obliged to Princess Doria for thinking about them. They enjoyed their Rome exceedingly. I set Capalti to paint your namesake, and am hoping to welcome the arrival of his 'counterfeit Kate' very soon.

The first return to Trinity Lodge brought back the sense of loneliness in full force. But the visit to Rome had restored Dr. Whewell to a far greater degree of cheerfulness than he had been able previously to attain, and he always afterwards enjoyed recurring to all the memories connected with that time. It had revived his interest in many subjects which had engaged his attention in past years, and it showed him, by the enjoyment with which he turned to fresh ones, that elasticity of mind was not gone, though under the pressure of his desolating grief it had seemed wholly to desert him.

The first exertion he made after his return was a journey to Leeds, to deliver a lecture there in compli-

ance with the request of the Philosophical Society. To the niece, whose future was beginning to assume a shape which would in a sense make her less his child in the time to come, he still writes of this, and the lectures he gave shortly after at Queen's College, Harley Street, and of all other subjects which occupied him, whilst pouring out also abundant sympathy to her in her 'romance.'

To Mrs. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: March* 18, 1857.

By all means let your husband avoid the exertion and anxiety of election proceedings. If he takes any share in them, it is certain that a large portion of the thought and labour of trying to give a right turn to such matters will fall upon him; for there is scarcely any one—if indeed there be any one—in your parts, who is so much in earnest about what is right, and sees his way so clearly to it as he does. So that if he meddle at all, a large share of the burden of promoting the good cause will certainly fall upon him. And I really hardly see what point is likely to come into consideration in contested cases, which is of any great value, except it be that to which he attaches great importance, his subject of Church Rates; and this I agree with him in thinking of the highest importance; and really of more importance than the choice between one Minister and another.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: March* 7, 1857.

My lecture delivered at Leeds on the 3rd seemed to please the people very well, and I was told that the audience was the most 'distinguished' that was ever assembled there. I had been a good deal out of heart about the matter before it came on, and so had cut out of it all that was likely to be *most* stupid; and the end was that everybody was astonished that Plato was so clever, and so lively, and many complained of the shortness of the lecture. And yet it was an hour, which is as long as any lecture should be, to my thinking. Mrs. Barry, who deserves all the good that people had said of her,

dined and slept at Cookridge the day before the lecture, and drove herself away in a little carriage like Cinderella's pumpkin, drawn by a pony the colour of a mouse, and about the size!

The next day, Thursday, I returned to my house, my lonely house as you most truly call it; yet not quite lonely when you send kind thoughts to it, and think about its loneliness. Your having let me see that you do so shed a sort of brightness into it when I returned. Only these gleams die away soon.

I am glad that Mr. Pentland allows you to go to Naples, and I hope you will find that place no less pleasant than you have found Rome. I am glad to hear that Capalti is taking so much pains with your picture, though sorry he occupies so much of your time. You must recollect what a comfort it will be to me to have your dear face to look at in my solitary den. It will be a great delight to me, if the picture prove as like you as it promised to be.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: March* 20, 1857.

I am going to London and to Cheltenham next week, to edify the good people there with my Plato—the same lecture, with some modifications, which I gave at Leeds—and there is some talk of my giving it, or a like lecture, to the Ladies' College in Harley Street.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: April* 19, 1857.

I have been, as I have already said, in London, where we had a very pleasant party in Park Street one evening. Stephen Spring Rice was there, whom I had not seen for some time, and James Spedding, and other good people. The next evening we went to the theatre with Aubrey Taylor, a very fine boy, to see Richard the Second in all the splendour of scenery and costume which Mr. C. Kean can give it. The scenes, with the groups of persons, were a series of very beautiful pictures—quite pre-Raphaelesque in the brightness of their colouring, but the colours better balanced, the attitudes not so awkward, nor the people so ugly. You may judge how picture-like the effect was when I tell you that the plain boarded floor, under all those

scenes and figures, appeared to me quite mean and unworthy of them. It ought to have been of Florentine mosaic to suit the brightness and finish of the rest.

I have also been to Wimpole, where I had a pleasant ride of nine miles across the country with Lady Elizabeth Yorke to visit the sources of the Cam, which I had seen long ago and wished to see again. I found that Lady Elizabeth had a strong admiration for Lady Marian Alford, which I was not surprised at, for she somewhat resembles her in character; a clear intellect, lively mind, a good deal of culture, and a vigorous character.

And now I am come back to my solitude, where I am at present occupied in what is rather a wearisome employment, examining seventy candidates for our Scholarships. After so many years' repetition, this coming in of such loads of papers is a burden. But it will be over in a few days. . . .

And so God bless you, my dear and precious child, and fill your life with all happiness here, and with all that may anticipate and lead to the happiness of the hereafter.

To Mrs. Austin] *Athenæum Club: May* 13, 1857.

Thank you much, dear friend, for your pencil note, though I am very sorry to find that you are reduced to that—even for a time. Nothing can be more abominable than the habit which colds appear of late to have acquired, of turning to bronchitis. I am glad that the heart meets all disturbances of neighbouring provinces with a noble disdain.

Thank you too, sincerely and heartily, for the kind eye with which you look upon my project of lecturing the ladies about Plato. Since I promised Lady Monteagle that I would do it, I have had dire misgivings that our keen-witted London friends may fasten their attention on some ridiculous side which it may have. I mean it, as I think you will understand and know, in all simplicity, believing that I can give to my hearers a truer and higher notion of what Plato did really say than they will get from other sources; simple enough to be understood without any difference depending on the audience being men or women; if there be any difference of power of understanding in men and

women, which I do not believe; though of kind and mode of understanding there may be and is.

I was not so pleasantly taken with Mrs. Gaskell's account of 'Jane Eyre' as most persons appear to be. The poor lady appears as a sort of tempestuous spirit in a dismal atmosphere, of which the gloom and storm are partly her own making. Certainly it is very curious how much of intellectual culture, generally self-acquired, may coexist with exceeding roughness in the surrounding circumstances. This we north-country people do know, and I suppose it is a characteristic of the north.

I should like you to hear some of my Platonics. I suppose I need not offer you tickets. I shall not be so much at liberty this month as I hoped to be, for the Cambridge Act drives us to perpetual meetings. A dire waste of time, even if no worse harm come of it.

To Miss Kate Malcolm] *Trinity Lodge: May* 22, 1857.

I hope you have not given me up as a correspondent, though I am afraid you find me a very stupid one. My thoughts are necessarily much occupied by the things and businesses among which I live; but yet I constantly turn back to the early and pleasant days of Hyde Hall, and to you as the brightest and happiest figure of that scene. Since then I have seen so little of you that the most copious and lively recollections which we have in common still refer to that period.

If you are really going to be foreigners all the year, I must begin to shape my plans if possible so as to find my way to your camp. I have more than one reason for travelling into the south of France—I have never been there except on my way to Italy, and there are in that region not only fine mountain scenes, but many remarkable cathedrals and churches; and to this day there is nothing which I study with more pleasure than the architecture of the middle ages, and especially the architecture of France. For all the study that I have given to the subject convinces me that France is the leading figure in *this* history of art. So I could easily plan out a tour which would bring me into your Lower Pyrenean provinces.

To Kate Marshall] *Westminster: May* 17, 1857.

I am more than ever impatient that you should return to England, for though, alas! I fear I shall not see much of you when you are here, it will be something to know that you are within a day's journey of me. So come home, my darling, and let us learn what the course of your romance is likely to be, and learn also to look with steady and hopeful eyes upon it.

I hope I shall see you when you are in London; I shall be in town, though not every day, yet every week till the middle of June. My lectures begin (at Queen's College) on Wednesday next, and go on every Wednesday for four weeks. They tell me that there are many demands for tickets, and that the room will be very full. I will not say, as my friend Kemble said, when a large audience assembled to hear him lecture on Anglo-Saxon, 'I'll thin them;' for I really believe that what I have to tell is very interesting and amusing in its way, and I expect my ladies to be entertained with it.

I am glad you saw and were pleased with Verona. I have seen it and was much delighted with it. I brought it into the loop of one of my Swiss tours—and also Milan. But I envy you your Sunday on the Lago di Garda.

I am plagued at present by incessant meetings of our Fellows, arising out of the act for University Reform. They eat up all my days, and I am afraid they will not end till the Long Vacation comes, if they end even then. I am vexed with these vexations, small though they be, for my comforts are small too.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: June* 14, 1857.

Your letter followed me to London, where I was on occasion of one of my lectures. I am right glad that they are over, for I could not get rid of the notion that it was rather obtrusive to give them. I had been excited by the pleasure which they seemed to give to your aunt Susan and to others, and am young enough yet to want other persons to like what I like; and so I ventured. The one which you heard was a fair specimen, the one which followed was to my own thinking much worse. But they are over, and there is an end of them—at least in that shape.

I do not wonder at your country [1] being now in great beauty. The whole land seems to be in its richest dress. Our 'Backs,' as you may suppose, are magnificent. I think I never saw the foliage so fine.

On Wednesday I am going with *A. B.* to the Handel performance—Judas Maccabæus. How I wish you were going with us! It would make a great difference; for *A. B.*, though an excellent person, has only a London portion of enthusiasm of any kind, which is hardly enough for sympathy!

I must tell you a jest of Douglas Jerrold's on Thackeray, which amused me the more from being told me by Thackeray himself. You know his broken nose. Some one was relating the great desire certain ladies had to convert Thackeray to be a Catholic. They wanted, it was said, to make a *Roman* of him. 'Why do they not begin with his nose?' enquired Jerrold.

To the same] *High Legh, Warrington: June* 29, 1857.

I am here at a pleasant country house, to which I have been invited by an old friend, Mr. Entwistle, in order to see the Manchester show. I was very glad to spend yesterday in the quiet of the country—but for coolness, I suppose it was sought in vain in country or in town.

I do not know whether the show would please you much. In one department to which you would naturally turn—early Italian painting, though it is richer than any previous collection made in England, as I suppose, it is not to be compared with the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, still less with the Florentine galleries together.

Perhaps the works of modern British artists are, on the whole, the best part of the Exhibition. There are many pictures which one has seen and noted in recent years, and is glad to see again in more select company than before. I wish you were with me to go and look at them again to-day. I look forward with distaste to the prospect of seeing them alone, and though I shall probably join some party in the survey, I shall not find anybody with whom it will be so pleasant to compare notes as it would be with you.

[1] Yorkshire.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: July* 27, 1857.

I was glad to hear of your doings and enjoyments, as I always am. I was particularly pleased to learn that you were making acquaintance with my dear old friend, Sir John Malcolm. I am afraid that when you get into the middle of the Indian politics you will find the account less amusing, except indeed by reason of the interest which you feel in the affairs of that country for your uncle's sake. But I hope you will be somewhat entertained with the account of Sir John Malcolm's English life. The chapter on Hyde Hall was, they tell me, written in consequence of my communications to the author, Mr. Kaye. He visited me here to learn what I could tell him, and so get a notion of the effect which Sir John Malcolm and his family produced upon the social circle about him.

To his Sister] *Dublin: Sept.* 1, 1857.

I arrived here on Friday for the British Association, after a smooth passage, but have had a degree of indisposition, amounting to severe illness, since. I went first to Lord Talbot de Malahide—but Malahide Castle is nine miles from Dublin, and I found the distance so inconvenient, that I came into Dublin to my friend Dr. Lloyd. Lord and Lady Monteagle are also here, and when I leave this place I go to them at Mount Trenchard for a little while; but I am impatient to get back to Cambridge, and to be entirely at rest after so much hurried movement.

I am glad you are going to the exhibition at Manchester. I think the part you will most admire will be the modern British pictures.

I hope in a day or two to go to see Lord Rosse's celebrated large telescope, but of course to command the skies so that we shall see the stars through it is more than Lord Rosse, or the British Association, can achieve.

To Kate Marshall] *Trinity Lodge: Sept.* 16, 1857.

Your welcome letter reached me at Mount Trenchard, where, as you supposed, a quiet life, and the kind nursing of your aunt did a great deal to dispel any remains of illness

which I brought from Dublin; though in truth, I never became well enough in body or mind to enjoy my visit, as I had hoped to do. I had never been there before, and there is really much to admire. The Shannon is a noble river, wider than the Rhine at Bingen, with the advantage of being salt water. Indeed, to English eyes it looks rather like a lake. On the southern side the bank is Lord Monteagle's for many miles—a series of hills which he has clothed with forests, on which he looks with parental fondness, so that every step suggests something to be planted, or something to be cut down.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 30, 1857.

It seems very long since I wrote to you, and some time since I received your last dear letter. I have been a good deal occupied, first with company, and then with College business. My visitors were Mrs. Austin, and then when she was gone, Lady Holland and her two girls. This was a very pleasant visit.

Then came a week of solitude, very dreary after the sunshine—and now are come the storms of our College business. I do not want to disturb your sunshine with my troubles. I hope your season of unbroken sunshine is come; but it is a very sad evening of my College life, to have the College pulled in pieces and ruined by a set of school-boys. It is very nearly that kind of work. The act of Parliament gives all our Fellows equal weight for certain purposes, and the younger part of them all vote the same way and against the seniors. Several of these juveniles are really boys, several others only Bachelors of Arts—so we have crazy work, as I think it.

But I ought not to trouble you with these troubles of mine. Only you know I have always been in the habit of talking to you of what was uppermost in my mind. I hope you are now too happy to be *much* clouded by my lamentations!

I am to have another gleam of brightness to-morrow. My dear Mrs. Airy is coming for a day. A second son of hers is come as a freshman, and she has a natural mother's wish to see him in his rooms, and so she comes to me. But moreover

she brings with her two American ladies. One a great astronomer, who has discovered a comet—the other a great horsewoman, who dresses very gaily—so I am told. I am much afraid of this invasion; but in this as in other cases, I put a bold face on the matter, and have asked a party to meet them. If I survive it, I will tell you something about them afterwards.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 6, 1857.

I have a dinner party to-day to entertain some Oxford friends—Mr. and Mrs. B——. I was entertained with their scruples and their way of getting over them. They were staying at the inn, and said that they made it a rule not to dine out on Friday: they were very sorry, but conscience was conscience, and so on. I then had the bright idea of suggesting that they should change their lodging, and come to me immediately, and so dine at home to-day. This they readily agreed to, so I have extemporised a party. I suppose I ought to have salt-fish for them.

I am engaged all morning with this disagreeable and tiresome work of College meetings about the Statutes. It is however somewhat less disagreeable than it was, for some of the wildest of the proposed changes have been negatived by large majorities, and there appears to be some prospect of sane deliberation—sane, it may be, but very tiresome, and in my opinion very unnecessary.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 10, 1857.

I am very sorry that your Philosophical Society, at Leeds, has any difficulty in arranging its lectures. I have no objection whatever to Lord Monteagle lecturing on the day appointed for me; but then I cannot lecture till January. Our Parliamentary Governing Body continues in operation till then; and it has such extraordinary powers, and has shown such a strange spirit, that I must give all my thoughts to its work so long as its working lasts. It is never for a moment out of my thoughts, and this you would see by the way in which I wrote to you a little while ago. So till December 31, I must hold myself bound here to that work. But as I said, let Lord

Monteagle lecture on my day, and let them find me another when they can; or find me none; for I shall be very well satisfied not to lecture. I promised very reluctantly, because I did not wish to avoid any request made to me, of gracing your uncle James's presidency. But I have shewn my willingness, and they will be none the worse for missing my Plato.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 11, 1857.

And so you have been busy painting Roman scenes for a lecture at Rusthall! Some sage people would tell you that you may already see how marriage makes women slaves, even when you are only in the penumbra of it, and before its full shadow has come over you; but I know better things, and how pleasant it is to work for those we love and to share their labours.

To the same] *Dec.* 30, 1857.

Your letter reached me in London, where I was staying with the Monteagles—the happiest week I have had for a long time. On Christmas Day we had *all* Stephen Spring Rice's children, and Susan's, so that you will understand *we* were a very juvenile party, and conducted ourselves accordingly. One day I went with the boys and Tom to see Herr Frickel, who performs the most wonderful conjuring tricks I ever saw, and makes them more amusing by the mixture of German and English in which he talks about them. He puts a watch to the ear of one of the spectators, and says, 'Go the watch?' and it goes or stops as he pleases, though taken from one of the company.

I came here to hold the last meeting of the 'Governing Body,' and have now done with that trouble for a time, but the Commissioners, or rather their secretary, look ugly at us, and seem to threaten another year of warfare *with them.* However, I will not anticipate evil, and will fight it when it comes as well as I can.

I shall see you so soon, there is no need to talk more. You will remember, as you always do, dear love, for which I love you more, whose place in your heart and confidence I would inherit. I cannot put all the old year's memories, and

the new year's blessings into this little corner of my paper, but I trust and pray that the coming time may be full of blessings for you.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 13, 1857.

You would see by the Cambridge paper that we have had Dr. Livingstone here. He was my guest, and was a most agreeable companion in private, as well as an entertaining and instructive lecturer in public.

I have promised to eat my Christmas dinner with Lady Monteagle. I cannot be absent for more than a day till the year is over, and then I go to Leeds for a few days—afterwards elsewhere. Reginald Marshall is to marry Louisa Herschel on January 23, and I am to perform the ceremony. This union of two families both of which I love and admire so much, is a matter of great delight to me. And so the rising generation is forming itself into new circles according to the usual course of events.

To Mrs. Mackreth]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: Jan. 17, 1858.

Your letter followed me into Yorkshire, where I was staying among my relatives there, and especially with my dear niece Kate Marshall, whom I think you saw at the Lodge. She has been a very good child to me; but you are aware that nieces, however affectionate, will not be content with the love of an uncle, and so she has actually asked me to marry her to another man. It is very shocking, but I dare say you have known the like in your experience of the rising generation. Her future husband is the grandson of your friend the Archbishop.

But this wedding is not to be till May.

To his Sister] *Feb.* 24, 1858.

The Saturday after Reginald's wedding a party of Herschels, Marshalls, and myself, went to Canterbury, where Arthur Stanley, who is a canon there, received and entertained us, and told us all the story of Becket on the very spot of the murder, of which he has especially studied the history. Yes-

terday Mr. O'Callaghan, Mr. Stanley, and I went to see Richborough, a Roman castle near Sandwich, and thence returned to London.

To Mrs. Austin] *Trinity Lodge: April* 1, 1858.

I have just returned from London, where I have been a good deal occupied, as to my thoughts at least, with the marriage of other persons; for my two favourite nieces are both bent upon marrying in May; and the other young couple, Reginald Marshall and Herschel's daughter, are just returned from Rome.

I found everybody in London talking about Mr. Buckle's Lecture on 'the Influence of Women upon the Progress of Knowledge;' but could get no intelligible account of the substance of the lecture; in language and manner all agreed that it was very fluent and taking. But to-day I have read it in Fraser's Magazine, and am amused at the fallacy which it involves. He opposes to Induction, which he says is the male habit of mind, what he calls Deduction, which he says is a better thing, which women have. But by Deduction he means *Invention*, and such Invention as is a necessary part of all Inductive discoveries. And so he practises the common trick of changing the meaning of words and then startling you by a paradoxical assertion. So you see I am not going to admire women for *his* reasons, thinking that I have better of my own for so doing.

I forget whether I answered you about Kingsley's 'Andromeda.' I believe that Milton has got the classical story as commonly told; but Kingsley, I suppose, thought it was dramatically better to make the mother vain of her daughter than of herself. I think the poem wanting in detail and circumstance.

The rising generation was forming itself rapidly into new circles, and though cordially rejoicing in the prospects of happiness of those who were so dear to him, it was impossible that Dr. Whewell should not feel, and feel painfully, the aggravation of his own loneliness, which naturally resulted from the formation of these new ties, and from the partings they involved. Espe-

cially he felt the parting with her who was like a daughter of his own, and whose sympathy had beguiled his solitude during the last three years, as nothing else could have done. The bitterness of his grief, however, was now past, and new plans and new hopes rose in his own mind, which he was able to entertain and dwell on with satisfaction.

Living at Trumpington, near Cambridge, was Mr. Leslie Ellis, once a Fellow of Trinity, in 1858, and for some previous years a hopeless invalid. What manner of man he was, may well be judged from the following description of him, given by his friend and literary associate, Mr. James Spedding. He speaks of him as possessing 'an intellect of the very highest order—subtle, exact, capacious, swift, discursive, sublime; well trained and perfectly tested by the severe discipline of the highest course of Cambridge scientific study, stimulated by an insatiable appetite for knowledge of all kinds, aided by an extraordinary sagacity in seeking, facility in apprehending, judgment in assimilating and digesting, tenacity in retaining, and rapidity in recollecting . . . industry the most unwearied, fidelity the most scrupulous, a fine taste, a lively, playful, and graceful fancy, and a standard of moral judgment the loftiest, the most delicate, the most uncompromising.' Such was Mr. Ellis, and such the powers which overpowering illness had smitten as with sudden frost, and compelled to remain inoperative.

Lady Affleck, his widowed sister, was nursing and ministering to him with tender and sedulous care. A long course of attendance upon her husband had come to an end some four years previous. Dr. Whewell discerned in her the woman who could share and cheer his home; the 'somebody to love him' so neces-

sary to his affectionate nature, and upon whom he could lavish the abundant communicativeness, the trusting confidence, the ardent tenderness of a heart hungering for the sober, solid satisfaction of happy home life, and unable to rest without it. The anticipation was not disappointed. For seven years their home was as happy as mutual love and sympathy could make it.

They were married in London on July 1, 1858. Before he left Cambridge both his nieces had visited him, with their husbands.

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: June* 17, 1858.

Your guess about the translations is so ingenious that it deserves to be true; but nevertheless it is not. My dear Fanny, though she reads German very well, is not, I think, a poet; at least she has never yet confided such a weakness to me. I doubt whether she has your fine ear for rhythm; but then, who has? She is very fond of poetry, especially, as she says, when I read it to her, but is passive not active in such matters. As to the two translations, the occasion of their being printed is this. A month or two ago there was in Fraser's Magazine an article about several translations of the 'Lenore' (Bürger's) of which one mentioned was mine, and the other an unpublished one in the possession of the critic.

He seemed to prefer this, and used with regard to mine one or two disparaging expressions, such as the young gentlemen of that school seem to think it necessary to use when they speak of me. So I proposed that the two translations should be published side by side; and now behold—what a mortification for me!—even you do not see the superiority of mine. I wish I might be with you for an hour or two, to explain some of the feeblenesses, as they seem to me, of the new translation; but perhaps you were led to judge too favourably of it by your ingenious hypothesis as to its origin. But though Lady Affleck cannot, so far as I know, translate German ballads so well as I can, she is prepared to love you very much, and bids me thank you for your offer of a cordial welcome, which is, she says, most accept-

able, and for which, perhaps, she will send you a line herself. You may be sure, dearest, that no missive can come from me to you which has not for one of its contents a very tender love.

Lady A—— has mentioned July 1 as *our* day: we must be married in London, for her brother's health makes him shrink from such an event happening in his house.

Dearest, I hope I shall introduce her to you in the course of the summer, and that you will love her.

To Kate Marshall, now Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: May.*

I had almost forgotten that I had told you that I was a little melancholy when I was with you, but I am now happy and full of hope and happiness. All great changes are full of serious thought to us older people, and I could not but feel that I was losing you in a certain way; that you could not be to me exactly the Kate that you have been—though not less dear, and dear through new interests. But as we cannot be happy in exactly the old way, I trust we shall find a new way not less heartfelt—when you have learnt to love my wife as she deserves, and I to love your husband as I am ready to do. So, come here, darling child! and let us begin our new life; you in your bright youth, I in an age not too far advanced to prevent my affections both old and new from being very warm and strong—as I need not tell you.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Bournemouth: July* 3, 1858.

We paid our visit to St. George's, Hanover Square, on Thursday; Lord and Lady Monteagle, Worsley and Katharine, and Bessie Spring Rice were there on my side. Dundases, Fitz Geralds, Gores and Dallases, &c., on Fanny's; and at three o'clock we set off for this place, which we reached at eight, after a pleasant and easy journey. It is an exceedingly pretty and pleasant place, with no end of charming walks and prospects, and the great bay in front of us; with an air and soil reminding me of Tunbridge Wells.

Before we go northwards we have some thoughts of visiting your part of the world. It would be a great pleasure to me to

see you and my Fanny together, and I should much enjoy seeing you in your new home. I am glad your like Tunbridge Wells. It is, as I said, very like this place in soil and climate, but we have long forest glades and golden cliffs and silver strands, which you have not; and altogether I do not think there can be a more charming place than this, in what is now *your* south country. I hope to get Lady Affleck to confess that the north, which she has never seen, has beauties of a higher kind.

To-morrow we talk of going to Corfe Castle and Swanage Bay, reading poetry at all convenient intervals of rest; which you know is a very rational way of living!

To Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis] *Bournemouth: July* 5, 1858.

I think you will not be surprised to receive a few lines from me; now that, in addition to the ties of admiration and strong regard which I have always felt for you, I can add the affection of a brother, and the strong sentiment of gratitude for the gift of your dear and inestimable sister, which I consider myself as having received at your hands.

She is, I hope, as well as I, enjoying beyond ordinary measure the quiet happiness of this pleasant place. It is just such a spot as we wished to reach in order to enjoy the full assurance of our married happiness. The town is composed of pretty villas, 'bosomed deep' in trees on the sides of a broken valley. We ramble all day long in forest glades and over open heaths, and along the bright orange cliffs of the large bay; or on the many coloured sands of, I suppose, the Paris basin, which make such a beautiful show in their vertical position at Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight, which is within the reach of our vision from our cliffs. The tall earth cliff is at various points cut into ravines by little streams, which are quite absorbed by the dry sandy soil. These ravines are here called chines: they correspond to what we on the coast of Norfolk call scores; a word which of course implies a set of parallel gashes, transverse to the main ridge; and carries us etymologically to score—the verb, and score—the substantive, for an accumulated number, and then for one particular number. I do not so well see the etymological relations of *chine*.

We have a beautiful semi-circle of a bay; and a walk along

the low water margin of hard sand, which we are going to trace to-day. There is not much tide here, but Poole, which is only four and a half miles off, is one of the few places where there are four tides a day; I suppose, besides the direct tide there is one which comes round the Isle of Wight, later by some hours.

Retired as we are, my usual visitors, proof-sheets, have found me; and as I have something in hand which perhaps may amuse you for a quarter of an hour, I will direct the printer to send you copies of my last proof-sheets. They are a little sketch of Barrow's academical doings, gathered from his Latin works. At present they are in type that I may have the benefit of the remarks of friends on them.

I hope your health is no worse than when I saw you, that you have ever what Milton speaks of, 'Secret refreshings to repair your strength and fainting spirits uphold.'

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: July* 30, 1858.

Since I had the great pleasure of seeing you in St. George's Church we have been in various places, till we have exhausted the *moon*, but by no means the *honey*. We went to Bournemouth, which is a very charming place, and stayed there a fortnight, and then (after being at Cambridge for a few days), to Tunbridge Wells, where is my niece Kate, with her husband, and since then we have been to Sir John Herschel's in Kent, from which we returned yesterday.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Aug.* 5, 1858.

Having seen you so lately, I naturally want to hear from you, to carry on the impression which I received. It was a great delight to see you in your new home—to bring you and my dear Fanny together—the first, I hope, of many foregatherings; and I was especially glad to see dear Janet, of whom we are to lose sight for so long. . . .

We set off this morning for Hallsteads, and Fanny is comforted by having in her pocket the scheme of travel for the day, which you drew out for her; but still she has, I think, some vague misgivings that four hours railroad in the north

must be much longer than the same time in the south. I suppose as we have longer days there we ought to have longer hours!

I shall be glad to hear of any good new novels that come in your way. I have not made many trials lately, but I have been visited by a strong suspicion that I can no longer read bad novels as I used to do. I went through one or two which have some name, and found it rather dreary work. It is so difficult to bear with heroines who have no common sense; to be sure they would spoil the story if they had.

I am glad you are interested in Froude. It is wholesome to have the commonly received judgments respecting historical persons questioned, especially when they are unfavourable. I think very highly both of hard-hearted Elizabeth and of bloody Mary.

To the same] *Bowness: Aug.* 29, 1858.

We are here after a most pleasant circuit among your uncles, aunts, brother, and cousins, who have all been most kind, and have received my wife as one of *us*, to my great contentment and gratification. We came last from the Island, where we stayed with Reginald and Louisa from Monday till Friday. We fell in with the Dean and Minna in *divers* places, or, more properly speaking, in *climbers'* places, for our last view of them was on the side of Skiddaw, where they were going up as we were coming down. Your uncle James gave Minna a sail upon the lake at Coniston, which I think occasioned her a little alarm as well as a wetting; but of course she will tell you of her adventures better than I can. She was travelling, she said, under written orders from you, and was very punctual in conforming to them. Yesterday we went along a new drive, through the woods of Elleray, which gives a truly magnificent series of views of Windermere, especially of the head of the lake. There is no saying how much I have enjoyed seeing the old scenes and the dear people whom we were with—dearer than ever for their kindness to my dear companion.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 17, 1858.

Since writing to you we have been to many places. After finishing our Lakes we went into Scotland and had a glimpse—it was no more—of the Highlands. And then we went to Grantham to see a statue of Newton inaugurated: that is, the tarpaulin taken off it! And then I fell and broke a rib; but was not much the worse for it; for I went to Leeds forthwith, and there Mr. Teale mended me. And at Leeds we had a week of scientific meetings, which I enjoyed because Fanny enjoyed them; and then we came here—rather later for my work than I ought to have been; however, by working hard for a week or two I shall get things into order, and I hope keep them so.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 9, 1858.

Thank you very much for sending me immediately the Indian photographs. They are curious specimens of Jain architecture. You are to know that there are three kinds of architecture in India: Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Jain; quite different in style. Pray thank your uncle very warmly for remembering me in the middle of his work and his ill health.

I have read no novel lately except a new one of Auerbach, 'Barfüssele'; and a dreamy little thing called 'Deutsche Liebe,'[1] which is, however, full of English poetry, Wordsworth, Arnold, and Tennyson—I also read Ellis's 'Madagascar' for love of Janet, for there is in it a good deal about Mauritius.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Christmas Day*, 1858.

I had not noticed that it was so long since I wrote to you as you seem to think it has been, but certainly I have been very busy this term. I began with a hurry of examinations for which I arrived too late, and with three books going on at the printer's, which had overtaken me and wanted matter. And as the term has gone on, we have had a series of visitors occupying almost the whole of the time; some of them old friends of Lady A.'s, and some my own. Among the last have been Professor and Mrs. Airy.

[1] By Professor Max Müller.

My books I have pretty well worked off; though only one of them is yet published—the Novum Organum, which you have seen. The others are a notice of the life of Dr. Barrow, and a notice of the life of Professor Jones of Haileybury, of whom you must have heard me speak as an intimate friend. The works of both are going to be published, and I have written a prefatory article to each. So that now my task for the term, both social and literary, is, I hope, pretty well executed. On Tuesday we go to Bedgebury.

To the same] *Bedgebury: Dec.* 29, 1858.

I write a single line to prevent any awkwardness which may arise from my stupidity in telling you that I did not recollect Miss C. I have known her for a great many years, and have always found her a most agreeable and friendly person. I hope you did not tell her that I did not recollect her. I cannot tell how I came to be puzzle-headed about her name. My stupidity in such matters is a source of great annoyance to me, and I try to conceal it as much as possible.

We are here a large party in a very fine house built like a French château, with a great expanse of wooded hills about us, all belonging to the estate, and a series of lakes almost as big as Grasmere and Rydal, in the valley before the house, where we have been driving and walking all day.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 4, 1859.

You will have heard that we have had Herschel and Lady Herschel, Bella and Maria staying with us for a week—a great delight was every one of the four. Alick's place in taking his degree was as high as was expected. There was a project that he and Maria should go to Adel. But Herschel conceived a strong dislike of being without his children, so they gave up their plan and went back to Collingwood yesterday.

You would see that Fred. Myers's poem about Burns was judged to be the second best of all that were sent in. It appeared to me to have a great deal of merit of the same kind as Miss Isa Craig's, and in truth to be more poetical than hers is. I shall not be surprised if it be more admired than hers. It is very Tennysonian, so I suppose you give your admiration to it.

Montagu Butler told me the other day that your husband is a great friend of his. We have just appointed Butler to be one of our assistant tutors, which I was glad to do, for he is much admired by the men, and is a person whom it does them good to admire and to see a good deal of.

To James Garth Marshall] *Good Friday:* 1859.

I hope you and Mary have been enjoying your travels? It may seem perverse to say so, but to me every part of Italy appeared more interesting than Rome. You see the city from a good point of view—Trajan's Forum. I hope that Pentland has been of some use to you? I found him a very valuable friend.

I have seen John Stuart Mill's pamphlet on Reform, and do not much disagree with him. I am glad he has taken up your plan of voting for minorities. But I am much vexed at the course which this Reform Bill has taken. The nation and Parliament were in a calm and candid mood on the subject, and if such a Bill as would have satisfied Walpole had been brought in, it might have passed and tranquillised the country for years. I cannot understand why Lord Derby should reject Walpole's advice for Disraeli's, who, I should think, has no convictions on the subject.

Take care that you do not get yourself entangled with the movements of armies before you come home.

The rumours and telegrams to-day are very warlike. I would fain hope that it is impossible for the nations of Europe to commit the folly and wickedness of going to war at present; but the wisdom and virtue of nations have not advanced so far as to give one any great confidence in them.

I suppose this will find you in the midst of your Easter festivities. I am writing on Good Friday.

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: May* 17, 1859.

It has been in my mind to write to you for several days, for I always feel confident that you take an interest in my joys and sorrows. My dear brother-in-law, Robert Ellis, ended his sufferings some days ago, and to-day I have been at his funeral. You know how remarkable his existence has been for

a long time, deprived of almost every outward faculty, and yet retaining undimmed almost all the light within. It remained so almost to the end, and, indeed, his mind was clear to the last, though he became so sensitive that he could not see me nor even his sister. He had always lived in fear of some great suffering at the last, but I hope it was not so. He died at last very peaceably, and his last words were, 'I see a light!' We have buried him at Trumpington to-day. Among the old friends who attended there were Thurtell, Harvey Goodwin, Matheson, and others whom you know. . . .

I shall send you soon, I hope, a specimen of my Plato, of your Plato, for it was your liking it which made me go on. You must tell me whether it is worth my while to publish this and to publish more. If the worshipful public does not like it I shall not take the trouble of preparing any further portion for the press. And perhaps you will not like it so much in type as you did in *vivâ voce* reading.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Dawlish: Sep.* 13, 1859.

We are so far on our journey homewards, having been in Cornwall, as far as the Land's End. In that region we found many friends who enquired after you, and were glad to have tidings of you, especially Sir Charles Lemon, with whom we stayed a week at Carclew, several of the Foxes, at Falmouth, and the Miss C——'s, at Penzance, one of whom, who was a young girl when you were there in 1828, is understood to regard you as, in a certain degree, affianced to her, so when you go there again you will receive an affectionate welcome.

Our old mine at Dolcoath has the Truro and Penzance Railway running through it, and is altered in other ways. Lady Affleck was much delighted to make acquaintance with these ancient haunts and old friends of mine. I hope it is still pleasant to you, as it was to me, to recall these old memories, and I should probably have written to you without any other object.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Sep.* 30, 1859.

We arrived here yesterday evening after our summer tour. It has been very pleasant to see several old friends of my own,

and several of Lady A——'s, and to make them for the future our common friends; pleasant, too, to revisit together places that one or other, or both, of us had known before. I was especially glad to show her my ancient haunts in Cornwall, which I have not visited since 1828, and to see again several Cornish friends of that ancient time; though I found in my old mine of Dolcoath nobody who recollected me. We went to the very Land's End, and looked out over the Atlantic. They say that there is no land between that and the Antarctic Circle.

To his Sister] *London: July* 4, 1860.

I do not know if Lady A—— has told you of our immediate projects for the summer? We intend to cross over from Folkestone to Boulogne on Friday (the 6th), and to cross France to Bayonne. Our purpose is then, if her courage do not fail, to pass the Pyrenees and to go into Spain, so as to get into the path of the eclipse of the sun, which is total in that region. We have friends at Bilbao, with whom we go and stay till the eclipse is over. It takes place on the 18th. It will be a large eclipse in England but not total; and the difference between a total eclipse and another, which though large is not total, is striking enough to make us think it worth while going where we can see the phenomenon in its perfection. I am afraid it will be very hot, and we hear a good deal of the discomforts of travelling in Spain, but I dare say that all these difficulties will turn out in reality, when we come to grapple with them, much smaller than they seem in the prospect.

We were at Oxford great part of last week, for the meeting of the British Association.

To the same] *Bayonne: July* 25, 1860.

We are returned to this place after our journey to Spain. Our travelling was certainly somewhat rough; that is, the inns were dirty and uncomfortable, and the feeding not to our mind, but still we got on very well when we got a little used to their ways. The eclipse was quite as striking as we expected to find it, and well seen where we were, except that the sky was cloudy under the sun's place, so that we did not see the four planets which were visible where the sky was clear.

I often wished James had been with us, to see a very extraordinary railway which they are making, from Santander and Bilbao to Tudela. The engineer is an Englishman, Mr. Vignolles, with whom we were staying at Bilbao.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Aug.* 22, 1860.

Since I saw you we have executed with great success the Spanish expedition, which we were then talking of—have seen our eclipse in the most striking aspect we could have conceived —have spent our five days at Biarritz, and our ten days at Paris, and are glad to find ourselves in the intense quiet of the College in the Long Vacation. I am not quite sure that we shall not stay here, for we enjoy the repose and tranquillity very much, and the persevering bad weather is such as to forbid all unnecessary expeditions. But still we have a hankering after the north, and do not like to let a second summer pass without at least a glimpse of it.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas]

Coniston Hall, not *Monk Coniston: Sept.* 22, 1860.

I have long wished to write to you, and to tell you how much I have sympathised with you in all your troubles and sorrows, and how much I love you as I have always done, and how glad I am to know that you are again in England, and how earnestly I hope that your evil time is past, and that your dear husband is recovering his health, and that your time of comfort and peace is come. All this I should have told you long ago, but I hope that you know it as well as if I had told it you twenty times over. I have, that is *we* have, been travelling about almost the whole of the summer, in a way very unfavourable to letter writing. Lately we have been in the north, but too late to see Kate at the Island, and so I did not go to the Island, nor any further than Monk Coniston, the last place at which we were. For you are to understand that the Coniston Hall from which I now write, is not the Lancashire, but the Yorkshire Coniston, not far from Skipton. It belongs to Mr. Tottie of Leeds, but is at present inhabited by a brother-in-law of Lady Affleck's, a Mr. Unwin, who has two charming

little girls, of whom Lady A—— is very fond, and who have adopted me as their uncle, with great good will. You see my possessions in the way of nieces go on increasing, and it is truly remarkable what charming creatures most of them are!

This Coniston, which is called Coniston Cold, that is Coniston Cold Spring—not Cold Coniston, as some ignorantly used to say, is in the midst of some of the most noticeable Yorkshire sights. Yesterday we were at Bolton Abbey, and saw an adventurous tourist 'bound across the Strid,' without coming to any grief; and the day before we were at Malham Cove, and Gordale, two very wonderful exhibitions of the way in which the limestone rock of this region exhibits itself in cliffs, which you perhaps know, as becomes a Yorkshire woman. And on Monday we are to enjoy a better result of our coming into this region, by going to your dear mother at Cookridge, where I shall hear more of you, my darling. But as I have an hour at liberty this morning, I do not see how I can use it better than by writing to you, to tell you that I need no such visit to keep you in my thoughts and my heart, that I shall be very glad to hear of all that befalls you, and hope it may be nothing but good.

CHAPTER X.

1860–1866.

Completion of Master's Court—Sketch of History of Courts and of the Foundations endowed eventually by Dr. Whewell's Bequest—Family Sorrows—Professor Henslow—Prize Poem—Death of the Prince Consort—Duke of Devonshire Chancellor—Photographs—'Lady of La Garaye'—British Association at Cambridge—Death of Mrs. Statter—Her Verses—Death of Mr. Rowley—Visit to Cambridge of the Prince and Princess of Wales—Illness of Lady Affleck—Her Death—Visits Putney—Cheltenham—Grange—Scotland—Nuneham—Yorkshire—Switzerland—French Cathedrals—Return to Cambridge—Visitors—Lowestoft—Visits to various friends—Last Letter to his Sister Mrs. Newton—Death of Lord Monteagle—Accident—Death.

In 1860 was completed the first Master's Court, a building opposite the Great Gate of Trinity, which Dr. Whewell had erected at his own expense, in order to afford additional accommodation for students of Trinity College. His ultimate purpose, which was effected by his will, was to endow out of the rents and profits of this hostel or auxiliary building a Chair of International Law, and Scholarships for proficiency in that subject. This idea had been present to his mind for a long time, though it is not easy to ascertain exactly when he first entertained it. It is probable that it was suggested by the course of study which he pursued himself, and sketched out for others in connection with his duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy. The last chapter of his 'Elements of Morality,' published in 1845, is entitled 'International Jus., Rights and Obligations between States,' and the scope and arrangement of his work seem to

indicate that he regarded the recognition of International obligations as marking the highest development and final outcome of the Science of Morality.

The first step which he seems to have taken was in 1849, when he propounded to Mr. Martin, then Bursar, a hypothetical scheme for the endowment of a Professorship, without specifying the nature of it. This scheme, which contemplated a considerable expenditure on the part of the College to meet the proposed gift, did not approve itself to Mr. Martin's judgment. Before addressing Mr. Martin, the Master had already acquired the freehold of the Sun Inn, opposite the Great Gate of Trinity, which was estimated at about 7,000*l.* After receiving Mr. Martin's answer he commenced a negotiation with Jesus College for the purchase of some adjoining property, which he conceived to be necessary for the attainment of his object. He proposed to endow his Professorship and Scholarships out of the rents to be derived from a hostel, in which additional accommodation would be provided for students of Trinity College. Thus the College would be benefited, while at the same time the means of endowment would be provided. He hoped that the property belonging to Jesus College, when thrown in with his own, would furnish a sufficient site for the proposed hostel, but the expense of this additional ground and that of the building to be erected was to fall on the College, and to be repaid by a sinking fund out of the rents.

In August 1850, before he had come to any arrangement with Jesus College, he proposed to the Seniors to give the Sun Inn site to the College on the conditions he had already mentioned to Mr. Martin, but he now specified that the Professorship to be endowed by his gift would be one of International Law. The Seniority

appear to have declined the offer, probably deterred by financial considerations. In making the offer Dr. Whewell referred to the appointment of the Royal Commission, which was then imminent, and stated that his offer assumed that the present mode of conducting the College system and managing the College property would not be interfered with by external authority. Still, it was in November 1857, at the time when the controversy about College reform was raging most violently within the walls of Trinity, that he next approached the College with a renewal of his offer. He had now acquired the property belonging to Jesus College, which he had formerly wished the College to purchase, so that the only expenditure the College would incur would be that of erecting a hostel. His proposal now comprised the establishment of Scholarships as well as of a Professorship of International Law, and also additional Foundation Scholarships attached to the College. A design for a hostel had been prepared by Mr. Salvin. It would give twenty-five sets of rooms, and would cost 10,000*l*. Nothing, however, came of this offer, and in 1859 Dr. Whewell determined to erect the hostel himself. It was completed in the summer of 1860, and immediately occupied by students of the College. Although the private property of Dr. Whewell it was regarded as an integral portion of the College, and students residing in it were subject to the same rules, and had the same privileges as those residing within the College walls. But Dr. Whewell's intentions did not stop here. He was persevering and vigilant in his endeavour to obtain another contiguous site, which would enable him to enlarge his building and augment his endowment. His first desire was to carry the extention of his hostel along Trinity Street, for he had

always been anxious whenever new buildings connected with the College were erected, that their architectural character should improve the appearance of the town, but the difficulty of acquiring property with so valuable a frontage compelled the Master to turn his eyes in another direction, and eventually he determined that the site of his additional hostel, or second Court, should be at the back of the first Court, and between it and Sidney Street. By the end of 1865 he had purchased all the land necessary for the purpose, the plans for a Court with seventy sets of rooms were prepared, tenders for a contract were invited, and it was scarcely a fortnight before the accident which caused his death that the contract was settled and signed. The building was completed in 1868, and the rooms occupied in the next October Term.

It was found that the project he had so long entertained of establishing International Law as an important branch of University study had been most carefully and munificently provided for under his will. If he had lived a few years longer he would probably have inaugurated the establishment of the chair himself. As it was, he left directions so clear and definite that no difficulty was found in carrying out his intentions to the full, immediately the building of the second Court was completed. The value of the endowment which he gave to support the study he had thus selected for special encouragement cannot have been much less than 100,000*l.* Dr. Whewell's gift maintains a Professor and eight Scholars, whose combined stipends amount to 1,100*l.* a year.

The first Professor elected under the Trust in 1869 was Sir William Harcourt, M.P., who still holds the appointment. The practical object which Dr. Whewell

had in view is recognised by a regulation requiring the Professor, according to his express injunctions in all parts of his treatment of the subject, to lay down such rules and to suggest such measures as may tend to diminish the evils of war, and finally to extinguish war between nations. In the same spirit the regulations for the Scholarships confer certain exemptions from residence in favour of Scholars holding diplomatic or consular appointments under the Crown.[1]

Two Foundation Scholarships were also given by Dr. Whewell's will to the College. Mrs. Whewell several years before her death endowed a Foundation Scholarship at Trinity with 500*l.* In addition to this, she bequeathed by her will a sum of nearly 10,000*l.* to the College, to be applied at her husband's death as he should direct, or failing such direction it was bequeathed to a fund belonging to the College, known as the Pigott Fund, and employed in the augmentation of the stipends of poor incumbents. By his will, Dr. Whewell directed that the Master and Seniors should apply the sum at their discretion to any one of three specified objects:

[1] The electors to the professorship are the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Trinity College, the Regius Professor of Civil Law, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, the Downing Professor of the Laws of England, and the Professor of Political Economy, with casting vote to the Master of Trinity.

The Professor is required annually to give a course of twelve lectures on the subject of International Law, and he is bound by the express injunction of Dr. Whewell 'to make it his aim in all parts of his treatment of the subject to lay down such rules and to suggest such measures as may tend to diminish the evils of war, and finally to extinguish war between nations.' He is further required to furnish to the Master and senior Fellows of Trinity a certificate signed by ten resident members of the University that they have each of them attended ten at least of the lectures of the Professor during the preceding year. The Scholarships are eight in number, and each of them is tenable for four years. Of the two Scholars annually to be elected one is to receive 100*l.* and the other 50*l.* The electors are the same as for the Professorship. The condition of residence is relaxed in favour of any persons holding a diplomatic or consular appointment under the Crown. All persons under the age of twenty-five years are eligible to the Scholarships.

the foundation of additional Scholarships, or of a Professorship, or to the augmentation of the Pigott Fund. In July 1879 Mrs. Whewell's Trust Fund had reached by accumulation the sum of 11,952*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*, and the income of it was being devoted by the College to the augmentation of small livings.

The death of Mr. Ellis was the only break in the happiness of the two years immediately following Dr. Whewell's second marriage. We have seen from his letters how great was his admiration for the character of his wife's brother, and his respect for the courageous patience with which his sufferings and disabilities were borne.

The year 1861 was one of much sorrow, not only to his old friend Sir John Herschel, but also to those young relations whom Dr. Whewell loved with especial, and almost parental fondness. Whilst blow after blow fell upon them, he poured out his ardent sympathy in frequent letters.

From these it is not easy to select any to lay before strangers. Still any picture of Dr. Whewell which displayed the depth and strength of feeling inspired by his own domestic joys and sorrows, and did not show with what tenderness he sympathised with others under similar trials, would be most imperfect. The attempt must therefore be made.

The first sorrow was occasioned by the death of the niece whose marriage, connecting together as it did two families most dear to him, had been rejoiced over as 'one of the happiest events of his later life.' Writing of this to Sir John Herschel he says :—

So great is this calamity, it may seem at first to deprive of their value your remaining possessions. And yet, my dear Herschel, it is not so. You are still richer in objects of love

and sources of earthly happiness than any one whom I know, and so I trust you will soon come to feel. And with regard to her we may feel, persons at your age and mine, that the separation cannot be for long. There is nothing but what may well be borne, in the thought that we shall have to follow in a few short years. As we go onward in life, the next world comes to be peopled with our loved ones more than this. The thought of her angel life may elevate and sweeten our earthly life.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson he wrote a few days later:—

Lowestoft: Jan. 11, 1861.

I know well how idle and vain all words of comfort must be for a long time. She, whom we have lost, was indeed so sweet, and dear, and good, that we cannot think how we can live without her. Even to see her as seldom as I saw her, gave a sunshine to my life. What are we to say of her removal but that she was ripe for heaven and so was taken thither. You will have heard how well prepared she was for her departure, and how resignedly she past away; in full reliance on Him Who became as one of us, that we might be like Him, and see Him as He is. She is taken to the house of many mansions, and you will have hereafter to think of her as of a sister in heaven.

. . . I am soothed and comforted in some degree by your turning to me with a daughter's love—but even the thought of her where she is, and as she is, must fail to calm our grief as yet. My heart bleeds to think of the terrible sorrow to so many persons—so sweet and so dear to me, all; besides the husband, whom I hardly know how to write to, the two dear mothers, both of whom I have long loved as sisters, and who have allowed me to look on them as such. Our motto, my love, must be *sursum corda*, but as I say, it is hard as yet to find any virtue in these words. May a merciful God—He *is* merciful—enable you soon to feel the consolation that there is in them.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas]

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge: Feb. 6, 1861.

It was a great disappointment to me, as well as to Lady Affleck, to find you saying that you could not come to us. I hope still you will find that you can. It is so very hard that you should go for three weeks to Oxford, and not come for a few days to Cambridge. I reckon that you are a Cambridge woman as much as Stair is an Oxford man, and I think it is great tyranny on his part, to give all to his University and none to yours. Pray think better of this.

Stair was very good in writing to me, on the occasion of that other beloved niece's removal to her place among the angels. . . . I have letters from Sir John and Lady Herschel, which show that they bear the blow as well as one could expect. They have many blessings left, beyond the common lot of man; but this was the first *great* affliction. I have often thought of the Herschels as a family signally happy in almost every way; but one's thoughts of their happiness must always now have this dark shadow of sorrow in its sky.

All the letters Dr. Whewell wrote at this time show how keenly he shared this sorrow, but throughout he is always pointing out what comfort lies in dwelling upon the happy past and the happier future. 'Who would wish to forget, and gain by oblivion a dead consolation?' 'She must always be one of the brightest spots in the range of memory to all who knew her. May you be supported and soothed by sweet memories and sweeter hopes!'

About this time his old friend Professor Henslow, who was at the point of death, sent him a message of farewell. The answer this drew forth was written

April 14, 1861.

My dear Henslow,—I am much touched by your kind recollection of me in your situation. If you are really on the point of making the great voyage which we must all make in

our turn, may God be with you, and comfort and support you through the passage, and receive you in (to?) His paternal and redeeming arms when it is over.

If this reaches you while you are still among us, I should like you to know the deep gratitude I have to you for all that I have received and learnt from you. I never was with you, even for a short time, without thinking that I was the better and wiser for you; and it has been one of the sorrows of my later life that I saw less of you than I wished to do.

But all these regrets will soon be over; for you are going, in a few days, as it seems, and I in a few years, where we shall know, even as we are known.

God bless and support you, my dear Henslow, and believe me

Yours most affectionately,
W. WHEWELL.

Another sorrow had fallen, another separation taken place, before he writes to his niece—Mrs. Sumner Gibson—a letter in which the following words occur:—

Lowestoft: July 16.

The recollection of a happy married life, however short, is, when time has softened the first deep bitterness of the sorrow, something which gives a solemn tranquillity to life, and establishes a really felt connection between this life and a future one.

A letter to Miss Whewell tells of the outward events and movements of the summer.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Aug.* 12, 1861.

We are here on our way from Lowestoft to the Continent. We left Cliff Cottage a week ago, having been there about a month. It was very pretty and pleasant, and we were sorry to leave it. The Lodge, too, is a very pleasant abode at present; indeed I do not know where we can hope to find a pleasanter. With its large rooms and thick walls, and lawns and shades out

of doors, no abode can be better suited to enable us to bear the hot weather.

To a Niece] *Trinity Lodge: Aug.* 11, 1861.

Though I have not written to you, I am sure you have not needed to be told that my heart was with you in your great affliction. Indeed, your aunt Marianne gave me a message from you which made me understand that you confided in my love and sympathy; and to be so recollected by you at such a time made me love you and feel for you all the more. And in truth, my love, now that I am writing to you, what can I say that you do not know already. I will not attempt to persuade you that your cause for grief is not most bitter and overwhelming, and you know as well as I can tell you that it is to be accepted as a chastening token of God's love, and as a means of turning your thoughts to another world, where there will be no more tears and no more separations. And, even on this side the grave, I trust, my love, that when the first bitter surprise of grief is past you may find something to soothe and raise your thoughts in turning them back upon your short period of happiness. I am sure you will agree with me that your life will be a nobler and holier kind of being than if you had no such bright season to look back upon, and will feel that such a widowhood connects you with the world to come. From what your aunt Susan writes to me, I know that you do not take the chastening in a rebellious spirit; and you have yet many left who love you, and to whom you can give your love, even though the largest share of it is buried, or rather transferred to the regions of immortality.

I shall be glad to hear from you when you can write to me. My wife desires me to give you her kindest regards and warmest sympathy. We intend to set off in a few days for Switzerland, to stay there a few weeks.

My dear child, I have not said one tenth of what I had to say, but indeed it cannot be said at once, and I hope that we shall see each other often; and learn to know each other's feelings, as I hope on many subjects we have known them in past times. One thing I cannot but say—you will excuse any

transient pain which it gives you, for the abiding sentiment must be one of thankfulness and solace.

I think you were happy in having so peaceful and conscious a leave-taking. Such a parting seems to me a true euthanasia, as great a blessing as God can give in this life, for it conveys an assurance of a life and a happy one beyond. And you know in whom you confide for the reconciliation with God, on both your parts, which is to lead you to that life.

To the same]

Your dear letter reached me at Vevay and was very welcome. I was very glad to find that you took kindly the few words of sympathy and soothing which I tried to say to you then. I hope the succeeding time has brought you peace and touches of comfort. There can be no better foundation for peace and consolation than that which you have; the resolve to live on in a way worthy of the thoughts which have been called up in us by those who have gone before us. May all comfort be with you from this and every other source!

We returned hither a few days ago, after a six weeks' tour, mainly in Switzerland. Being now once more at home, I want to hear the summer story of all friends; and I shall be glad if you, my love, will let me know something of yourself as soon as you can with satisfaction to yourself.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 8, 1861.

Your letter gave me great pleasure. You accept your lot with a patience and sweetness which are delightful to those that love you as I do, and will, by the blessing of God, lead you to peace and comfort. I should like much to see you and have you with me for a while. Is it not possible that you could come to us at Lowestoft? You know how quiet you would be there. We are going to the Cottage, I think, before Christmas, and shall stay there till near the end of January, and we will have nobody to disturb you, except we could persuade Kate to come at the same time, which would be very pleasant. Should you not like to see the Cottage and the shore again, and walk with me on the Denes?

We are going out of College as soon as the term is over,

after some weeks of rather unusual company keeping. The approaching departure of the Prince of Wales has led to various festivities—balls, plays, and shooting matches, and the like, besides dinners and concerts of various dimensions. The Prince is to travel for the next half-year. Lucky for him that he has *done* his United States already, for they seem likely now to be undone for all future travellers.

The death of the Prince Consort on December 10, 1861, rendered it necessary to have a new election for the Chancellorship of the University. The names of the Duke of Buccleugh and of the Duke of Northumberland were put forward, mainly on political grounds. Dr. Whewell had made up his mind from the first that the Duke of Devonshire would be the fittest successor to that high office, both on account of his exalted rank, and still more by virtue of his scientific and intellectual eminence. We have already seen the estimation in which he was held by Dr. Whewell at the time when he had just completed his brilliant academical career, and in the parliamentary elections of 1829 and 1831 the Duke, who was then Mr. Cavendish, had received Dr. Whewell's warm support. Since that time Dr. Whewell's political opinions, though he was never an extreme partisan, had become very different from those which the Duke of Devonshire was well known to entertain, but on this occasion he discarded all considerations of politics in comparison with what he felt to be due to the dignity and interest of the University, and the example he set was followed in a very remarkable manner by other Conservatives, especially in his own College. His influence thus had the effect of saving the University from a contested election, an incident in University life which, as we have already seen, he particularly disliked. Even he could hardly have foreseen

the great advantages which have accrued to the University from the choice of so munificent and enlightened a Chancellor.

The installation of the Duke of Devonshire took place in the summer of the following year. In conformity with usage Honorary Degrees were conferred on several eminent persons, according to a list partly furnished by the Chancellor. Dr. Whewell was consulted on this matter. Among the names suggested by him was that of M. Michel Chevallier, one of his intimate foreign friends.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 25, 1862.

I suppose that Lady Affleck has breathed forth to you some of the indignation which she feels against photographs in general, and photographs of me in particular. For my part, though I think in general they are odious things, 'Justice without Mercy,' as Landseer calls them for men, and Injustice without Mercy, as I call them, for women, on the present occasion I am for once obliged to them for bringing me your pleasant letter after too long a silence—very likely my fault.

Fanny, as she probably told you, was quite taken by surprise and in a most disagreeable way, when after a great struggle she had consented to have me operated upon, supposing that the results were to remain in her own hands altogether, and were to be a special piece of patronage and munificence of her own; and then found my physiognomy staring at us from shop windows in half a dozen different versions! It is a very hard case for us English, for it appears they manage these matters better in France. But, as the Chief Baron said the other day, a man has no property in his own face; still less has his wife any property in it.

I have no doubt that you have been very meritorious in reading honestly on in 'Mrs. Delany'; but there is a sort of pleasure of a peculiar kind in making acquaintance with paper companions and living with them day after day.

Ed io anche. I, too, have been a marvel of such patience,

for I have read fairly through 'The Young Stepmother,' a novel by Miss (Heartsease) Yonge, in which a lady, who marries a widower with a family because she likes educating children, is very naturally rewarded by finding the education a very troublesome business. Still, there is great reality about it, so that I hear the ladies discussing whether she did right in this or that.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas] *Trinity Lodge: March* 15, 1862.

I have not seen the 'Lady of la Garaye,' but I suppose one can judge of it from the extracts in reviews and newspapers. From those it seemed clever and poetical, but rather too much of a hospital poem to be very cheerful reading. I do, however, intend to get it and read it. I suppose Henry Taylor's drama is nearly ready, for his wife brought the dedication to Park Street the other day. It is dedicated to the Duc d'Aumale, the story being, I believe, about a prince of Orleans. I told her I thought such a dedication a very *humane* attention to ex-royalty.

To James Garth Marshall]

Trinity Lodge: Oct. 10, 1862.

We were very sorry not to see you here during the meeting,[1] and went on hoping to the last that you would come. Our friends seemed well satisfied with the business and the amusements of the occasion. You would have found in the Lodge with us Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, and Vignolles, the engineer. There was an attempt to get up a discussion about this unhappy break of bank in the Fens; but such a discussion was thought premature, and it was staved off. I was not much in the Geological Section, and do not know if they had there any discussion of metamorphic doctrines; but I find that Sorby [?] has a grant of money to make experiments on that subject, so the matter is not asleep.

O'Callaghan was with us often, though he was lodged at Peterhouse, and gave us some account of the well-being of you and yours in the neighbourhood of Leeds.

The Association is going to Newcastle next year, which I do

[1] Of the British Association at Cambridge.

not much like, for two reasons. I think it is better to go to new places; Bath and Dundee urged their claims, and I do not like to have the thoughts of men of science turned mainly to war, as is done by making Sir W. Armstrong the President. But the Association wants money, and ought to get it, for it spends a great deal.

We are now enjoying our rest after our bustle.

The early days of this year were overcast with anxiety about Dr. Whewell's sister Martha, Mrs. Statter. She died at Wormenhall in January.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Jan.* 14, 1863.

When your kind New Year's letter came to gladden me here I let my wife answer it, because she wanted to try to persuade you and Sumner to come to us here.

You told me you had been reading the 'Life of Irving,' and did not much like it. I do not wonder. The lady authoress has put in far too much of her own fine writing. She is also rather too much of a partisan, but I do not quarrel with that in a biographer, if kept within moderate bounds. There is another biography which I think interesting, though the subject of it was in some respects a rough character. I mean Wilson—'Christopher North.' The story of the early days of 'Blackwood' is not very creditable, but there are interesting pictures of life and character, well given.

I have been reading, too, a story about a namesake of yours. You know I have a general love for 'Kates,' and I think you might be amused with 'Countess Kate.' It is a child's book, at least, so intended; my wife says that the moral is not good, as it tends to make rude, impetuous, ungainly girls, satisfied with themselves and confident that they will be admired in the end. This seems to me rather hard upon this Kate; but at any rate you are in no danger of being spoilt by the moral. Besides which, you will read the story and disregard the moral, like a sensible reader.

I have lately been called away into Oxfordshire, to see my sister (Mrs. Statter), who is very ill, but whom I found not quite so ill as I had feared.

To his Sister] *Lowestoft: Jan.* 24, 1863.

Your news, though not unexpected, was very afflicting. I thought our dear sister might have endured a little longer; but God has taken her, and she has gone to Him in a faith and hope which will not fail her. It is consolatory to hear that her departure was so tranquil, still more so to recollect how prepared and resigned she seemed when I saw her. I am thankful that owing to your thoughtfulness I saw her then rather than at the last.

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 5, 1863.

It was a great comfort to me to receive your kind and sisterly letter, prompted by the departure of my dear sister Martha. I was with her about a fortnight before the end, and administered the Communion to her. She was then looking quite steadily and trustfully to the end; I thought it might not be so near.

She had all her children with her at the end, except James, who is an architect, and is building railway stations in Denmark. . . . Have you seen a book which Alfred Elliott has written and sent over? It is a history of the legends, migrations, connections, and habits of some of the people that he has to do with: 'The Chronicle of Oonao: a District of Oudh.' I am very glad to see from him a book of this kind. It is the sort of study that our great Indians—Malcolm, Elphinstone, and the like—have pursued, and will tend to make and prove him fit for high office.

To his Sister Ann] *Trinity Lodge: Feb.* 27, 1863.

I was very glad to hear from you. It had not occurred to me that it was so long since we met on that solemn occasion at Wormenhall. The recollection of that meeting is full of sadness, yet softened by the thought of the previous meeting which we had when we were assured that we were, through Christ, heirs of eternal life; and by the thought, how calmly and firmly she looked forward to her departure. I was glad that you were able to stay a little while with the dear children.

I think it will be very interesting for all of us, and for a

few other friends, to have copies of the verses which our dear sister now and then solaced herself with writing.

I am invited to Windsor, to be present at the Prince of Wales's marriage. I believe there will be a great crowd. We are already busy here with preparations for illuminating the College. We want to show such goodwill as we can.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 8, 1863.

I think you will be glad to hear of us, now that our summer wanderings are over, and we are once more settled in our regular abode. We had a very pleasant tour of about three months, reaching as far as Venice and Trieste in one direction, and Zurich and Lausanne in another. We visited also many of the old German towns which I had visited before when I was following German architecture with great zeal from province to province. We had very fine weather and were carried by the railroads with wonderful rapidity over vast spaces. Indeed, the railroads themselves are among the most noticeable things when they are carried through mountainous country. The railway from Vienna to Trieste and Venice is quite one of the wonders of the world, and very beautiful as well as very wonderful.

I am now busy with the election of our Fellows. We have only three vacancies, a smaller number than usual, and therefore shall have to reject some meritorious men, much to my sorrow.

My sister has been much interested of late in printing a number of verses which my dear sister Martha wrote at various periods. They are not remarkable for literary merit, but there is a constancy and liveliness of religious feeling in them which makes them affecting—to those who knew her, especially.

I take for granted Ann has given you a copy of this collection.

The last year of sunshine opened with a visit to Lowestoft. There Dr. Whewell received the news of the death of his old schoolmaster Joseph Rowley, and a

letter to Dr. Mackreth records again the obligation to him which he was never weary of acknowledging.

In the summer they began their holiday, as usual, by spending a short time at Cliff Cottage. Afterwards they went together to revisit the 'ancient haunts' among the 'dear lakes,' Hallsteads, Patterdale, Monk Coniston, Derwent Island, returning to Cambridge rather earlier than usual.

To Dr. Mackreth] *Cliff Cottage, Lowestoft: Jan.* 13, 1864.

I think you will be glad to hear from me, though I have nothing to send but good wishes, and only want to send them before they have lost the fragrance of the New Year. I wish most heartily all good to you and Mrs. Mackreth and all belonging to you. You are now among the oldest friends that I have, and as we grow older every year we more and more value these long-established ties of mutual regard. I have lately received notification of the death of one very old friend—my old schoolmaster Joseph Rowley. I have great obligations to him, for it was mainly through him that I was sent to Cambridge, and so became what I am. I see that he was ninety years old. I suppose his daughter remained with him to the last; all his other children had been settled away from him some time ago. A few years ago I discovered in the wife of a clergyman in Norfolk a granddaughter of his. Are his children in general pretty well provided for?

We arrived here the first day of the New Year, and had ten days of very sharp frost, but that now seems to have passed away, and we have our usual mild January weather.

In the Easter Term of this year the Prince of Wales brought the Princess to Cambridge. The Royal visitors stayed at the Lodge. The great feature of the visit was a ball in Neville's Court, one of the three quadrangles of the College, in which a spacious marquee was erected for the occasion.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson]

Burlington Hotel: June 20, 1864.

It is long since I have heard from you or written to you. We have of late been so busy, first with the preparations for our royal visit, and then with the visit itself, that it seemed impossible, for the time, to employ ourselves about anything else. You would laugh if I could tell you how I have been kept sleepless by unwonted cares about how carriages were to set down and take up at our ball! And yet the difficulties were really not small; for the ball-room was Neville's Court—cloisters and all—and the entrance was at the cloister in King's Court. You may recollect that the only access to this is by Trinity Lane, which is too narrow for two carriages to pass. So they had to set down, and then go forward into the wide, wide world by the lime-tree avenue and the iron gate, and to return by the Antipodes after circumnavigating Cambridge. However, in the end all went off excellently well, without confusion or manifest difficulty. Our royal guests seemed well entertained and enjoyed themselves. And what was an especial delight to me, our young men behaved extremely well, with great orderliness and self-restraint.

To the same]

Grange, near Cartmell: Aug. 26, 1864.

We have been revisiting the ancient haunts about the dear lakes, Hallsteads, Patterdale, Coniston, and Derwent Island. As you will easily understand, our travels were full of enjoyment. Lady Affleck went over Grisedale Pass on a pony which your Uncle William lent her—a great achievement for her—greater than the Righi, I should think. It was most pleasant to see the faces of the ancient lakes and hills as well as of old friends. We are now at my sister's, which closes our northern travels, for I go south to marry, on the 31st, Hilda Airy, my god-daughter. Of course she is going to marry a senior wrangler, Mr. Routh of Peterhouse.

I am glad to hear that you are making progress with our church improvements. You may if you please alter my cheque by doubling it!

The winter of 1864–65 was severe; the spring which followed was chill and tardy. 'We are in great trouble with the consequences of neglected colds,' was one of many phrases from which two of Dr. Whewell's nieces gathered that he was entertaining considerable and increasing anxiety on the score of Lady Affleck's health. Both offered to go to him and share with him this anxiety, and help in the work of nursing. At first he could not bear to realise the gravity of the case, and wished to postpone receiving any visitors until she should be well again, and such meetings could be enjoyed in comfort. The illness, however, increased in despite of all that skill and care could do. Still he asked for no help yet. Until the blow should actually fall which was to lay waste his home, he wished to be alone with his wife, but in his letters he was already claiming the sympathy, and eagerly entreating the assistance of those, whether sisters, nieces, or friends, on whom he most relied to help him in the evil day rapidly drawing near. Lady Monteagle went to the Lodge as soon as the inevitable end was imminent, Mrs. Sumner Gibson directly afterwards, and she remained with him till the funeral. He then came to me.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: March* 5, 1865.

It was a great delight to me to hear from you, as it always is, and very good of you to tell me about our people, of whom I had not heard much of late. I am sorry that you have had a cold, and hope you have now quite thrown it off. I grieve to say we are in great trouble with the consequences of neglected colds. They have left upon my dear wife very serious traces, with which Dr. Paget is struggling—successfully I hope, though the progress is slow. We were at Cliff Cottage during the month of January, but she was scarcely out of the house there, and since our return she is entirely confined to our two rooms.

She does not venture to cross the hall. This, as you will easily understand, is very sad for her and me.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas] *Trinity Lodge: March* 14, 1865.

I was very glad to hear from you, and more especially glad to hear of any plan of your coming to us, which we have so long been wishing for. . . . I wish we had a prospect of receiving you in comfort, untroubled by the state of my dear wife's health, and our apprehensions about it, and I shall hope that before the time comes which you mention as most likely for your moving, we shall be all well again; but under any circumstances I shall be glad to see you.

I was very glad to see so many members of the family the other day, when I was in Park Street. It is the only visit I have made to London since last summer. I am growing quite strange to the place.

We are going on very much as usual, except that all our employments and enjoyments are sadly disturbed by my dear wife's illness. I hope that she improves, but it is very slowly.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson]
Trinity Lodge: March 27, 1865.

I have nothing to tell you, but all to fear as to the blow about to fall upon me immediately. My beloved wife is, I fear, in the last stage of illness. I am very desolate and shall be more so, and I only wish to say a word to exhort and beg of you to keep alive your love for me who need it so much, and shall soon need it more.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: March* 30, 1865.

My beloved Kate,—The end is not yet; and till it comes, I think I would rather you did not come to me, though it is a soothing thought, even at this moment, to know that you are willing to come. I am very grateful to Sumner for letting you do so. You do not lose any intercourse with her by not coming, for even I can scarcely hear her speak. I speak to her, and she answers with looks; and has even still her own bright and loving face. I trust she is in no pain, and she is quite sensible.

When she is taken away to the bosom of her God and Saviour, it would be a great comfort if you could come to me. I have asked your aunt Marianne to do so *then*. I do not know if she will. I already feel my desolation. Life has no longer any value or meaning, but you will help me to bear it.

To Professor Sedgwick] *Trinity Lodge: March* 31, 1865.

I am much touched by your words of sympathy, and so is she; but she is too feeble and exhausted to speak except in faint monosyllables. She is, I hope, free from pain, calm, resigned, and in her waking intervals responding with looks and pressure of the hand to my words. She has not forgotten you, nor the trust in God and Christ of which you speak. A few days ago she said that she would have liked that she and I should have received the Sacrament at your hands; but it is now too late.

Give me your prayers, for I am in great affliction. I hope Almighty God will guard your health. You may have many years before you.

To Professor J. D. Forbes]

Trinity Lodge: March 30, 1865.

You are so old and valued a friend, that I cannot help turning to you for sympathy—though, alas! what can sympathy do, when I see inevitably about to fall upon me the heaviest domestic calamity which can happen to a man? My beloved wife has been for three months, probably longer, pursued by a malady which has now reached its last stage. She lies in the extremest stage of human weakness, not able to articulate, but still collected, calm, and patient, and I trust without pain. She answers with kind looks to my kind words, and is, I trust and believe, prepared for the change. It is very hard to part, and I look forward with terror to the desolation which seems to await me when she is gone. We have lived so entirely in one another, that life will not be life without her, nor can I understand how I am to live. I come to you and your kind wife for sympathy, because my most soothing thoughts must come from the affection which those who loved her and whom she loved may bear to me, though indeed I know well how little even that can soothe under such an affliction.

Do not trouble yourself to reply to this, at least at present. It is mere inarticulate wailing. May you never experience the like affliction.

To the same] *Trinity Lodge: April* 3, 1865.

The blow has fallen. She expired on Saturday evening, a little before midnight. She was calm to the last, but for some days too feeble to speak.

I am sure you and Mrs. Forbes will give me your sympathy. God bless you and your children!

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Trinity Lodge: April* 7, 1865.

To-day has been a very painful day. They have taken my beloved away, and I shall no more see that sweet serious face, which I have been gazing upon at intervals for the last few days, till I see it when I shall have full sight of her in heaven without restraint, if that be ever my lot through Him who came that He might make us children of God and heirs of eternal life. But the mode in which the occasion was observed showed how she was beloved, as indeed she was by everybody, and in the college especially. All the shop windows were closed, from the college to the cemetery. Every post draws tears from my eyes, by the warm praises that her friends bestow upon her, and all deserved; but alas! what does it all avail? I am almost disposed to ask rebelliously, why was she taken from me? We were so happy, and she was, I think, doing so much good.

I might say as in irony that I am as unhappy as a Queen. But these are only the tumults of sorrow. I shall be calmer when I am with you, dear Susan, who have had the same bitterness to bear and have borne it so well.

My beloved one had a strong love for and admiration of you, as I hope you know; and in that we agreed. I shall feel calm in your society, and should like to come to you on Saturday. In the meantime I go to Janet. Kate has been with me through this dark time, and has soothed and solaced me as much as anything could. Dear child! how I have always clung to her, and she, I think, to me. When I see you I will try to get you to help me to shape the future months. I dare not look further.

Dr. Whewell spent ten days with me at Putney, and thence he went on to Mrs. Myers at Cheltenham. His grief was of the most poignant description, and though he was touchingly gentle in receiving and welcoming the consolations suggested to him by those who loved him, and though he clung to their companionship in the most affecting manner, he was fevered with suffering and restless exceedingly. He could think and talk with spontaneous pleasure and interest of nothing but his past happiness. He dwelt perpetually upon the love with which he had been encompassed, but he could find no calm in dwelling on the past, and the future which intervened between him and the grave dismayed him by its dark desolation.

On May 1 he went to his sister at Grange, and there Miss Statter joined him. She describes him as looking 'like some one crushed down under an unbearable weight, all his elasticity gone,' 'feeling about as for something to lay hold of that could comfort him.' But his pleasure in the beauties of scenery had happily not wholly deserted him, and he 'loved to stand near the shore and watch the train skirting along the edge of the bay and sweeping along the curves,' 'drawing attention to the whiteness of the steam as it curled up into the blue sky. One day, after watching it, he began to repeat "Jerusalem the Golden," saying that it was the most spirited translation he knew.'

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Grange: May* 2, 1865.

I was to write to you when I felt very solitary. I am not alone now, for I have my sister and my niece Lizzy with me, but I am very, very heartsore. I have been reading my darling's letters to my sister. . . .

Do not wonder that I dwell upon such records; for such grief is sweeter than any ease which forgetfulness could bring.

And if my clinging to these memorials makes me slow to realise the truth that she has gone away from me, that is a truth which day by day will realise itself only too sadly.

I am still looking forward to seeing you at Cambridge as my great comfort. I have been among very kind friends lately. Mrs. Harcourt was, indeed everybody is, very kind to me. They are very sorry for me, and well they may be. Darling Kate, love me a great deal, for a great and tender love is taken from me, at least so far as earthly knowledge can see. We cannot tell what they feel and think up there. . . . I think she will not forget me. But in what remains of my earthly pilgrimage I need love and sympathy, especially yours, my child of many years.

To Mrs. Frederic Myers] *Grange: May* 4, 1865.

It was soothing to receive your kind and good letter, and to know that you care for me still, though indeed I do not doubt it: but I feel so deserted and alone. My sister and my niece are very kind, and indeed Lizzie is a very good and intelligent girl, but the memory and the craving follows me without a moment's cessation. And I have found here fresh material for thinking, very bitter though very sweet. There is a collection of letters from *her* to Ann (his sister), more full of goodness and lovingness than anything I had seen before. She was more ingenious and vigilant in giving pleasure than any one I have ever known. . . . And she had given my sister so much love and so much care, that the effect is quite angelic. And then so much love for me runs through all, that my loss seems heavier and heavier. How is life to go on without that? I seem to have lost everything. My guide and adviser, always wise and conscientious, as well as my sweet companion, in whose company walking, talking, travelling, resting was always sweet; and gave *her* so much pleasure, as I now find more than ever. I seem even to have lost all my friendships, for they were nourished by sharing them with her; and it seems as if my friends would now hardly know me, and at any rate not care for me—nor indeed, hardly, I for them. I go to Cambridge on Monday, as I proposed, and I do not know how I shall bear the Lodge when her presence is no longer there to shed sunshine

through it. It is true I shall have Kate's sweet dear face there, and that will be something, but even Kate is not *her*.

I am well disposed, dearest, to believe that there is a purpose of love in my misery. Out of my former bereavement God again raised me up to happiness. But it seems as if even His goodness must be exhausted by my present destitution. I do try to believe it is all for the best, but I cannot yet feel any ray of comfort. But I am soothed, as I have said, by the tokens of your love and sympathy, and I hope you will not be weary of repeating them, though my wailing may seem but a poor response to them.

I want to go among persons who knew her, though, indeed, every one who knew her but a little was drawn to love her. The charm of her loving nature opened all hearts to her. She loved you very much. I wish I were with you, that you might repeat to me some of those snatches of sweet and pious thoughts in verse, of which you seem always to be full. I am much obliged to you for making a copy of the journal which I left with you. I too have been copying some of the other years. The last days which I have copied are those which brought us to you in September 1859, after our Western tour. A season so full of enjoyment for us, as indeed all seasons were. . . . .

Dearest Susan, I am full of gratitude and affection to you, but full of sorrow.

On May 10 he returned to Cambridge and Mrs. Sumner Gibson met him there, and stayed so long as he was obliged to remain at the Lodge. Leaving Cambridge towards the end of the month, he moved about from place to place in the south of England, sometimes visiting friends of Lady Affleck's as if by so doing he recovered some influence from the recent past, sometimes seeking out friends like Lady Malcolm and Mrs. Alexander of the distant, long ago, Hyde Hall days, 'looking at them,' as he told me, 'that we may know each other when we meet in Heaven.' At the end of June he went northwards again, taking Miss Statter with him, visiting my sister at Corley in Warwickshire, the

Bishop of Worcester and Mrs. Philpott at Hartlebury, Carlisle and its Cathedral, and Edinburgh, on his way to stay with Professor Forbes at Pitlochry.

To Miss Statter] *Trinity Lodge: May* 10, 1865.

I arrived at Cambridge about half-past four, and Kate about the same time, so that I had only to face the solitude of my home for a few minutes, but still the solitude pursues me in spite of dear Kate's presence; but she is a great comfort to me, as you, my love, have been, and I hope will be.

I spent two soothing days with my dear friends, the Mackreths—I think really the oldest friends I have, except Ann and poor Betty.

I shall be glad to have you with me from the 25th. I have as yet no plans formed for the summer, but I hope they will form themselves. Is there any part of England that you will particularly like to see? if so, I have no doubt we could easily manage so as to see it. I can hardly think of *going* anywhere with pleasure, but still less can I stay here. I thank you, my dear love, for your prayers; I need them much, and am very willing to believe that they are heard. I find a number of small matters to do here, which make me glad that I came, but nothing that I do has any savour in it. I still want to talk it over with *her* to give it meaning.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas] *Trinity Lodge: May* 19, 1865.

Kate has been a great blessing to me—has made me feel not quite alone, and done all that sympathy and love can do. So did you when I was with you, God bless you for it. But to-morrow, when we separate, it seems to me that I should again be quite alone and desolate. I cannot yet see how life is livable. But I will not weary you with my repetitions; you know all that is felt in such a position.

I shall be very glad if you can learn for me whether my old friend Mrs. Alexander is at Clifton; if so, what is her address, and whether she would see me if I were to go thither. I should like to see my oldest friends now; it seems to me like looking at them that we may recognise each other when we

meet in heaven. I hope this is not too presumptuous a thought. You, I trust, will not think it so.

Since I was with you I have been with several friends, all very kind to me, but the craving for the companionship of my darling never abates or intermits.

To the same] *Brighton: June* 2, 1865.

Thank you very much for taking so much pains that I may see my dear old friend in the most satisfactory way. . . . I find that immediately before the 12th I can be of use at Cambridge, and as I have so little reason to determine my motions at present, I intend to go there.

Your letters, my dear love, are very soothing to me. You speak from the fulness of a bitter experience and with the wisdom of a sure hope. I trust I shall in time learn from you, but at present I feel nothing but my desolation, and visits to friends, even very dear ones, do not much relieve that desolation, but present it to me under various forms. For instance, I now come from seeing dear friends of my own standing, or thereabouts: William Harcourt, Monteagle, and Herschel. They are all the object of the constant and anxious care of their wives from moment to moment. Mine, who had intended to care for me to the last (she told me so) is taken away from me, and it seems to me as if I must live alone and die alone. Indeed, that we all must do, but the passage to that dark gate may be smoothed by kind hands. I am not ungrateful to you and to other kind friends who have promised to be much with me; but dear as you are, it is different (you know this well), from having a companion who is always with you. But I long very much for the time when you will be daily and hourly with me. I know that then I shall feel much less desolate. It will be a great comfort to me to have Caroline Stephen with me when you are, and also one or two of the Herschels. Lady Herschel encouraged me to hope that I might.

I go to the Airys at Greenwich to-morrow for a few days, I hardly know how many.

To Professor Forbes] *Trinity Lodge: June* 9, 1865.

I am much touched by the friendship shown in your letter of the 4th. All the interests and enjoyments of life seem now to be closed for me, and I try in vain to understand how I am to spend the rest of my days. But there may be found some alleviation of this weary life in the company of old and valued friends; and I have few older and none more valued than yourself. And you and Mrs. Forbes and your children are further endeared to me by our visit to you in 1858, when we were reviving old friendships, because we were thenceforth to have them in common—a course which filled our days and years with happiness till the cruel end came upon us.

I should like much to see you and Mrs. Forbes, and had already thought of it. But I cannot travel alone. I have tried it within the last few weeks, and find it too desolate a life to bear. In a short time I hope to have a niece with me as a companion, and I should be glad to go to you and take her with me if it suits you.

My niece is Lizzie Statter, the daughter of a clergyman near Oxford, and of my dear departed sister Martha.

I hear with pleasure of the prosperity of your household, and am heartily glad of your boy's success.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas]

Nuneham, Abingdon: June 15, 1865.

. . . I am with very kind and very old friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt; and this place is as beautiful in its summer splendour as any place can be; but still the thought arises that I cannot speak of its beauties to her. You will forgive me these spasms of sorrowful recollection. It is a part of the pleasure of being with you and writing to you, that you know they are inevitable, and will not think them unreasonable.

From Pitlochry Dr. Whewell and Miss Statter returned direct to Cambridge for a couple of weeks. After that interval they came north again, and joined a small family party at Hallsteads.

We hoped much from the peaceful influences of the exquisite mountain scenery, steeped as it was then in glorious summer sunshine; from the calm and tender memories of the past, associated with every nook and corner of the place; and from the presence of some of those to whose words of comfort he always hearkened with most pleasure. And something no doubt he gained from all these, but his suffering was very severe still. The elasticity of youth was gone, and age had brought no kindly torpor with it. He fell in readily with every scheme for turning the fine weather to account, and for showing Miss Statter a part of the Lake District which was new to her; but after every such plan was executed the sense of loss seemed to return with overwhelming force, and there was nothing for it but to give it way, and in company with some one of those who were at hand to sympathise with him, to let the storm pass.

After a week or two at Hallsteads they went on to Derwent Water and thence again to Grange, on their way to Yorkshire, returning by York, Beverley, Hull, and Lincoln to Cambridge, about the middle of August. The end of the month they went to Switzerland.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Aug.* 13, 1865.

I was very sorry to miss seeing you at the Island. Since then we have been to Headingley, and then to see some cathedrals and churches, which my niece very much enjoys. She is a very pleasant companion. She is with me still, and I think of taking her for a fortnight to Switzerland, by way of retouching old memories, though I hardly know whether there is more pain or pleasure in doing so. My darling never thought one summer complete without a look at Switzerland.

When the Vacation is over, dear Janet is coming, as you know; and you, my love, will, I hope, come and see me while she is with me. It will be the best sunshine the Lodge can know.

After a hasty tour in Switzerland he writes to his sister :—

The Chase, Ashburton, Devon : Sept. 15, 1865.

You will recollect Lady Malcolm, I think, as an old friend of mine. She and her children are living here on the edge of Dartmoor, and as I have a desire now to see the faces of old friends, I have come here for a few days. The country is very beautiful. The Dart follows its course though the grounds of the Chase, making a beautiful winding glen for several miles.

I hope Lizzie gave you a full account of our travels, for I left that task to her hands. We were in Switzerland only a short time. The hotels in that country were all so full, that we could not be where I wished to be, so that I was not disposed to stay at Lausanne as I intended.

Miss Statter's journal of this Swiss tour tells of intense heat, and of a constant haze veiling the Alps on which he desired to look again, as well as of crowded hotels and a difficulty in finding rooms. The Cathedral at Amiens was visited both going and returning, and afforded to him the intense enjoyment with which he always visited and revisited his 'beloved French Cathedrals.' The brightest features of this expedition, taken apparently with a wish to look his last at some of the objects which all his life had impressed him most, seem to have been this Cathedral and the Rhine at Schaffhausen and at Basle.

Previous to the visit to The Chase referred to above he had written the following letter to Lady Malcolm :—

Do you recollect my writing to you some time ago, and asking you if I might come and see you some time this summer; and your giving me permission? I have been roaming about all the summer among the scenes of lost and irreparable pleasures, and have found little comfort there; as was indeed to be expected. I now feel that it would be a pleasure to me to see you once again, my dear friend of old days; whose friendship

goes back beyond the days of my sorrows and of the days which preceded them. Shall I find you at 'the Chase' next week? I think I could come into your region about Thursday or Friday, the 14th or 15th. I suppose my best way would be to go to Torquay or Totnes, and to take a carriage from thence to you. Are Amelia and Kate now with you? It would be a pleasure to me to see them if only for half an hour. Perhaps you will kindly let me have a line to say when I shall come to you, and how. I have just been for a week or two in Switzerland with a niece of mine. I am to live upon nieces in future, as solitary men do.

Dear friend, whether I see you or not, believe that I always think of you and of yours with deep affection.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas] *Trinity Lodge: Sept.* 23, 1865.

It is a great comfort to think that I shall see you soon, and still more to think that I shall have you here and for a long time. . . .

You should have been with me yesterday. I had to receive Queen Emma of the Sandwich Isles. She is very pleasing; with a very dark olive complexion. Her Lady in Waiting, Mrs. Hopili, is a very fine woman, with wonderful eyes, but much darker. The Queen is very religious, and an excellent Church of England woman. What do you think interested her most of the things she saw in Cambridge? An original MS. copy of the thirty-nine articles in Archbishop Parker's Library. She wants to stay in England over the winter, though the physicians are against it. But she wants to see snow and frost, thaw and fog. You see everything English has charms for her.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Oct.* 31, 1865.

It seems to me a very long time since I heard from you or wrote to you, though I hear about you now and then from Janet. I cannot describe to you, but you can conceive what a delight to me it is to have her with me. She is so great a comfort to me that I feel almost happy, or at least I should feel so if I could forget how happier I have been in a different way, and worst of all how insecure is my hold upon her, and that some

day or other she will leave me, and then I shall be desolate and lonely as I was till she came. And I am as little fitted to live alone now as I ever was.

In these kind words, and others like them, he perpetually expressed the comfort and the gratitude with which he recognised that all love was not taken from him though that of his wife was removed out of sight. The softening influences of suffering were visible in nothing more than in the singular gentleness and alacrity with which he accepted and appreciated every effort to give him pleasure, especially welcoming every opportunity of doing a kindness, or expressing sympathy with those who were in sickness, sorrow, or anxiety. His interest in external things was returning. Plans connected with the College were dwelt upon and matured. His mind began to flow again in the long accustomed channels, with much of its old vigour and activity, but in all these things a difference was discernible. His affections and sympathies were quickened and enlarged. He had been very much touched and affected by the sympathy with him in his sorrow which had been felt and universally expressed, and it almost seemed as if this had produced a sort of revolution in his relations with his friends in general, and left him united to them all by warmer, kindlier ties than before. These he seemed to desire to draw closer and closer, almost as if he knew how short was the time that remained to him in which to show them his good will. I think that this was apparent to all who saw him in those last months, though most obvious of course to those who had the happiness of living with him.

To his Sister] *Trinity Lodge: Nov.* 10.

I have been getting through this term by the aid of Mrs. Douglas, who is a great comfort to me. We have had several

visitors. Mrs. Myers was with us for a week, and a daughter of Sir John Herschel, who is just married and become Mrs. Henry Hardcastle, and General and Mrs. Malcolm, two of my oldest friends, and Miss Stephen, the daughter of Sir James Stephen, who is still with us, and Mr. Carus. To-morrow the Dean of Ely and Mrs. Goodwin come to us. He comes to preach at St. Mary's. We get through our company keeping pretty well, but the feeling of what I have lost, and of the solitariness which hangs over me, is not at all removed.

To Mrs. F. Myers Dr. Whewell wrote about this time :—

I think with great pleasure that we have Fred for a fellow-worker with us in College. I hope he will like his work, and I have no doubt that he will do it well.

We have had Carus with us, loving and sunshiny as always; and at present we have the Dean of Ely and Mrs. Goodwin staying with us. I like much the youthful fervour and clear sense of the Dean's character and his sermons. We have just heard one of them.

As I have told you, my great grief at present is what I am to do when dear Janet leaves me. But I think she will stay and keep Christmas with me, and that is a great point; alone the season would be dreadful.

As Christmas approached Dr. Whewell wished to make his habitual visit to Lowestoft. He had a yearning to revisit the accustomed places, as keen as was the pain with which when once there he realised afresh the sense of loss and change. But he was growing better able to face such pangs now, and the short dark days were passed very cheerfully and pleasantly by the help of friends who gladly consented to spend them with us.

To Mrs. Sumner Gibson] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 13, 1865.

We are going to Lowestoft to-morrow, and though very sad memories often rise up, I am nearer to being happy than I ever

hoped to be, and shall be nearer still when I see you. Janet has promised to be with me all next term, so I have comfort in store for some time.

To Miss Kate Malcolm] *Trinity Lodge: Dec.* 10.

I do not wish to lose my privilege of writing to you and I hope occasionally of hearing from you, and so I am going to send you a few lines. I go on thinking of you and admiring you as I have done any time these twenty years and more, and it is a great pleasure to me to know something from time to time of your dear mother. It was a happiness to have your brother and Georgiana[1] here a little while ago, and I am very sorry that I cannot go to Nuneham to meet them at Christmas, as Mrs. Harcourt has kindly invited me to do. But I am going to my own house at Lowestoft, finding my niece, Mrs. Stair Douglas, is willing to go with me there. I think you care enough about me to be glad to hear that my dear niece has been with me all this term, and that her companionship has been an inestimable blessing to me, soothing and tranquillising me into a semblance of happiness. She and her sister, my other Kate, have always been to me dear as daughters, and are now a vast comfort to me, only I seem to be living on charity, and have no security for the future. There is only one tie which can give that. Also I have had other pleasant companions. Three girls in succession of my dear friend Herschel have been with me, and a daughter of Sir J. Stephen; so that I have not been quite solitary; but still——

But I am writing to you mainly that I may have some news of you and of your dear mother. If I should be able to come where I might have the pleasure of seeing you, should you be willing to see me and let me have a little of your society?

I do not know whether I shall move far, for I cling very much to my dear nieces, who are very good to me. But the sunshine of the dear old Hyde Hall times still gilds my thoughts from time to time, and I like to look at its radiance in your dear face.

After spending some weeks at Lowestoft we returned to Cambridge for a few days, and then parted to pay

[1] General and Mrs. Malcolm.

separate visits, and I to set my house in order and make such arrangements as would enable me to spend the following term at Trinity Lodge. Dr. Whewell visited Lady Malcolm and other old friends. His letters to me showed how much he enjoyed doing so, and also how much he liked to talk about such pleasures. He was full of plans for the future and of interest in the present, again writing articles on his favourite philosophical subjects, and once more reading fiction with pleasure and '*deliberately*,' because it was 'like being in good and interesting society.'

We returned to Cambridge the end of January.

To Mrs. Stair Douglas]

York House, Bath: January 22, 1866.

It is not for want of thinking of you that I have not written to you all these days, for I have thought every day and often a day of your sweet love and your pleasant ways. I have often wished for you, but I have not been very much alone, for I found my dear Malcolms (Lady Malcolm, Amelia, and Kate) almost as charming as *our* Kate. And besides, I have been writing, and have found 'great fun' in the 'Positive Philosophy,' which I hope you will see in Macmillan in March.

Moreover you *have* been with me, for I had your copy of Miss Yonge's 'Clever Woman,' and cannot rejoice sufficiently that you gave it me to read. The being engaged upon such a book gives one the feeling of being in good and interesting society day by day; so I do not gobble up the story, but protract the pleasure, and even yet have not finished. The story is charmingly told, and the characters revealed in the most natural and lively manner. The only fault, or rather unpleasantness, is that there is too much about disease and death. Surely she must be a doctor by family, is she not?

To-day I go to Clifton. It appears that Sedgwick is there at present, and comes here to-day to see the Malcolms—old loves of his as well as mine. See how we old fellows go back to our early loves!

Dear Janet, travelling alone is not unpleasant as it was, because I can look forward to coming *home* to you.

To the same] *Finedon Hall: Jan*, 26, 1866.

Just one little word with you, that I may feel that I am not far separated from you. I was tolerably cheery at Clifton among your friends and my friends. I am glad they were amused.

When I had to travel alone to people whom I do not so well know I wanted you. I wanted you too to look with me at the sunset, and to see a curious sight, which is to be seen only when you are *travelling rapidly northwards at sunset in a level country*. All these conditions are requisite, but I will tell you of it when I see you. . . .

I left my 'Positive Philosophy' with Macmillan as I passed through London, so I hope we shall see it in time. I do not know what we are going to do to-day; perhaps to see churches. If so I shall acquiesce, though I could be well content to make my examination-papers.

I shall not go to Nuneham. I met Mrs. Harcourt in the train, and had a long talk with her. Being thus free, what can I do better than go and see Kate? To-morrow I shall spend at Rugby, and in looking at Monk's Kirby,[1] of which you have heard so much. I hope you will persuade the Sabines and the Archibald Smiths to come to us.

To the same] *Rugby: Jan.* 29, 1866.

My visit at Finedon was pleasant. I am sorry you cannot have the Archibald Smiths at present, but the day of lectures will pass, and then we may hope. We are to receive Mrs. Guthrie on the 10th, to stay till the 15th; and then Sedgwick is to have her for one day. I have had two pleasant rides with her. She put me upon Lord Lansdowne's horse, which she had bought after his death.

I hope you contrive to enjoy yourself, and that you are nevertheless glad to come home again to me.

[1] The church was being restored.

The month of February passed rapidly away. The last letter he ever wrote to his sister, Mrs. Newton, gives an account of his proceedings during the Christmas vacation and immediately after his return to Cambridge.

To his Sister, Mrs. Newton]

Trinity Lodge: Feb. 20, 1866.

I do not know whether it is longer than usual since I wrote, and you have now no correspondent in the house but me. If you were to write to Mrs. Douglas I am sure she would gladly write to you, and you might hear something more than I tell you of our goings on. I do not know what I have told you. I was at Bath in January to see my dear friends the Malcolms, and at Clifton afterwards to see some other friends, and especially the Douglases, my Janet's sisters-in-law. Then I went into Northamptonshire to some relations of the Afflecks, and to Kate Gibson for one night. Since we have been here we have had several visitors; Mrs. Guthrie, a very old friend of mine, and now we have Dr. and Mrs. Wordsworth and two of their girls; and we have some other friends coming when they go.

Janet makes the house very agreeable to them, and to me, and to everybody, and is, indeed, very precious and dear. She will stay with me till the end of the term—the end of March—and then I do not yet know what I shall do; but I hope she will not desert me for any long time.

I do indeed grieve for my dear old friend, Lord Monteagle. He was more nearly a brother to me in heart than any one that remains. Lady M. has indeed had much to suffer. She is soon to be with her sister Susan at Cheltenham, where she will be as much consoled as is possible. I am very sorry your husband has a cold. I am well, thank God.

This letter was written on Tuesday. The following Saturday was warm and spring-like, and he readily fell in with a plan for driving to Gog Magog and looking at the view from the rising ground over the Babraham woods. He was to meet the carriage there on horseback if he could, but some engagement in Cambridge

interfered and we did not meet him until we had made a circuit and were about three miles from Cambridge on our way home. We paused and talked, but his horse was fidgety. Notwithstanding this, and a weakness in his left arm, the result of old injuries from falls with his horse in slippery weather, which made the controlling of a pulling horse particularly irksome to him, he turned to follow us. His horse was eager, and in a few minutes his hat was knocked off in the struggle; he was thrown forward and out of the saddle, and we heard the galloping feet of the horse pursuing us. A swerve from the road as he passed us and he was thrown heavily upon the soft ground by the road-side. 'Not much harm done, my darling,' were the first words he uttered, and were spoken the moment I knelt beside him on the grass. He was soon lifted into the carriage; on our way home we stopped at the house of Dr. Paget, who accompanied us to the Lodge, and Professor Humphry, warned by a message I despatched at the moment of the accident, was there to meet us. The kindness of both was very great throughout the whole illness, and they afforded the greatest possible help and comfort. There were indications of severe shock to the brain and body, but we were told that there was also much that was encouraging, and if paralysis did not ensue we might hope the best. He never entirely lost consciousness, was able to explain the loss of his hat in the struggle with his eager horse, and to ascribe to previous accidents the weakness of his bridle hand. This weakness, however, increased in degree and altered in character, and was, as time went on, accompanied by other symptoms which showed that partial paralysis *had* been produced by the injuries to the head. He gradually revived from the partial stupor of the first four-and-twenty hours.

His interest in the persons and things with which his attention had been engaged before his accident, returned, and it was very difficult to keep him as quiet as was thought necessary. He liked to listen to reading aloud. His old favourites, Miss Austen's novels, answered particularly well for the purpose, and sometimes, when he had seemed to be sleeping, a sudden remark upon some omission or blunder of the reader would show that his attention had not wandered. An article for Macmillan's Magazine on Grote's Plato which he had been writing, and to which the last touches were still wanting, kept recurring to his mind; he was restless at the recollection of that and of various other matters left incomplete. As days passed, and he became both weaker and more restless, the faces about him could not but indicate extreme anxiety, gradually changing into a more mournful certainty; he drew his own conclusions and faced the end with simple, reverent faith and courage. My sister had come at once, and was immediately and joyfully recognised. He never, throughout the ten days between the accident and his death, expressed impatience; but to have both of us with him, especially my sister, 'dearer than daughter,' as he had described her years before, smoothing the passage to the dark gate with dutiful and kindly hands, afforded him comfort and satisfaction, of which he showed his sense by the most grateful, affectionate, and tender words. His utterance, somewhat affected from the first, became more and more imperfect, but we could almost always understand it, and the passages of Holy Scripture he asked for, the hymns he endeavoured to repeat, were read to him as the wish for them occurred. He received the Holy Communion from the hands of Dr. Lightfoot on Monday, the 5th March, and

on the 6th he died. Whilst life was ebbing fast away on that last morning, blinds and curtains were drawn wide apart in compliance with his wish, that he might see the sun shine on the Great Court of Trinity, and he smiled as he was reminded that he used to say the sky never looked so blue as when seen fringed with its turrets and battlements. Almost to the last he was conscious, and the last words intelligibly uttered, when the striking of the clock roused him as day dawned, were 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' And so through the grave and gate of death he passed to the life and light beyond, and after seventy-one years of busy learning and doing at last he sees and knows. Only eleven months before, the burden of loneliness had fallen upon him, and he had looked forward with dismay to the desolation which lay before him, but the shadow of his sorrow was passing off. To quote the words of Professor Lightfoot[1]:—

> Time seemed only to have mellowed and ripened his character without decaying his faculties. The screen which long had hidden his large capacity of affection and strong yearning for sympathy, known to a few and suspected by many more, was falling away. And he whom all respected was becoming every day better known and more endeared to all. . . . Th world of matter without, the world of thought within, alike spoke to him of the Eternal Creator, the Beneficent Father.

I cannot more fitly close this poor attempt to show William Whewell as he really was, than by a few more words from the same pen.

> In intellectual eminence we cannot follow him. But the moral qualities which clustered about his mental power may be imitated even by the least gifted. The unflagging energy

[1] Funeral sermon preached in Trinity College Chapel by the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., now Bishop of Durham.

which overcame all disadvantages, the manly courage which ever disdained unworthy applause, the simple faith in God through Christ, which in him was thrown into stronger relief by his large acquaintance with all branches of human knowledge; such qualities as these are not beyond the reach of any. His example supplies a fresh incentive as it imposes a fresh responsibility.

In compliance with the strongly expressed wish of the College authorities, Dr. Whewell was buried in the Ante-Chapel, and rests but a few feet from the spot where so many generations of Trinity men had been wont to see him take his place. At the time of his first wife's death, he had anticipated being laid beside her in the Cemetery, under the shadow of the spire which he had built as a monument to her memory; but when once the wish of the College was expressed, it was felt that no place could so fitly receive his body as the Chapel of that College with which his whole life was connected, which he loved so well, and amongst whose benefactors his name, and that of his first wife, are remembered.

APPENDIX.

The following poems were written by Dr. Whewell at the time of the death of his first wife, and printed for private circulation.

I.

THE FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE BURIAL.

SOLEMN and sad folds round me the darkening eve of the Sabbath;
Solemn, as often of old; sad, with a fresh-fallen grief:
Solemn, for on it the shades of eternity ope to our vision,
Gleams, O sadness too deep! gazed on in loneliness now:
Loneliness, where each thought, the greatest alike and the sweetest,
Fills me not as it has fill'd, soothes me not as it has sooth'd.
Chilled and palsied seem the powers of thought and of feeling,
Shared no longer with her, utter'd no longer to her.
For each thought, from day to day and from moment to moment,
Utter'd uncheckt to her, found sympathetic response;
Found a response which breathed the accents of wisdom and goodness;
Goodness with insight clear; wisdom with tenderness join'd.
Every trifle that rose and every fancy that floated,
Shar'd on the instant with her, straight had a sense and a charm.
This was life, when my life was in her clear mirror reflected;
This was the life that I lived: lonely, no longer I live.
Then I was rich, in the wealth of her love, in the wealth of her goodness;
O how rich was I then! and O how poor am I now!
Then I dwelt in a castle of strength, in a mansion of pleasance;
Now amid ruins I sit, low on the desolate hearth.
Builded in by-gone years and yearly adorn'd and enrichèd
Rose the mansion of bliss bounteously granted to me;
Now it is cast to the ground, no stone is left on another;
Who shall rebuild it and how? where is my shelter and shade?

How shall I frame me a fence for the coming blasts of the winter?
Where shall my hoary hairs hide from the darkness and cold?
'How shall I live without thee?' I cried, when life was departing,
While the clear strong soul battled with weakness and pain;
'How shall I live without thee?' I cried in my desolate sorrow,
Weak in the presence of strength. 'God will direct thee,' she said.
Amen! so may it be, beloved and precious! and may He
Fill me with thoughts of thee; thoughts that may make me like thee!
Fill me with memory sweet of all thy love and thy goodness,
And make memory still raise me and guide me as thou,
Raise me and guide me as thou, beloved companion, hast guided,
Ever, through long sweet years, ever and ever aright.

Blessed beyond all blessings that life can embrace in its circle,
Blessed the gift was when Providence gave thee to me:
Gave thee, gentle and kindly and wise, calm, clearseeing, thoughtful,
Thee to me as I was, vehement, passionate, blind:—
Gave me to see in thee, and wonder I never had seen it,
Wisdom that shines in the heart clearer than Intellect's light:
Wisdom that sees its way to the Good so simply and clearly
That it might seem to be Skill, only that Skill is too blind:—
Gave me to find in thee, when oppressed by loneliness' burden,
Solace for each dull pain, calm from the strife of the storm.
For O, vainly till then had I sought for peace and contentment,
Ever pursued by desires,—yearnings that could not be still'd;
Ever pursued by desires of a heart's companionship, ever
Yearning for guidance and love such as I found them in thee.
Vainly till then had I mov'd in the cities of men with their millions,
All was solitude still, all was a waste to the soul;
Vainly till then had I roved the land from mansion to mansion,
Pleasure and kindness I found; found not the love that I sought.
Vainly had I explored the long-flowing river of Science,
Back to its fountain-heads, down to its glittering sea;
Vainly had striv'n with the Sphinx of Philosophy, reading her riddles,
Bidding her mark me the path up to the cavern of Truth.
Vainly had wandered oft in the flowery fields of the Muses;
They stirred up in the breast thoughts that they could not appease.
Vain, to bring the heart's peace, even prayer and loftiest musing;
Prayer and musing had oft need of a sympathy's charm.
E'en on the Sabbath the trouble return'd with a drearier anguish;
Lonely the Sabbath was then. Lonely again it is now!

Devious while thus I was driv'n by the blasts of an objectless craving,
Blind, while vain of my sight; shallow, though proud of my depth;
Found I in thy clear eyes the lode-star, the mark of my wand'ring,
Found I in thy serene bosom my haven of rest.
Golden then was the calm that soothed the storm of my being,
Golden then was the light shed on the gloom of my soul.
When thou crossedst my threshold and when thou enter'dst my portals,
(Loftier portals they than we had ventur'd to hope,)
Blessings came with thee in crowds: came heartfelt trust at the hearthstone,
Came bright faces of friends shining on every side:
Came the love of thy race, race firm and kindly and truthful,
Wise in the arts of life, warm in the love of their kind:
Came the love of thy mother, her bright affectionate sunshine;
Came thy father's love, mild with the wisdom of age:
Came the love of thy sisters, and sisters' children, and brothers',
Dear as if in their veins flow'd my own family's blood.
These all brighten'd our days as they mov'd in their circles around us,
Round thy own dear self, dearer by far than them all.

Seven bright years roll'd on; seven years were granted of sunshine,
And life glow'd with a joy even undreamt of before.
Truly a helpmate thou in all that was kindly and gracious:
Helpful in all that was good; watchful 'gainst aught that was worse.
Thine not the blind good-will that scatters its bounty in weakness;
Still deep thoughtfulness gave value to all that was kind.
Blessings flow'd from thy presence and blessings were shower'd upon thee;
Blessings flow'd upon all; richest and sweetest on me.
Blessings so sweet, could they last, we might deem we needed not Heaven;
Blessings too sweet to endure. So has our Father ordain'd.
He has ordain'd that no earthly good shall abide and be stable:
Teaching us, lest we forget, Death is the pathway to Heav'n.
Seven bright years flowed on, and still we joy'd in the sunshine;
But on th' horizon's verge then the dark shadow appear'd:
Then the dark shadow appear'd, and spreading ever its darkness,
Yearly and yearly it grew like to the Shadow of Death.
Seven years more it gather'd its blackness, and, broader and broader,
Shut out the light of our day, cover'd our sky with its pall.

Yet even those seven years were sweeter than ages of sunshine,
While with disease and pain struggled thy patience and faith.
Still unquencht was thy thoughtful love of all that were round thee:
More than unquencht, it grew stronger and thoughtfuller still.
Calm and tranquil thou sawest the shadows gather about thee,
While, heav'n-purged, thy eye lookt to the brightness beyond.
Pain, thy pitiless foe, that met thee at every turning,
Still to *her* harsh look *thou* gav'st a smile in return;
Careful still that her visage severe, with its terrible features,
Might not pierce with its woe those who hung round thee in love.
And even so to the last, when Nature, opprest and tormented,
Scarce could the burden endure, few were thy words of complaint:
Few, and often rebuk'd by the noble spirit within thee,
Spirit that felt that its pow'r could not be conquer'd by pain.
Can I forget, when I stood by thy bed and view'd thee in sadness,—
Sadness that only could feel, could not presume to console,—
Can I forget that e'en then, when my heart was wrung by thy anguish,
Sweetly thou answer'dst my gaze, 'Still I can manage to smile'?
Yea! and thou smil'dst e'en then a smile of angelical sweetness;
Still will that angel smile dwell in my memory's core.
Yea, O belov'd, even so! with that smile thou hast gone to thy Father;
Gone to thy Saviour's breast, looking as then thou didst look.

Can I forget, when I pray'd by thy bed, and, bitter the lesson!
Learnt from thee how I should pray— learnt resignation from thee—
'Lord, if this cup may not pass from me except that I drink it'—
Vainly I tried to proceed, vainly to finish the act;—
'Lord, if this cup may not pass from me except that I drink it'—
Softly thy voice went on,—'Father—thy will—be it done.'
Even so, O belovèd! the cup so bitter in tasting
Thou hast taught me to drink; O may I drink it like thee!

Ever by me be remember'd the words that cheer'd thy departure,
Cheer'd thee utterèd then, utterèd often before:
'Grant, O Lord, that as we are buried with thee in our baptism,'—
When Death over her hung this was the pray'r that she pray'd,—
'So through the Grave, the Gate of Death, we may pass to our rising,—
'Ris'n to a joyfuller life— thy resurrection may share.'
And so passed away the blessed Soul to her Maker;
Passed away to her God; follow'd her Saviour's path.
Thus we parted;—diverse, how far! our paths and our portions,
She to the Saviour's embrace; I to the wearisome world.

I to the wearisome world, to toil all lonely and helpless,
Yet not lonely quite, her since I bear in my heart:
Yet not helpless quite, for thy companionship, dear one!
Still shall lend me its help, guiding and raising me still.
And if spirits of the just made perfect, and hov'ring as angels,
Still may watch o'er our ways, bending benignant their eyes,
Haunt me and soothe me daily, O gentle Spirit, till *I* may,
Rising from this dead world, live in The Presence with *thee*.

II.

THE SECOND SABBATH. THE EPIPHANY.

SEV'N days, and lo! once more the wintry morn of the Sabbath
Finds me parted from thee, dawns on my widowèd heart;
Here do I move and mourn in a family circle that lov'd thee,
Mourn amid kind hearts, full of the mem'ry of thee.
Yea, and I seek the worship of God in the Beautiful Temple
Which amid dimness and smoke thou and thy brethren have built.
Beautiful *it* with the grace that the builder's science can lavish,
Where the clustered stems ramified bear up the roof;
Where, rich-glowing, the light streams through the lanceted window;
Where the foliage of stone curls its luxuriant leaves.
Yet more beautiful far the thought that Temple embodies,
Thought of the beauty of pray'r, care for the good of men's souls.
They, kind masters and wise, desir'd that the soul and the spirit,
While the body was fed, might not their sustenance lack.
They desir'd that, where were the hands they urged unto labour,
There they might too urge voices to pray'r and to praise.
And so above the ordered ranges of workmen and children
Rises the priest's deep tone, rises the chorister's chant.
List to the Preacher's voice, as he takes his stand on the Scripture,
And to the listening crowd tells the glad message of peace;
Tells how, even as now, the guiding Star of the Gentiles
Brought their kings to Him, prophesied King of the Jews:
How they came to his light, to the glorious shine of his rising,
Bringing their threefold gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh:
How this happy day is the Christmas-day of the Heathen;
How we too should bring worthiest gifts to the Christ;
Gold in our charity, pray'r our frankincense, and myrrh in our patience,
Claiming our Gentile lot, seeking our Christian place.
Sweet to worship and listen where reigns the Good and the Lovely;
Yet as I worship here, bitter is mixt with the sweet.
Yea! for how should it be that aught that is good or is lovely
Should not be full of thee, should not remind me of thee?

Yea, and can I forget that here with thee I have worshipt
When first these blest walls witnest a worshipping train?
When, unworthy and weak, I first from that pulpit exhorted
Those who assembled first, glad, in the mansion of prayer.
Can I forget that in years succeeding, thou, O belovèd,
Ever hast, year by year, offer'd thy gifts to the Christ;
Ever hast offer'd thy precious gifts with a purified spirit,
Gold and frankincense and myrrh; charity, patience and pray'r.
Ah! and can I forget that this for thee too is Christmas,
Christmas not as of wont— Christmas not of the earth;
Christmas when for thee the Christ is born in His power,
He now born for thee, thou too regen'rate in Him.
And as new born on earth the Saviour lay in a manger,
So thy newborn soul lies in the Kingdom of Heav'n;
Angels hanging around it with eyes of love and of sweetness;
While above it broods light from the presence of God.
Yet the diff'rence how vast! He, brought to pain and to sorrow
From the glory He had in the beginning with God;
Thou from sorrow and pain for ever deliver'd and rescu'd,
Brought through the bodily death into the heavenly life.
Yea, belovèd, and when for me that hour is arrivèd,
And through the gate of Death I too must pass to my doom,
May my newborn Soul awake in that heavenly brightness,
And may I see thy smile ready to welcome me there.

III.

THE PICTURE.[1]

How when the Lov'd One is torn from our grasp, is snatcht from our vision,
How the Soul stretches her arms, struggling in vain with the thought!
How the yearning Heart invokes the aid of the Fancy!
Strives, if it may, to clothe Terror in beautiful forms!
Even so here the heart-stricken Painter, bereaved and afflicted,
Calls, from the depths of his Art, form for the Angel of Death.
Lo the solemn Shape, black-veil'd over every member,
Draws the Chosen away forth from the couch of her pain!
Black the thick veil hangs o'er the head mysteriously stooping,
And its black folds involve fingers that tenderly clasp,
Tenderly clasp, but with firm irresistible hold, the Beloved,
Drawing her white-robed form upwards away from the earth.
Round on each side bend Her broad and shadowy pinions,
Bend like loving arms, ready to close in embrace.
Shed from above, Her dark shade falls on the beautiful visage;
Beautiful still, though deep sicklied and worn with disease.
Yet though sicklied and worn, with gentle tenderness beaming,
Beaming sweetly on him, desolate left on the earth.
And he lies on the earth all desolate, prostrate and helpless,
Buries his widowed head deep in the folds of her couch.
Yet not all is despair, and e'en through the gloom of the Vision
Gleams are revealed that tell Hope still is mixt with the grief.
See through the dark veil's folds the radiant hair of the Angel
Shines on the convex brow, lustrous though scarcely discern'd.
Surely could but the veil be removed, that beauteous head would,
Radiance shedding around, lighten the chamber of death.
Yea, and though we see not that face's close-veilèd features,
Were they reveal'd, they must smile bright with angelical grace.
And behind, in the depths of the ether that bends o'er the Vision,
Cloudless glory awaits her who is taken away:

[1] The 'Angel of Death,' by Horace Vernet.

And, placed near to her couch, and close, in life, to her vigils,
Hangs the sacred Cross, symbol of Faith and of Hope:
And her finger, upward pointing, would mark to the Mourner,
Where is the goal of her flight, where is the solace for him.
Sad, yet not all sadness the thought that breathes from the canvas;
Not all sadness, for there Death breathes the promise of Life.
Hope there points to that heav'n where *she* already is soaring,
There where no mourners weep: there where the Lost One is found.

Wisely, O Painter, and well hast thou used thy Art as thy Teacher,
Teacher of Solace and Hope; teacher of Goodness and Pray'r.
For how e'er shalt thou enter where her pure Spirit is enter'd,
If thy Soul be not purified, hallow'd and rais'd?
So I too would seek, in these too dissonant measures,
Lessons of hope and faith ever to stamp on my heart:
And when for thee and for me, O Painter, the lesson is ended,
When we have finisht our task, labour and patience and pray'r,
Painter! O mayest thou find in that bright region thy Lost One!
There may I too find her whom I ceaselessly mourn.

IV.

THE RETURN HOME.

ONCE has the pallid Moon replenisht her shadowy circle
Since the Belov'd in my arms breath'd her pure spirit away:
Moon of desolate thoughts and tears unceasingly springing
E'en at the welcome of friends, e'en at the smiling of love.
For how could I forget for whose sake that love was first giv'n me;
Hers, the magnet of love, pole of affection to all.
Now perforce driv'n forth from companionship dear and consoling
Back I return to the world, back to the turmoil of life.
Yea once more I seek the haunts of men and their bus'ness,
And before me the face stands of my desolate home.
Lo! placed high on the wall, vain pomp! the Badge of the Herald
Tells of a funeral train recently sent from that door.
Ah! and back to my thoughts that dreary morn is recallèd,
Morn of the open grave, morn of the funeral voice.
Sadly we follow'd the form which once containèd the Lov'd One;
Brothers and sisters in heart, brothers and sisters in woe.
Woe! for to give that much-lov'd form to the grave and its darkness
Seem'd the abyss of grief, seem'd as a parting for aye.
Nay, but recall, O soul! the voices that broke on thy hearing,
Voices of faith and of hope, soothing the depth of thy woe:
Voices as if some Comforting Angel had sounded his trumpet,
Piercing the ether above, raising our thoughts from the earth.

V.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

'I, SAITH Christ, am the Life, and I am the true Resurrection:
He that believeth in me, though he were dead, he shall live.
He that believeth in me dieth never: his life is immortal.'
—And yet a pause, and again solemnly sounded the voice.
'He, my Redeemer liveth, I know it; and He, in his glory,
Shall, in the latter day, visibly stand on the earth:
And though worms may destroy this body, yet still in a body
I shall my Saviour behold— gaze on him with my own eyes.'
Deep in the triumph of Faith sound out the breathings of Patience;
Words that we strive to feel: and O! how bitter the strife!
'Into this world we nothing have brought, and nothing we take thence.
God gave: God takes back. Blest be the name of the Lord.'

So we enter the gates where *we* so often have worshipt.
She, pure worshipper here, worships in Paradise now.
Yet the Sable Bier, in the midst of the sorrowing circle,
Makes us to feel, even yet, sense of Communion with her.
Then ascends the voice of the Psalm of Trust and of Meekness;
Voice of the Temple of old; voice of the Churches of Christ:
Voice whose solemn sound has, in many a grief-stricken bosom,
Soothed the wildness of woe: O! may it sooth it in ours.

VI.

THE PSALM.

PSALM XC.

THOU our refuge hast been, O Lord through all generations,
Ere yet the world was form'd, ere that the earth was yet made;
Ere that the mountains were yet brought forth from the bosom of chaos,
Thou from the first art God; Thou, to eternity, God.
Man to destruction Thou turnest, and put'st him away from thy presence,
And yet again, 'Come back,' say'st to the children of men.
Yea, for a thousand years in thy sight but as a day are;
Whilst thou look'st it is past e'en as a watch of the night.
Swept into nothing by thee, they pass away as a slumber,
Pass as a dream of the night, wither away as the grass;
Grass that is green in the morning and groweth up in its freshness,
But in the evening hour perishes faded and dead.
Even so *we* consume in the blast of thy wrathful displeasure,
Even so *we* fall if thy indignation arise.
For before Thee our misdeeds are revealed in terrible clearness,
All our secret sins lie in the manifest light.
When thou art angry our days are straightway vanisht and ended;
Then are our years at an end e'en as a tale that is told.
For three score and ten are the years allotted to mortals,
Or if they reach fourscore, what is the price of their strength?
Then is their strength but labour and sorrow, but trouble and weakness;
So soon pass we away, pass and are utterly gone.
Who then shall rightly weigh in his heart the risk of thy anger?
He that feareth Thee knoweth the pow'r of thy fear.
Turn thee again at the last, and be gracious unto thy servants;
Teach us to number our days so that our hearts may be wise.
Give us thy mercy, and satisfy soon our souls in their craving;
So shall our hearts rejoice all the glad days of our life.

Comfort us now; may the time be past wherein thou hast plagued us;
Yea may the years be gone markt by adversity's stroke.
Show to thy servants thy work, reveal to their children thy glory,
Thine, our Ruler and Guide, Thine, our Comfort and Stay.
So shall thy glorious majesty, Lord our God, be upon us;
Prosper our handiwork, Thou, prosper the work of our hands!

Thus with the heaven-taught strain we seek to chasten our anguish;
Strive to give, as we must, unto the Saviour his own.
And now sounds in our ears the Apostle's loftier Lesson;
Shedding the Christian light on the mysterious change.

VII.

THE LESSON.

1 CORINTHIANS XV. 20.

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, and is of the dead the first-fruits:
For as by man came Death, by man too came Resurrection.
For as in Adam all die, so all are made living in Jesus.
And thus each shall rise in his order. Jesus the first-fruits,
First, and afterward they that are Christ's shall rise at his coming.
And then cometh the end; when Christ, the Son, to the Father
Gives up the Kingdom, and all other rule and power is put down.
For the Christ must reign till He hath all enemies put down
Under his feet; and, last of all enemies, Death is destroyèd;
All things under his feet; and even Death, among all things.
And when all are subdu'd, the Son shall return to the Father's
Bosom, and God shall be All in All, in full consummation.
All the dead shall rise, for to that end, all are baptizèd.
Why baptiz'd, if the dead rise not? and why do we wrestle,
Hour by hour, with peril and death, if the dead be not raisèd?
Yea, were it so indeed, we might almost say, with the worldling,
'Eat we and drink we to-day, for to-morrow comes death everlasting.'
Nay; not so, my brethren; be not so blindly deceivèd;
Evil companionships poison the soul. Awake from such dreaming.
Sin not, even in thought: as some—I speak it in sorrow—
Speak it to put you to shame—have sinn'd; who know not their Saviour.

But some man will say: The dead, then, how are they raisèd?
With what body?—O fool! The faith of the Sower shall teach thee.
That which thou sowest is quicken'd, but dieth before it is quicken'd.
That which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be,
Sowest a grain of wheat, and God doth give it a body:
Gives it the body He wills, and gives to each seed its own body,
All flesh is not the same. Of men, and of beasts, and of fishes
Differs the flesh; and differs more celestial and earthly.
One is the glory of earth: celestial glory another.

One is the glory of Sun; of Moon the glory is other;
Other the glory of stars; and stars, too, differ in glory.
And even so man's body is changed to find resurrection.
Sown is it in corruption, and raised in incorruption.
Sown is it in dishonour, thereafter raised in glory.
Sown it is in weakness, and raised in strength and in power.
Sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body.
For there *is* a natural, *is* a spiritual body.
So it is written that Adam the first was a living soul made;
But we teach of an Adam made a quickening Spirit.
That which was natural first, and that which is spiritual after,
Adam the first, of earth; the second, the Lord from heaven.
As is the earthy, such likewise are they that are earthy:
As is the heavenly, such likewise are they that are heav'nly.
As we have borne the earthy image, we *shall* bear the heav'nly.
Flesh and blood cannot inherit the heavenly kingdom:
Nor can it be that corruption inheriteth incorruption.

Lo! I shew you a mystery—mystery solemn and mighty:
We shall not all sleep; but all, yea all shall be changèd,
Chang'd in a moment, as twinkles the eye, when sounds the last trumpet.
For the trumpet shall sound, and then the dead shall be raisèd
Incorruptible thenceforth; so shall *we* be changèd.
For the corruptible *in*-us must put on incorruption,
And the mortal in *us* must immortality put on.
So when this corruptible putteth on incorruption,
When this mortal frame shall immortality put on,
Then, as the prophet hath said, is Death in Victory swallow'd.
Where is thy sting, O Death! and where thy Victory, Grave, now?
Sin is the sting of Death, and the strength of Sin in the Law lies.
But we have conquer'd the Law, for Christ that Victory gives us.
Thanks be to God, through Christ our Lord that Victory giving!
Be then, brethren beloved, henceforth immoveable, stedfast,
Always abounding in God's good works, for this do ye well know,
While your works are done in the Lord, not vain is your labour.

VIII.

THE GRAVE.

THEN they bear her forth, and the funeral train rolls onward,
On to the new-made grave, on to the place of the Tomb.
And the Coffined Form unpallèd rests for a moment
There on the brink of the depth, there on the verge of its bed.
And the voice still soars, that our hearts sink not with the coffin
Into the yawning abyss, into the cavern of Death.

'Man, that is born of a woman, hath—so is it allotted—
But a short time to live: short, and of misery full:
Groweth up like a flower, and soon like a flower is cut down:
Fle'th like a shadow away: may not endure and abide.'

'Where is our help but thou, O Lord, so justly displeasèd?
E'en in the midst of life, are we not also in death?'

'Yet O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty and awful,
Holy and merciful Lord! Saviour, Succour, and Hope!
From the bitter pains of death everlasting preserve us.'

'Known unto thee, O Lord! all the sad thoughts of our hearts.
Shut not thou, O God! thy merciful ears to our prayèr!
Spare us, O Lord most high! Holy and merciful Lord!

'Spare us, O Lord most holy! Spare us, O God most mighty!
Holy and merciful Lord! Saviour eternal and Judge!
Suffer us not, when the last hour comes, and Death overtakes us
Suffer us not, for his pangs, ever to fall from Thee!'
Strikes on our hearts the sound, as falls the clod on the coffin.
Earth has resumed her own. Vain are the yearnings of Love.

Hark! yet again the Voice. 'Forasmuch as now it hath pleasèd
God Almighty, of His great mercy to take to Himself the

Soul of our dear Sister departed, here we commit her
Body unto the ground: the earthy give to the earthy,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust: in the sure and the certain
Hope of the rising to life eternal, through Jesus our Saviour;
Who shall change the body like to His glorious body,
After His mighty working whereby He conquereth all things
Unto Himself.' And so is the body consign'd to its rest-place.

'Blessed the dead that die in the Lord: they rest from their labours.'
So the Spirit hath said. This be our solace and joy.

IX.

THE THANKSGIVING.

THEN we meekly bend on the verge of the shadowy chamber,
Bend in prayer to Him, Ruler of Earth and of Heav'n;
Him from whom the disburthened soul felicity drinks in;
Him with whom do live Spirits departed in faith;
And, O hardest of prayers! with hearts all bleeding, we thank Him,
That He hath taken her hence— taken her unto Himself.
Willingly then may we pray: Do Thou, Lord, hasten thy coming
That we too may soon be in thy presence with her.

Yet one look we may downward cast, deep into the cavern,
Into the depths of the grave, down on the coffinèd form:
One last look at the vesture of that we so cherisht and treasur'd;
Gazing at where she is; gazing at where *she* is not.
And we turn us away,—and the heart-strings crack with the motion,—
Back to the desolate world, blank of the light of our eyes.
And with leaden feet, to our home, to our life, we return us;
Home that no longer is Home, Life that no longer is Life.

X.

THE GRAVESTONE.

Now that the Earth and the Sky have conceal'd the Belov'd from our vision,
Now we have render'd to earth all that is earthly of Her;
Give we the spot (how dear!) its due memorial honours;
Lay we a stone on the grave: mark we the place of our grief.
Lay we a stone, that may speak of *her* to our friends and our children;
Lay we a stone that may speak, even as she would have will'd.
Clearly she spoke her will: 'Mark thou,' she said, 'on my tombstone
Not mere wailings of grief, sorrow that knows not of hope;
Let Hope shine through the Grief; let Faith illumine the Sorrow;
For I go to my God parting in Faith and in Hope.'
'Yea, O Beloved,' I cried; 'thine own sweet wisdom shall teach me:
Words thou hast utterèd oft, these shall be fittingly traced;
Words that thy Fancy devised to cheer a widowèd Sister
Woven in emblem apt, full of the Faith of the Just.
There was the Cross—blest sign—and around it a letterèd circle,
Circle that ever begins, ever continues its sense.
For **To Die · to Live · To Live · to Die,** was the legend:
Round and round as we read, still does the lesson come round:
Teaching, (wise men in olden time rejoic'd in such teaching,)
Death is the Limit of Life, Life is the Issue of Death.
And in the midst of the circle, and fixt on the Cross at its centre,
Lo! the Sower is traced flinging his grain to the earth:
Grain, it may be, of wheat, cast forth to die and be buried,
Given to earth and to death, quicken'd to life and to light:
Given its body to earth, and clothed by God with a body,
Emblem of Life from Death; emblem of Christian Hope:
Emblem of *thy* true thoughts; of thy assur'd resurrection:
This, O my Love! be thy sign: this be the voice of thy grave.'
This was our communing, sad but sweet, when the Soul with the Body
Struggling, already lookt on, calm, to the end of the strife.

And now call we the Sculptor's art to mould on thy tombstone
That which thy Piety felt, that which thy Fancy devised.
There be the Cross displayed on the sloping ridge of the copestone,
As in the tombs of old; as o'er the cloisterèd dead.
There be the ring with its circling words, so warning and cheering;
There be the Sower with arms spread, as he walks in the field.
And—brief legend sufficeth for those who will visit thy rest-place—
There will we write on the marge: THIS IS CORDELIA'S TOMB.

XI.

THE SERMON.

Now I again revolve in the wonted circle of action;
Circle of gold, of yore; leaden the circle is now.
Day by day come round the meetings of men and their bus'ness;
Day by day do I toil; zealously, joylessly toil.
So the week rolls on: each day delivers its burden:
So the Sabbath returns, bringing its thoughts and its task,
Bringing its sound, once welcome, of social pray'r and of anthem;
Bringing its rarer task; giving its office to me:
Giving to me the Preacher's office, that there I should pour forth
All that is best in my heart, all that is worthy of God:
Pour forth all to those who there are gather'd together,
These, my long-lov'd friends, those, too, my juvenile flock.
Well have I lov'd to try to stir the spirit within them;
Spirit of God-fearing youth; spirit of God-fearing men.
This was sweet when thou, my Beloved, could'st list to my accents;
Telling, in after discourse, aught that was fittingly said:
Aught that might wing our hearts to journey to heaven together;
Aught that we therefore deem'd, others might feel in their hearts.
Sweet the labour was then, and hopefully did I address it;
Sweet was the labour then; how shall I deal with it now?
Surely with thee in my heart, with my heart still yearning around thee,
Surely of thee I must speak; thee, and the place thou hast found.
How can I fail to speak of the life and the death of the Blessèd;
Speak of the Hope of the Just; speak of the lesson of Hope?
Hope, and how that Hope should work on the spirit, my theme be;
How the Disciple belov'd tells of the working of Hope.

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1 JOHN III. 1.

'Mark, my belovèd,' he saith, 'what love the Father hath giv'n us;
Love that reacheth to this; we are the children of God.

This are we now; and it appeareth not yet what hereafter we shall be;
But we shall be like Him; seeing Him e'en as He is.
This is the hope that we have; and who hath this hope in his bosom
He maketh pure himself, even as He, too, is pure.'

Truly, O Christian friends, such hope is no profitless feeling;
Feeling, it blossoms in buds;. Hope, it is fertile in Act.
He shall be pure in heart that shall see his Father in heavèn:
He maketh pure his heart, ev'n while he lingers on earth.
He roots forth from his heart all lust, self-seeking, and anger,
Works of the World and the Flesh, fires that the Devil incites.
Such is the Soul that strives, and striving, praying, and hoping,
Grows, by the grace of God, daily to be as of God:
Grows into purity, love, and the wisdom of love, and its meekness:
Grows to a care for all, grows to denial of self.
Surely the Soul that thus is fill'd with celestial tempers,
Surely that Soul, even here, moves on the pathway to heav'n.
Yea, and when Death comes, and the mortal change, and no longer
That dull bodily frame darkens the sight of the Soul;
'Tis as one that had liv'd in a region of light and of sunshine;
Liv'd in a region of light, closed in a dungeon obscure.
And as if some blast from above, though terrible, gracious,
Rent the prison away, scatt'ring its roof to the winds.
Then the happy Soul is left rejoicing in brightness;
Brightness ambient before, dimly discernèd till now.
Thus is the soul in its place; in its mortal mansion immortal.
Is there one who denies,—doubts immortality's hope?
Nay, let them look at the Soul in herself; at her growth and her nature:
Nature herself shall confirm promises made by the Word.
What? when the Soul has risen so high, has grown to such fulness;—
Ris'n by the teaching of years;— grown with the growth of a life;—
Grown through the docile childhood, the earnest youth, and the thoughtful
Years of a riper age,— years, and experience, and acts;
Grown through good well done, and grown through patience in failure;
Grown through sorrow and pain, grown too by musing and pray'r;
Grown till Faith, and till Hope, and till Charity make up its being;
Grown to oblivion of self; grown to the wisdom of love;
Grown to a trust in the fatherly goodness of Him who afflicteth;—
Soul thus rais'd, thus grown, say, shall it sink into nought?

He, great Father of all, for ever and ever unfolding,
Brings forth the flow'r from the bud, brings forth the fruit from the flow'r;
Shall He unfold the soul so far, and then dash it to nothing?
He the same Lord of life: doubtless He *is* the same Lord.
Say, in that lower sphere shall He guide perpetual progress,
And in this higher sphere end with an absolute blank?
After a short (how short!) career, shall a spirit so gifted
End, so well begun; lost, when so much has been gain'd?
Rais'd so near to heav'n, to earth be wholly consigned;
Rais'd to an angel life, sink into dust with the brute?
This to believe, were to deem that the world is void of an object;
World without Meaning or Thought, Purpose, or Wisdom, or Love;
No! O Christian friends; in the world of Grace, as of Nature,
As the bud leads to the flow'r, so the flow'r dies not in vain.
Such growth needs more growth; such folds shall be further unfolded;
Such high spiritual powers higher and higher shall rise.
Such a temporal being speaks plainly a being eternal;
Such a celestial life shows that life *shall* be in heav'n.
That which the Gospel speaks reëchoes the whisper within us:
Such shall inherit a realm doom'd from eternity theirs.
Such shall have mansions above, where He is gone to prepare them;
Where are no hunger and thirst, where are no sorrow and pain.
Where they shall stand around His throne, and hymning His praises,
While the eternal spheres measure eternity's flow.

This is the hope that we foster; and who thus hopes, shall be aided
Still to make pure himself even as He too is pure.
Who that hath seen this working of Hope, this working of pureness,
Shown in a Christian life, shown in a Christian's death;
Who feels not a longing to work as the Christian has shown him,
E'en as the yearning heart longs to be with them again?
Them have we seen all patient in pain, all calm amid turmoil,
Skilful in doing of good, subtly unselfish and kind.
Be we patient and calm; cherish *we* their tempers within us,
Seeking a skill like theirs; seeking oblivion of self.
So may we come at last where they have passed before us;
So may the lone-left heart joy in companionship found.

'Learn of me,' saith the Lord. Is this too lofty a lesson?
Yet may we learn it of *them*; those who have learnt it before.
They, apt scholars of Christ, have shown how scholars should labour.
We,—would we be with them,—we must be scholars as they

Blest, thrice blest, shall we be, if, then when schooling is ended,
We may, by their loved side, sit in the Master's abode.
Friends! dear friends! may we all and ever aspire to this blessing!
Seeking it still while we may; knowing how short is the time.
Brethren, the time is short: for the oldest alike and the youngest.
Short is the time for *us*, inmates so long of these courts;
Oft have we breathed such hopes to successive races of hearers;
Oft too have heard such hopes breath'd by a race that is past.
Short is the time for *us*. So Youth may carelessly reckon.
But for Youth, no less, scanty and short is the time.
Short is Time to prepare for Eternity: hasten to use it;
Or if already begun, press unremitting the task.
Not as a task apart from the tasks that make up your daywork:
No, but an all in all, mixing in every work:
Guiding and shaping the temper and spirit, and bidding you work still
Zealously, humbly and well, caring for God and for all.
So e'en the humblest work is a lore that prepares for the Kingdom;
So shall the Mind and the Heart ever be fitter for Heav'n.
Still to illumine the Mind and still to sweeten the Temper;
Still to aim at the Right; still the Eternal to prize;
This is the happiest lot that man can take for his portion;
Happiest, even on earth: Heav'n is already begun.
This, dear friends, may be yours. Choose this and hold to it firmly.
And may the grace of God prosper you in it for aye!
Amen! so may it be!

Then rises thy Memory, Dear One!
O might I give to such thought utterance worthy of thee!

XII.

THE MONUMENT.

THERE the body is laid, away from the din of the city,
There in the Place of the Tombs. Such is our burial use.
Stand on every side memorials of neighbours departed:
Modestly there on the ground lies the memorial of *her*.
But shall not the Graveyard speedily grow to a Churchyard?
Shall not the place of the Tombs soon be the place of the Church?
There as we bend o'er the grave, and muse on the past and the present,
Rise from our memory's depths those she has gone to rejoin.
Rises the thought of that First of the noble band of her Brethren,
Him the Belov'd of the Five, him the first taken away:
Taken away as he plann'd—how vain are the plannings of mortals!—
Where he had chosen his lot, there to erect him a home:
There, in the beautiful land, the land of the Lake and the Mountain;
There where the loveliest lake lies in the loveliest vale:
Yet though taken away, and forbidden to build him a mansion
Here on the face of the earth—call'd to a mansion in heav'n—
He, to the last hour zealous to leave a blessing to neighbours,
Bade the fair House of God rise in the beautiful vale.
And there, duly perform'd by the love of his Parents and Brethren,
Stands the embodied wish; monument fitting for him.
Fair rise there the beautiful spire and the graciöus portal;
Pointing aloft to the sky, looking adown to the lake.
There too, close by those sacred walls, is buried Another,
Brother by tenderest ties; more than a brother in love.
Memories sweet of delight, of happiness clear and untroubled,
Cling to that sacred hill, point to that beautiful spire.
And, more dear than delight, dwell still, in happy remembrance
Thoughts of the Minister's task lovingly, nobly perform'd.
Learn we our lesson there; and a Church, as memory's token,
Raise by the side of her grave; Monument fairest and best.
Raise we a spire whose silent finger may point to the mansions
Whither our hopes, too, tend; whither her spirit is fled.

Fix we a Mark that may oft bring back our spirits from wand'ring ;
Fix we a Mark whence thoughts, longing, may wander afar.
Thine, O Architect tried ! be the task; at her kindred's bidding,
Who hast the sacred fane raised, in the vortex of toil ;
Placed by the giant fabrics of work, by the whirring of engines,
Forms that the builder lov'd ere yet the engine was heard ;
Forms that are great in their antique grace, that soothe by their calmness,
Hallowing the piles by their side, as does the Sabbath the week.
Even so here, O Builder ! devise, with thy masterly knowledge,
What may be fit for the site ; what may respond to our hearts.
Firm and secure be the pillars below that bear up the structure ;
Firm as the Faith that she held. Firm is the Pillar of Faith.
Plain and strong be the style, as the early temples of England ;
Simple and strong was her heart; simple her ways, as of old.
Flamelike and lofty spring forth the spire from the roof of the structure,
Piercing its way to the skies; leaving the earthy below.
So that with it our hearts may rise aloft from the earthy :
Rise from the body's grave up to the spirit's repose.
And as that aëry point, by the secret skill of the builder,
Draws down the fire of the sky into the bosom of earth,
So may it into our souls draw down a heavenly lightning,
Subtle, unseen, like that; piercing the depths of the heart :
Piercing the heart, and making it feel celestial touches,
Even while still it is here, clothed in its vesture of clay.
And, as rising on high, that spire, o'er the country around it,
Here in our level domain,—land of the plain and the fen—
Seems as looking abroad for some sisterly steeple or turret ;—
Looking for some far hill,— mountainous summit or ridge—
Oft shall my heart, too, look to the land of mountains that lov'd her;
Look to that sisterly spire rising by Derwent's fair lake.
Oft shall I think of *thy* beautiful home, in the lap of Helvellyn,
Home of thy youthful days ; cradle of blessing for me :
Where, 'mid steep dark slopes, the winding water of Ulle
Bends round its midway banks, moulded almost to an isle.
There, fair ever and bright, that happy mansion of Hallsteads
Lies on the rocky shore; scatters its shrubberies round.
There around it swell the heathy summits of mountains,
Yew-crag, Hallen, and Place, Swarth-fell and Catchedicam,
There opes Kirkstone's Pass, and Patterdale shines in its valley
There leaps Aira's stream into the beautiful dell.

O, how oft, in those happiest days of growing affection,
Roam'd we the bank of the lake, clomb we the breast of the hill!
Every turn of the shore, and every crag of the hill-side
Lives in my memory yet; gleams to the eye of the mind;
Gleams with a magical grace, a deep interior sunshine;
Glows with the thought of *thee*, soothing and stilling the Soul.
Yea—and when, O Belov'd! thou hadst vanisht away from my vision,
Left me in darkness alone, here, on the desolate plain,—
Yearned my heart to fly to those well-known vallies and mountains;
Yearn'd to retrace those paths where we together had roved:
Yearn'd to visit each dell and each glen, each bay and each streamlet,
Where we had rambled of yore; where we had mingled our souls.
Yea, and e'en yet I yearn once more again to behold them;
Yearn once more to retrace haunts so belov'd and endear'd.
Yea, and I strain and shake, impatient, the fetters that bind me,
Bind me in this dull plain, far from the hill and the dell.
Yea and it seems as if there, where all were, ever, so happy,
I some solace might find, e'en in the depth of my woe.

Vain, vain dream, alas! Then rises the sadden'd reflection
How that the sunshine is gone, gave to that landscape its light.
How that the source is dried that filled those vallies with gladness,
How that the joy and the grace, all are evanisht away.
Hope was our sunshine then; the hope of happiness promist;
Hope of the union of lives, sprung from the union of hearts.
Such Hope gilded each scene, filled every gale with refreshing;
Spread through the beautiful land, made it more beauteous still.
Yea, and right well was Hope's vision fulfill'd; and all that she promist
Flow'd in abundance large over the following years.
Bow how vain were it now to seek to refashion the rapture—
Seek to recall what is past— Hope fulfill'd and extinct!
Seek to recall the glance of the Sun on the peak of Helvellyn,
When the night's shade is come, black'ning and sadd'ning the scene!
Nay—let Fancy no more delude me with promise of solace;
Vainly there should I seek joys that are vanisht for aye.

Yet, O Soul! faint not, nor mistrust the Love that is o'er us;
If thou faint with thy grief, how art thou worthy of *her*?
Still seek thou the vale which memory fills with her presence;
Still seek ancient haunts, dear to your visits of old.
For though *Hope* no more can walk by thy side and delight thee,
Still thou shalt have a Guide, still a Companion, *Love*.

Love, undying, shall walk by thy side, and give to each object
  Gleams of its former grace; touches that still and that soothe.
Yea, and so, still more thou shall learn: for Love will assure thee
  Hope is not dead but alive: ever undying is Hope.
Hope, when driven from earth, finds refuge in heaven, and beckons,
  Beckons us onward still: promises union there:
Promises union there, in mansions of bliss and of gladness,
  There in the presence of Him whom *she* so faithfully serv'd.
So when the summer sunset gleam, on the top of Helvellyn,
  Fades and passes away into the grey of the night,—
Watch but a few short hours, and soon, through the melting of darkness,
  Bright shines forth on his crest radiance of heavenly morn.

XIII.

EASTER DAY.

So o'er the sadden'd soul roll on the varying billows;
Billows of sorrow and gloom, chequer'd with flashes of cheer.
So to the vales and the hills the heart with its natural yearnings
Flies with its aching void, flies with its memory's pang:
Flies opprest and distrest with the sense of sin and of weakness:
Feels the need of relief; feels that relief is afar.
Feels the weight of its stained humanity hanging upon it,
Dragging it down from the sky, blotting its glimpses of heav'n.
Roll on, too, the sacred weeks; and, Sabbath by Sabbath,
Every week has a voice; each has a message from heav'n.
Each has a message from heaven; but messages heavy with warning,
Bidding man grieve for his guilt, humbled in ashes and dust.
Bidding man look to what sin has done, where, pierc'd and tormented,
Hangs the Saviour from sin there on the arms of the Cross.
Heavily lies on our hearts the sense of sin and of foulness;
We whose guilt has done this, how shall we hope to escape?
He descends to the grave who bore our sins and our sorrows;
Sink not our hearts with Him into the depths of the Tomb?
How shall we join the pure in heart who are gone to their Father?
How shall we find again *her* who is gone to her God?
How shall we rise again from the den of darkness and foulness?
Who shall remove the stone?—open the sepulchre's lid?

Thus while we ask, there sound in our ears those duteous pleadings
Which, in that solemn night, stay'd her yet lingering soul:
'Grant, O Lord, that as we are buried with Thee in our baptism[1]—
Buried, our sins, with Thee; dead, our corruptions and shames;
So through the Grave, the Gate of Death, we may pass to our rising,
Ris'n to a joyfuller life thy resurrection may share!'
And yet one short night; and then, 'mid the freshness of morning,
Sounds the jubilant cry: 'Christ our Redeemer is ris'n.'

[1] Collect for Easter Eve.

Rise not too, with the cry, our hearts from their desolate sorrow?
Rolls not the weight of the stone backward away from our breast?
Feel we not now at last that *she* is risen with Jesus?
How that the loss is ours, *hers* is the infinite gain?
How that Death is o'ercome, and the gates of life everlasting[1]
Open'd to all that believe; open'd already to her?
Glows not the sunshine brighter, while thus our hearts are exalted?
Breathe not the vernal airs solace and peace to our pains?
Spreads not the hallowing wish to the deepest recess of our bosoms,—
O may we be like her! O may we follow her there!

Thou O beloved! the child of her heart; her dearer than daughter!
Inmate oft of our home; Inmate most radiant and sweet!
Thou wast by her when last the Easter morning upon her
Rose with its holy ray, scatter'd its comforting balm.
Thou wast by *her*, though rejoicing with thee in that festival's blessings,
Bound in the chain of disease, held from the worshipping throng.
And thou remember'st, when thou and I set forth from our hearthstone
Seeking that Altar Rite, seeking Communion with Christ,
Thou remember'st that, when we had parted, yet once she recall'd thee,
And, with that Rite in her heart, bade thee 'Remember her,' there.
Yea, O beloved, and sweet is the thought that *now*, her Communion
No disease can disturb; no separation alloy.
Sweet is the thought that now she enjoys a Communion in heaven;
That, the Substance, how true! This, but the Image, how faint!
And thou would'st ask, in that her Communion, does she remember,
Does she remember thee! Thee, O beloved! and me?
Doubt it not, O beloved! And as we bear in our bosoms
Memories constant of her, never by time to be dimm'd;
So be this our trust;—as Love descended from heaven,
Came to conquer Death, crushing the barriers of Time,
So, while the powers of thought endure in life everlasting,
Love shall survive the grave, victory sweetest of all!
This, O belov'd, be the trust that we carry ever within us;
Though, in our pilgrimage here, ceaseless we grieve at our loss.
Love shall endure. And if Love still guide us, as He has appointed,
Guide us in purity here. Love shall unite us at last.

[1] Collect for Easter Day.

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